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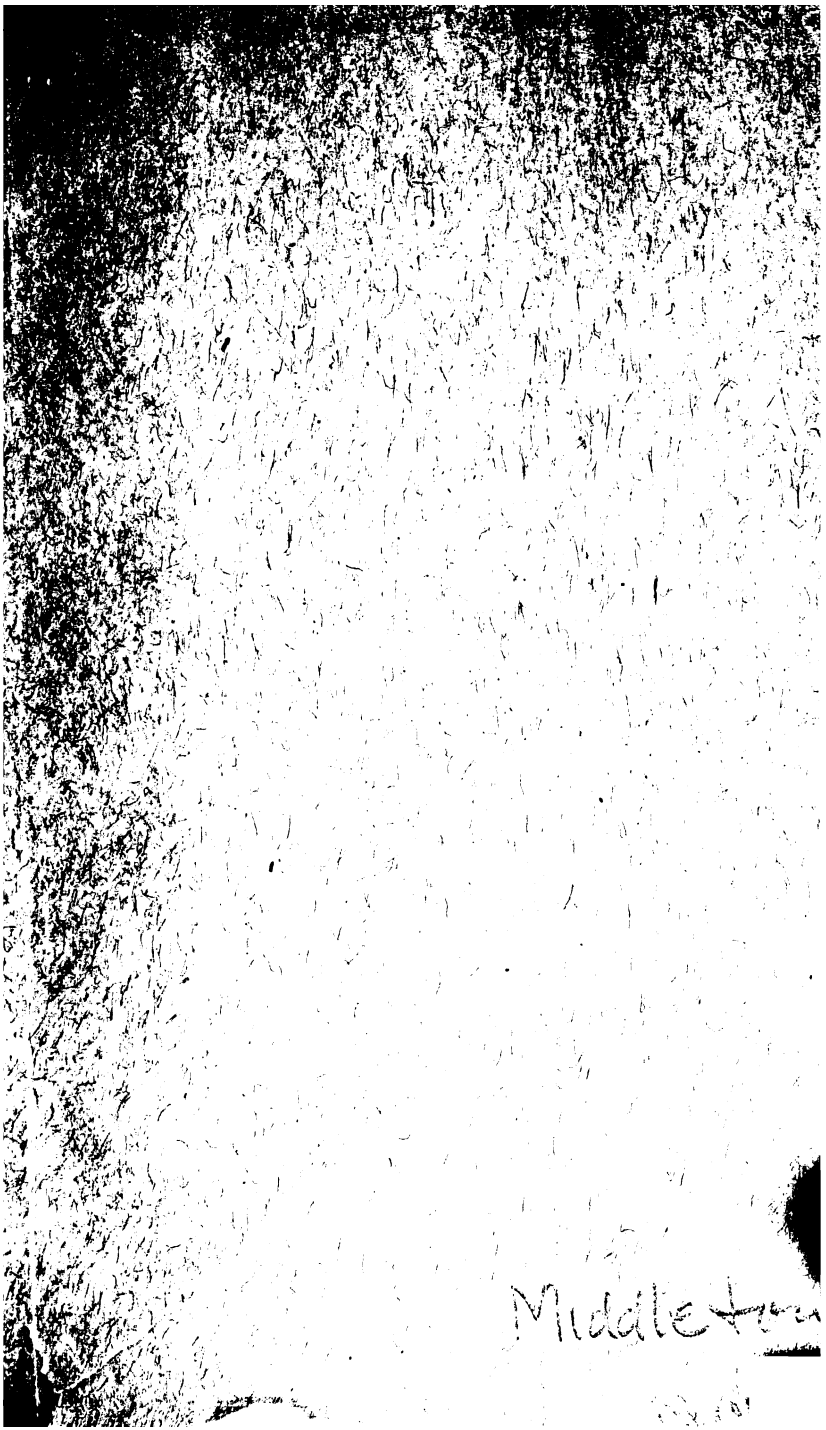
Middleton

The English Dramatists

THOMAS MIDDLETON

VOLUME THE THIRD

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY

A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Four hundred copies of this Edition have been printed and the type distributed. *No more will be published.*

THE FAMILY OF LOVE.

The Familie of Love. Acted by the Children of his Maiesties Reuells.

Lectori.

Sydera iunganus, facito mihi Iuppiter adsit,
Et tibi Mercurius noster dabit omnia faxo.

At London Printed for John Helmes, and are to be sold in Saint Dunstans Churchyard in Fleetstreet. 1608, 4to.

The *Family of Love* was licensed by Sir George Buc (for printing), 12th October 1607.

The sect at which Middleton directed the shafts of his ridicule was founded by David George, an Anabaptist of Delft. This fanatic is said to have laboured under the delusion that he was chosen by God to restore the kingdom of Israel and build the tabernacle of Jacob in the latter days. He died in August 1556, and his place was filled by Henry Nicolas (a Westphalian, born at Munster), who chiefly resided at Amsterdam. Nicolas wrote a number of treatises, which were turned into English by Christopher Vittel, a joiner living in Southwark. As one glances through the English version, published at Amsterdam in 1574–75, it is not easy to discover what doctrines Nicolas was endeavouring to inculcate. He is said to have claimed for himself a superiority over Moses and Jesus, inasmuch as he was the prophet of Love, while his predecessors had been respectively the prophets of Hope and Faith; but I cannot find this claim made in Nicolas's writings. In 1578 J[ohn] R[ogers] published *The Displaying of the Family of Love*, from which we learn that Christopher Vittel "hath by his trudging about the country infected sundry simple men with this poisoned doctrine, and snared their minds so corruptly therein that it is hard to pluck out of their heads those vain toys of H. N. which Vittel hath so deeply impressed in their minds, that although they deny publicly

before the world, yea and set their hands against the same, as is well seen by many that I could name. For it is a maxim in their family to deny before men all their doctrine, so that they keep the same secret in their hearts; which is impious and ungodly." Much of the "poisoned doctrine" against which Rogers inveighs seems tolerably harmless, though not always intelligible. "They hold that heaven and hell are present in this world amongst us, and that there is none other; and for proof thereof they allege the xvii of Matthew of Christ's transfiguration, that as the cloud removed Peter did see Elias and Moses; so if the cloud were removed away both heaven and hell should be visible unto us." "They hold that they ought not to bury the dead, upon this place of Scripture, Let the dead bury the dead,"—but no hint is given as to how they desired to dispose of the dead. In one respect they anticipated the practice of the Methodists:—"They hold that no bishop or minister should remain still in one place, but that they ought always to be wandering from country to country." With modern anti-Sabbatarians —"They hold there ought to be no Sabbath-day, but that all should be like; and for that they allege the Son of Man is Lord over the Sabbath." On one point, at least, these "dangerous heretics" will be adjudged wiser than their accusers:—"They hold that no man should be put to death for his opinion, and therefore they condemn Master Cranmer and Master Ridley for burning Joan of Kent." From the list of their heresies two more examples may be culled:—"They hold that the angels Raphael and Gabriel and others were born of women." "They hold there was a world before Adam's time, as there is now." Fuller in his *Church History* (book ix.) says:—"The practices of these Familists were worse than their opinions. They grieved the Comforter, charging all their sins on God's Spirit for not effectually assisting them against the same; accounting themselves as innocent as the maid forced in the field, crying out and having none to help her." In 1604 the Familists presented a petition to King James, praying that they might not be condemned unheard. They complained that they had been accused "unto our late gracious sovereign and the magistrates of this land, both long time past, and now lately again, as to be a

people so infected and stained with all manner of detestable wickedness and errors that are not worthy to live upon the earth; but yet [their accusers] would never present any of his [Nicolas's] books unto her majesty to peruse, nor yet set them forth in any indifferent or true manner to the view of the world" (*Church History*, book x.) It is not known whether James took any notice of this petition. In 1641 appeared a silly and lying tract (reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, ed. 1, vol. iii.) entitled *A description of the sect called the Family of Love . . . discovered by one Mrs. Susanna Snow.* After the outbreak of the Civil Wars we hear little of the Familists.

TO THE READER.

Too soon and too late this work is published: too soon, in that it was in the press before I had notice of it, by which means some faults may escape in the printing; too late, for that it was not published when the general voice of the people had sealed it for good, and the newness of it made it much more desired than at this time; for plays in this city are like wenches new fallen to the trade, only desired of your neatest gallants whiles they're fresh; when they grow stale they must be vented by termers[1] and country chapmen. I know not how this labour will please: sure I am it passed the censure[2] of the stage with a general applause. Now, whether *vox populi* be *vox Dei* or no, that I leave to be tried by the acute judgment of the famous six wits of the city.—FAREWELL.

---

[1] Persons who frequented the metropolis in term-time.

[2] Judgment.

PROLOGUE.[1]

If, for opinion hath not blaz'd his fame,
Nor expectation fill'd the general round,
You deem his labours slight, you both confound
Your graver judgment and his[2] merits:
Impartial hearing fits judicious spirits.
Nor let the fruit of many an hour fall
By envy's tooth or base detraction's gall:
Both which are tokens of such abject spirits,
Which, wanting worth themselves, hate other[s'] merits;
Or else of such, which once made great by fame,
Repine at those which seek t' attain the same.
From both we know all truer judgments free:
To them our Muse, with blushing modesty,
Patiently to her entreats their favour;
Which done, with judgment praise, or else dislike the labour.

---

[1] "The first line of it and a word in the fourth line have dropt out at press."—*Dyce.* It seems more probable that the second line has dropt out.

[2] The metre is defective. We should have expected "the writer's merits."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GLISTER, *a doctor of physic.*
PURGE, *a jealous apothecary.*
DRYFAT, *a merchant, a brother of the Family.*
GERARDINE, *a lover* [*of* MARIA].
LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, } *two gallants that only pursue city lechery.*
CLUB, *an apprentice* [*to* PURGE].
VIAL, *a servant to* GLISTER.
SHRIMP[1] *and* PERIWINKLE, } *pages to the gallants.*
[*Apprentice and Servants*].
MISTRESS GLISTER.
MISTRESS PURGE, *an elder in the Family.*
MARIA, *niece to* GLISTER.

---

[1] Old ed. "Smelt;" but throughout the play the name is Shrimp.

THE FAMILY OF LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter GLISTER, MISTRESS GLISTER, *and* MARIA.

Gli. Tricks and shows! Protestations with men are like tears with women, forgot ere the cheek be dry. Gerardine is a gentleman; his lands be in statutes; 'a is not for thee, nor thou for him: 'a is a gallant, and young thoughts be most unconstant.

Mar. Yet young vines yield most wine.

Mis. G. But old vines the best. Believe not these great-breeched [1] gallants; they love for profit, not for

---

[1] The reference is to *trunk hose*, breeches stuffed out to a huge size by the insertion of wool, &c. See the woodcut on the title-page of *A Fair Quarrel*. Thirty years later the fashion had completely changed, as we learn from the epilogue to Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subject*:—

"Who but believes
But doublets with stuffed bellies and big sleeves,
And those trunk-hose which now the age doth scorn
Were all in fashion and with frequence worn?"

affection; if 'a brings thee to a fool's paradise, 'a will forsake thee.

Gli. Which fortune God send my enemy! Love is a cold heat, a bitter sweet, a pleasure full of pain, a huge loss, and no gain. Why shouldest thou love him only?

Mar. Words cannot force what destiny hath seal'd.
Who can resist the influence of his stars,
Or give a reason why 'a loves or hates,
Since our affections are not rul'd by will,
But will by our affections? 'Tis blasphemy
'Gainst love's most sacred deity, to ask[1]
Why we do love, since 'tis his only power
That sways all our affections; all things which be,
Beasts, birds, men, gods, pay him their fealty.

Gli. Tut, love is an idle fantasy, bred by desire, nursed by delight, an humour that begins his dominion in Leo the lion, the sign of the heart; and ends in Aries the ram, the sign of the head: his power is to stir the blood,—pricks up the flesh, fills all the body with a libidinous humour, and is indeed the overture[2] of all ladies: which to prevent, I have banished Gerardine, your dearly beloved, my house; and as for you, since I am your guardian by my brother's last will, I will sequester you from all other rooms in my house save this gallery and your upper chamber, till, in discretion, I shall find it convenient to enlarge you.

[1] "Old ed. 'axe,' which, though the genuine Saxon form of the word, and perhaps used here by Middleton, is now considered so ludicrous a vulgarism, that I have substituted the modern spelling."—*Dyce.*

[2] Overthrow.

Mar. My body you may circumscribe, confine,
And keep in bounds; but my unlimited love
Extends itself beyond all circumscription.

Mis. G. Believe me, Maria, I have known the natures of divers of these gallants. If they possess the unlimited love of us women in never so ample manner, without the society of the body, I know how soon their love vadeth:[1] young men's love is like ivy; it must have somewhat to cleave to, or it never prospers. Love is like fasting-days, but the body is like flesh-days; and 'tis our English gallants' fashion to prefer a morsel of flesh before all the fasting-days in the whole year. 46

Enter VIAL.

Gli. The news with you, Vial?

Vial. And it like your worship, here's Club, master Purge the 'pothecary's 'prentice, come to invite you, my mistress, and mistress Maria, to supper, and to see master Gerardine's will sealed. 51

Gli. Tell Club my wife and myself will be there, but Maria shall not come. [*Exit* VIAL.]—There must be your sweetheart's parting feast. Now 'a perceives no access to my house, 'a will to sea; a good riddance: if 'a returns not, you, forsooth, are his heir; that's not much amiss. Yet there may be tricks; I will not be overreached. Come, to your chamber; where, till my return, you shall be in safe custody. [*Exit with* MISTRESS GLISTER.

[1] Passeth (from Lat. *Vado*). Spenser makes *fade* rhyme with *vade*, evidently considering the two words to have separate meanings.

Mar. O silly men, which seek to keep in awe
Women's affections, which can know no law!
[MARIA *ascends.*[1]

SCENE II.

A Street before GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter GERARDINE, LIPSALVE *and* GUDGEON.

Lip. Now, by the horns of Cupid's bow, which hath been the bane to many a tall[2] citizen, I think there be no finer fools under heaven than we men when we are lovers. How thou goest crying up and down, with thy arms across, for a wife! which hadst thou, she'd cross both arms, head, and heart. Dost not yet know the old saying,—a wife brings but two good days, that is her wedding-day, and death-day?[3]

Gud. Believe him, Gerardine, 'a speaks now gospel: a man may take more wife with one hand than he's able to put away with ten, Gerardine. A wife is such a cross, that all married men would most gladly be rid of.

Ger. And yet such a[4] cross, that all bachelors would gladly be creeping to.

---

[1] To the upper-stage.

[2] Bold.

[3] The reference is probably to an epigram of Palladias in the Greek Anthology (xi. 381):—

Πᾶσα γυνὴ χόλος ἐστιν· ἔχει δ' ἀγαθὰς δύω ὥρας,
Τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ.

[4] Old ed. "*to* cross."—*Creeping to cross* was a ceremony of penance in the Romish Church.

Profane not thus the sacred name of love,
You libertines, who never knew the joys
Nor precious thoughts of two consenting hearts!

Lip. Didst ever see the true picture of a lover? I can give thee the hieroglyphic; and this it is: a man standing naked, a wench tickling him on the left side with a feather, and pricking him under the right side with a needle. The allegory, as I take, is this: that at the first we are so overjoyed with obtaining a wife, that we conceit no heaven like to the first night's lodging; and that's the signification of the left side, for wives always in the night take the left-side place: but, sir, now come to the needle on the right side,—that's the day-time, wherein she commands; then, sir, she has a certain thing called tongue, ten times more sharp than a needle, and that, at the least displeasure, a man must have shot quite through him.

Gud. Gramercies, Lipsalve, my neat courtier!—But, sirrah Gerardine, be thyself, sociable and free: leave not thy native soil for a giglot,[1] a wench who in her wit is proud——

Lip. In her smile deceitful——

Gud. In her hate revengeable——

Lip. And in nothing but her death acceptable. I'll tell thee, there's no creature more desirous of an honest name, and worse keeps it, than a woman. Dost hear? follow this song; and if ever thou forsake thy country for a wagtail,[2] let me be whipt to death with ladies' hair-laces.

[1] A wanton woman. [2] Another term for a wanton woman.

Ger. Let's hear that worthy song, gentle master Lipsalve.

Lip. Observe:

[*Sings.*] *Now, if I list, will I love no more,*
Nor longer wait upon a gill,[1]
Since every place now yields a wench;
If one will not, another will:
And, if what I have heard be true,
Then young and old and all will do.

How dost thou like this, man?

Ger. No more, no more.
This is the chamber which confines my love,
This is the abstract of the spacious world:
Within it holds a gem so rich, so rare,
That art or nature never yet could set
A valued[2] price to her unvalued[3] worth.

Lip. Unvalued worth? ha, ha, ha! Why, she's but
A woman; and they are windy turning vanes;
Love light as chaff, which when our nourishing grains
Are winnow'd from them, unconstantly they fly
At the least wind of passion: a woman's eye
Can turn itself with quick dexterity,
And in each wanton glass can comprehend
Their sundry fancy suited to each friend.[4]
Tut, their loves are all compact of levity,
Even like themselves: *nil muliere levius.*

---

[1] Wench.

[2] "*i.e.* a price equal in value to her inestimable worth."—*Dyce.*

[3] Old ed. "in valued." (*Unvalued* is often found in the sense of *invaluable.*)

[4] Old ed. "fend."

Gud. Tut, man, every one knows their worth when they are at a rack-rent; in the term-time they bear as great a price as wheat when transportations are.

[MARIA *appears above at a window.*

Ger. Peace: let's draw near the window, and listen if we may hear her.

Mar. Debarr'd of liberty! O, that this flesh
Could, like swift-moving thoughts, transfer itself
From place to place, unseen and undissolv'd!
Then should no iron ribs or churlish flint
Divide my love and me: dear Gerardine,
Despite of chance or guardian's tyranny,
I'd move within thy orb and thou in mine!

Lip. She'd move within thy orb and thou in hers? Blood, she talk[s] bawdy to herself.—Gudgeon, stand close.

Mar. But, [ah,] in vain do I proclaim my grief,
When air and walls can yield me no relief!

Gud. The walls are the more stony-hearted then.

Lip. Peace, good Gudgeon, gape not so loud.

Mar. Come thou, my best companion! thou art sensible,
And canst my wrongs reiterate: thou and I
Will make some mirth in spite of tyranny.
The black-brow'd Night, drawn in her pitchy[1] wain,
In starry-spangled pride rides now o'er heaven:
Now is the time when stealing minutes tell
The stole delight joy'd by all faithful lovers:

[1] Old ed. "pithie."

Now loving souls contrive both place and means
For wished pastimes: only I am pent
Within the closure of this fatal wall,
Depriv'd of all my joys.

Ger. My dear Maria, be comforted in this:
The frame of heaven shall sooner cease to move,
Bright Phœbus' steeds leave their diurnal race,
And all that is forsake their natural being,
Ere I forget thy love.

Mar. Who's that protests so fast?

Ger. Thy ever-vowed servant, Gerardine.

Mar. O, by your vows, it seems you'd fain get up.

Lip. Ay, and ride too. [*Aside.*

Ger. I would, most lov'd Maria.

Mar. I[1] knew it: he that, to get up to a fair woman, will stick to vow and swear, may be accounted no man. But tell me,
Why hast thou chose this hour to visit me,
Which nor the day nor night can claim, but both
Or neither? why in this twilight cam'st thou?

Ger. T' avoid suspicious eyes: I come, dear love,
To take my last farewell; fitting this hour,
Which nor bright day will claim nor pitchy night,
An hour fit to part conjoined souls.
Since that my native soil will not afford
My wish'd and best content, I will forsake it,
And prove more strange to it than it to me.

[1] Perhaps this line and the next should be printed as a rhyming couplet (and be assigned to Lipsalve).

In time's swift course all things shall find event,
Be it good or ill; and destinies do grant
That most preposterous courses often gain
What labour and direct proceedings miss.
Mar. Wo't thou forsake me then?
Ger. Let first blest life forsake me! Be [thou] constant:
My absence may procure thy more enlarge,
And then——
Mar. Desire's conceit is quick; I apprehend thee:
Be thou as loyal as I constant prove,
And time shall knit our mutual knot of love.
Wear this, my love's true pledge. [*Throws it down.*] I need not wish,
I know thou wo't return, [n]or will I say
Thou may'st conceal thyself, being return'd,
Till I may make escape, and visit thee.
I prithee, love, attempt not to ascend
My chamber-window by a ladder'd rope:
Th' entrance is too narrow, except this post,
Which may with ease,—yet that is dangerous:
I prithee, do it not. I hear some call:
Farewell!
My constant love let after-actions tell. [*Exit above.*
Ger. O perfection of women!
[*Lip.*] A plague of such perfection!
Ger. How she wooes! by negatives shows——
Gud. Thee what to do, under colour of dissuasion.[1]

---

1 "Like another young lady, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:
'*Æmilia.* But good cuze, if you chance to see my chamber window open, that is upon the tarrasse, doe not let him come in at it in any case.

Ger. She's truly virtuous!

Lip. Tut, man, outward apparance[1] is no authentic instance[2] of the inward desires: women have sharp falcon's eyes, and can soar aloft; but keep them, like falcons, from flesh, and they soon stoop to a gaudy lure.

Ger. Why, then, Huguenot women are admirable angels.

Gud. But angels[3] make them admirable devils.

Ger. My love's chaste smile to all the world doth speak
Herspotless innocence.

Lip. Women's smiles are more of custom than of courtesy: women are creatures; their hearts and they are full of holes, apt to receive, but not retain affection. Thou wilt to-morrow, thou sayest, begone: if thou wilt know the worst of a country's marry before thou goest; for if thou canst endure a curst wife, never care what company thou comest in.

Ger. Come, merry gallants, will you associate me to my cousin Purge's the 'pothecary's, and take part of my parting feast[4] to night?

Gud. O, his wife is of the Family of Love: I'll thither; perhaps I may prove of the fraternity in time: we'll thither, that's flat. [*Exeunt.*

Lodovico. 'Sblood how can he? can he come over the wall think'st?

Æmilia. O sir, you men have not devices with ladders of ropes to scale such walles at your pleasure, and abuse us poore wenches!' p. 22." —*Dyce.*

[1] Appearance.

[2] Proof.

[3] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32.

[4] Old eds. "feasts."

SCENE III.

A Room in PURGE'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS PURGE.

Mis. P. What, Club, Club! Is Club within there?

Enter CLUB.

Club. Mistress?

Mis. P. I pray, what said master doctor Glister? Will 'a come?

Club. 'A sent word 'a would, for 'a was but to carry a diet to one of his patients—what call you her? she that paints a day-times, and looks fair and fresh on the outside, but in the night-time is filthier than the inside of Bocardo,[1] and is indeed far more unsavoury [to those] that know her, forsooth.

Mis. P. Went 'a to her?

Club. 'A had a receipt for the grincomes[2] in his hand, and 'a said 'a would take that in his way.

Mis. P. 'Tis well: and what guest[s] besides him and his wife will be here at supper?

Club. The first in my account is master Gerardine your cousin, master doctor Glister and his wife, master Dryfat the merchant, master Lipsalve the courtier, master

[1] The name for a debtor's prison; see Stubbes' *Anatomie of Abuses*, ed. Furnivall, p. 126. *Bocardo* was the old north gate (pulled down in 1771) at Oxford, which was used as a prison for the meaner sort of criminals.

[2] A cant term for the *lues venerea*.

Gudgeon the gallant, and their pages,—these, I take, will be your full number. 19

Mis. P. Then belike my room shall be stuffed with courtiers and gallants to-night. Of all men I love not these gallants; they'll prate much, but do little: they are people most uncertain; they use great words, but little sense; great beards, but little wit; great breeches,[1] but no money.

Club. That was the last thing they swore away.

Mis. P. Belike they cannot fetch it again with swearing, for if they could, there's not a page of theirs but would be as rich as a monarch. 29

Club. There's nothing, mistress, that is sworn out of date that returns. Their first oath in times past was *by the mass;*[2] and that they have sworn quite away: then

---

[1] See note 1, p. 11.

[2] Compare the following anonymous epigram, which (so far as I know) has never been printed, in Add. MS. 10, 309, leaf 63:—

"In elder times an ancient custome t'was
To sweare in weighty matters *by the masse,*
But when the masse went downe ye old men note
They swore then *by the crosse* of this same grote;
And when the crosse was likewise held in scorne,
Then *by their faith* the common oath was sworne;
Last, having sworne away all faith and troth,
Onely *God damme me* was ye common oath.
This custome kept decorum by gradation,
That loosing Masse, Crosse, Faith, they find Dānation."

The epigram either suggested the passage in the text, or was suggested by it. There are some curious verses (in Besant's *Early French Poetry*) by Roger de Collerye on the oaths of French kings:—

"*Louis XI.* Quant la '*Pasque Dieu*' décéda,
Charles VIII. Le '*Bon Jour Dieu*' luy succéda:
Au '*Bon Jour Dieu*' deffunct et mort.

came they to their faith, as, *by my faith, 'tis so;* that in a short time was sworn away too, for no man believes now more than 'a sees; then they swore *by their honesties;* and that, mistress, you know, is sworn quite away: after their honesties was gone, then came they to their gentility, and swore *as they were gentlemen;* and their gentility they swore away so fast, that they had almost sworn away all the ancient gentry out of the land; which, indeed, are scarce missed, for that yeomen and farmers' sons, with the help of a few Welchmen,[1] have undertook to supply their places: that at the last they came to silver, and their oath was *by the cross of this silver;* and swore so fast upon that, that now they have scarce left them a cross [2] for to swear by. 46

Mis. P. And what do they swear by, now their money is gone?

Louis XII. Succéda le '*Diable m'emport*':
Luy décédé nous voyons comme
Francis I. Nous duist la '*Foy de Gentilhomme.*'"

In *Loci e libro veritatum* (*i.e.* passages from Gascoigne's theological dictionary), ed. Rogers, p. 12, the reader will find a strange list of oaths that were popular in England in the fifteenth century.

[1] Welchmen appear to have taken a particular pride in their gentility. Overbury in his character of *A Braggadochio Welchman* says—"Above all men he loves an herald and speaks pedigrees naturally." Cf. Dekker's *Match me in London*:—

"I do speak English
When I'd move pity; if dissemble, Irish;
Dutch, when I reel; and, tho' I feed on scalions,
If I should brag gentility I'd gabble Welch."
(Works, ed. Pearson, iv. 180).

[2] See note 1, vol. i. p. 28.

Club. Why, by ( ),[1] and *God*[2] *refuse them.*

Mis. P. And can they not as well say, men refuse them, as God refuse them?

Club. No, mistress; for men, especially citizens and rich men, have refused their bonds and protestations already.

Enter PURGE.

Mis. P. 'Tis well: see how supper goes forward, and that my shoes be very well blacked against I go to the Family. [*Exit* CLUB.]—Now, sweet chick, where hast thou been? In troth, la, I am not well: I had thought to have spent the morning at the Family, but now I am resolved to take pills, and therefore, I pray thee, desire doctor Glister that 'a would minister to me in the morning.

Pur. Thy will is known; and this for answer say,
'Tis fit that wise men should their wives obey.
And now, sweet duck, know I have been for my cousin Gerardine's will, and have it: 'a has given thee a legacy, but the total is Maria's.

Enter GLISTER, MISTRESS GLISTER, *and* DRYFAT.

Master doctor, your wife, and master Dryfat, are most

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[1] "So the old ed., the author having used some expression which the printer was afraid to insert. Copies of early plays frequently occur in which words have been struck through with a pen, perhaps by some public authority. I possess several pieces by Marston, from which the objectionable words have been cut out."—*Dyce.*

[2] A not uncommon form of oath; see Dyce's *Webster*, p. 7 (1 vol. ed.) Sometimes we find simply *Refuse me* (see Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, iv. 135).

welcome: now, were my cousin Gerardine and master Lipsalve here, our number were complete.

Gli. Is this frantic will done? will master Gerardine to sea? Let me tell you, I am no whit sorry; let such as will be headstrong bite on the bridle.

Pur. 'Tis here, master doctor; all his worth is Maria's, and locked in a trunk, which by to-morrow sun shall be delivered to your custody.

Dry. Methinks 'twere a reasonable match to bestow your niece on master Gerardine: 'a is a most hopeful gentleman, and his revenue such, that having your niece's portion to clear it of all incumbrances, 'twill maintain them both in a very worthy degree.

Gli. Tut, you are master Dryfat the merchant; your skill is greater in cony-skins and woolpacks than in gentlemen. His lands be in statutes: you merchants were wont to be merchant staplers; but now gentlemen have gotten up the trade, for there is not one gentleman amongst twenty but his land be engaged in twenty statutes staple.[1]

Enter LIPSALVE, GERARDINE, *and* GUDGEON.

Lip. [*singing.*] *Let every man his humour have,*
I do at none repine;

[1] The term *statute-staple* is explained in Blount's *Nomolexicon*:—"A bond acknowledged before one of the clerks of the statutes-merchant, and mayor of the staple, or chief warden of the city of London, or two merchants of the said city for that purpose assigned, or before the chief warden or mayor of other cities or good towns, or other sufficient men for that purpose appointed."

I never regard whose wench I kiss,
Nor who doth the like by mine:
Th' indifferent mind's I hold still best,
Whatever does befall;
For she that will do with me and thee
Will be a wench for all.

And how goes the squares?[1]

Pur. Your stay, gentlemen, does wrong to a great many of good stomachs: your suppers expect you.

Gud. And we our suppers.

Gli. And from what good exercise come you three?

Ger. From a play, where we saw most excellent Sampson[2] excel the whole world in gate-carrying.

Dry. Was it performed by the youths?[3]

Lip. By youths? Why, I tell thee we saw Sampson, and I hope 'tis not for youths to play Sampson. Believe it, we saw Sampson bear the town-gates[4] on his neck from the lower to the upper stage,[5] with that life and admirable accord, that it shall never be equalled, unless the whole new livery of porters set [to] their shoulders.

Mis. P. Fie, fie, 'tis pity young gentlemen can bestow

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[1] "*i.e.* how goes on the game? (chess-boards being full of squares). 'What, fellow Robin, *how goes the squares* with you?'—*Wily Beguilde*, sig. E 4, ed. 1623."—*Dyce.*

[2] A play entitled *Sampson* (by Edward Juby and Samuel Rowley) was acted in July 1602: see Henslowe's *Diary*, ed. Collier, p. 224. Perhaps there is an allusion to this lost play.

[3] Companies of boy-actors.

[4] Cf. *Love's Labour Lost*, i. 2:—"Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter."

[5] The raised platform at the back of the stage.

their time no better: this playing is not lawful, for I cannot find that either plays or players were allowed in the prime church of Ephesus by the elders.

Dry. Aha, I think she tickled you there?

Pur. Cousin Gerardine, shall the will be read before supper.

Ger. Before supper, I beseech you.

Lip. Ay, ay, before supper,—for when these women's bellies be full, their tongues[1] will be soon at rest. [*Aside.*

Dry. Well, master doctor, pity the state of a poor gentleman: it is in you to stay his journey, and make him and yourself happy in his choice.

Gli. Hold you content.—Shall this will be read?

Pur. It shall.—Read you, good master Lipsalve.

Lip. Command silence then.

Gud. Silence!

Lip. [*reads.*] *In the name of God, amen. Know all men by these presents*[2] *that I Gerardine, being strong of body and perfect in sense*——

Dry. That's false; there's no lover in his perfect sense.

Gud. Peace, Dryfat.

Lip. [*reads.*] *Do give and grant to Maria Glister, daughter of John Glister, and niece to doctor Glister, physician, all my leases, lands, chattels, goods, and moveables whatsoever.* This is stark naught: you cannot give away your moveables, for mistress doctor and mistress Purge claim both shares in your moveables by reason of their legacies.

Dry. That's true, for their legacies must go out of your moveables.

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[1] Old ed. "bones."

[2] Old ed. "presence."

Lip. I['ll] put it in—*all my moveables, these following legacies being paid.*

Ger. Do so, good master Lipsalve.

Lip. [*after writing.*] 'Tis done.

Mis. P. I pray, read only the legacies, for supper stays.

Lip. Well, the legacies: [*reads*] *First, I give to my cousin, mistress Purge, a fair large standing*—what's this? —O, *cup,—a fair large standing cup, with a close stool.*

Dry. 'Tis not so, 'tis not so.

Lip. I cry you mercy; *a close cover* 'tis. [*Reads.*] *To mistress doctor I give a fair bodkin of gold, with two orient pearls attending the same: all which are in my trunk to be delivered to the keeping of Maria. In witness, &c.*—Is this your will?

Ger. 'Tis.

Lip. To it with your hand and seal.

[GERARDINE *signs and seals the will.*

Mis. P. How is it, chick? I must have the standing cup, and mistress Glister the bodkin?

Pur. Right, sweet duck.

Ger. I pray, gentlemen, put to your hands.

Dry. Come, your fists, gentlemen, your fists.

Ger. [*while the witnesses sign the will.*] Mistress Glister, I have found you always more flexible to understand the estate of a poor gentleman than your husband was willing: therefore I have thought it a point of charity to reveal the wrongs you sustain [1] by your husband's looseness. Let me tell you in private that the doctor cuckolds

[1] Old ed. "sustained."

Purge oftener than he visits one of his patients: what 'a spares from you 'a spends lavishly on her. These 'pothecaries are a kind of panders: look to it: if 'a keep Maria long close, it is for some lascivious end of his own.

Mis. G. She is his niece.

Ger. Tut, these doctors have tricks. Your niceness is such that you can endure no polluted shoes [1] in your house: take heed lest 'a make you a bawd before your time; look to it.

Lip. Come, our hands are testimonies to thy follies. Shall's now to supper? We'll have a health go round to thy voyage.

Gud. Ay, and to all that forswear marriage, and can be content with other men's wives.

Ger. Of which consort [2] you two are grounds; one touches the bass, and the other tickles the minikin.[3]
But to our cheer: come, gentles, let's away;
The roast meat's in consumption by our stay.

[*Exeunt.*

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[1] Old ed. "showes" (the words *shoes* and *shows* being often confused). Cf. ii. 4, "I pray, let's have no *polluted feet* nor rheumatic chaps enter the house."

[2] Band of musicians.

[3] Fiddle. Cf. Marston's *What You Will*, iv. 1:—"A fiddler,—a scraper,—a *minikin-tickler*," &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in PURGE'S *House.*

Enter PURGE.

Pur. The grey-eyed morning braves me to my face, and calls me sluggard : 'tis time for tradesmen to be in their shops; for he that tends well his shop, and hath an alluring wife[1] with a graceful *what d'ye lack?* shall be sure to have good doings, and good doings is that that crowns so many citizens with the horns of abundance. My wife, by ordinary course, should this morning have been at the Family, but now her soft pillow hath given her counsel to keep her bed : master doctor should indeed minister to her ; to whose pills she is so much accustomed, that now her body looks for them as duly as the moon shakes off the old and borrows new horns. I smile to myself to hear our knights and gallants say how they gull

[1] Cf. Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, iii. 1 :—"In troth a fine-fac'd wife in a wainscot-carv'd seat is a worthy ornament to a tradesman's shop, and an attractive, I warrant : her husband shall find it in the custom of his ware, I'll assure him."

us citizens, when, indeed, we gull them, or rather they gull themselves. Here they come in term-time, hire chambers, and perhaps kiss our wives: well, what lose I by that? God's blessing on's heart, I say still, that makes much of my wife! for they were very hard-favoured that none could find in's heart to love but ourselves: drugs would be dog-cheap, but for my private well-practised doctor and such customers. Tut, jealousy is a hell; and they that will thrive must utter their wares as they can, and wink at small faults. [*Exit.* 23

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter GLISTER.

Gli. The tedious night is past, and the jocund morn looks more lively and fresh than an old gentlewoman's glazed face in a new periwig. By this time my humorous lover is at Gravesend; and I go with more joy to fetch his trunk than ever the valiant Trojans did to draw in the Grecian jade: his goods shall into the walls of my Troy, and be offered to a face more lovely[1] than ever was that thrice-ravished Helen; yet with such caution that no danger shall happen to me. [*Exit.*

[1] Old ed. "lively."

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter LIPSALVE *and* SHRIMP, *meeting* GUDGEON *and* PERIWINKLE.

Gud. Master Lipsalve, welcome within ken: we two are so nearly linked, that if thou beest absent but one two hours, thy acquaintance grows almost mouldy in my memory.

Lip. And thine[1] fly-blown in mine: how dost thou do?

Shr. Fellow page, I think our acquaintance runs low too; but if it run not o' the lees, let's set it a-tilt, and give 'em some dregs to their mouldy, fly-blown compliments.

Per. No, rather let's pierce the rundlets of our running heads, and give 'em a neat cup of wagship to put down their courtship.

Shr. Courtship? cartship! for the tongues of complimenters run on wheels: but mark 'em; they ha' not done yet.

Gud. And, i'faith, how is't? methinks thou hast been a long vagrant.

Lip. The rogation[2] hath been long indeed: therefore we may salute as ceremoniously as lawyers when they

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[1] Old ed. "then."

[2] Rog*ue*ation.

meet after a long vacation, who, to renew the discontinued state tale, they stretch it out with such length, that whilst they greet before, their clients kiss them behind.

Shr. If his nose were put i' the remainder of that state tale, he would say 'twere an unsavoury one.

Per. I wonder why many men gird so at the law.

Shr. I'll tell thee, because they themselves have neither law nor conscience.

Gud. But what news now? how stands the state of things at Brussels?

Lip. Faith, weak and limber, weak and limber: nothing but pride and double-dealing: virtue is vice's lackey; beggars suck like horse-leeches at the heart of bounty, and leave him[1] so tired and spur-galled that he can be no longer ridden with honesty.

Gud. Well fare the city yet! there virtue rides a cock-horse, cherished and kept warm in good sables and fox-fur, and with the breath of his nostrils drives pride and covetousness before him, like's own shadow: beggars have whipping cheer: bounty obliges[2] men to't; and liberality gives money for scrips and scrolls, sealed with strong arms and heraldry to outlive mortality: love there will see the last man born, never give over while there's an arrow i' th' quiver.

Lip. Now we talk of love, I do know, not far hence, so good a subject for that humour, that if she would

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[1] "Leave him" is Dyce's correction for "loues theame" of the old ed.

[2] Old ed. "*bounty obliges men too't, giues mony for scrips and scrolls, and liberality seald*," &c.

wear but the standing[1] collar and her things in fashion, our ladies in the court were but brown sugar-candy, as gross as grocery to her.

Gud. She is not so sweet as a 'pothecary's shop, is she?

Lip. A plague on you! ha' you so good a scent?—For my life, he's my rival. [*Aside.*

Gud. Her name begins with mistress Purge, does it not? 54

Lip. True, the only comet of the city.

Gud. Ay, if she would let her ruffs stream out a little wider: but I am sure she is ominous to me; she makes civil wars and insurrections in the state of my stomach: I had thought to have bound myself from love, but her purging comfits makes me loose-bodied still. 60

Lip. What, has she ministered to thee then?

Gud. Faith, some lectuary[2] or so.

Lip. Ay, I fear she takes too much of that lectuary to stoop to love; it keeps her body soluble from sin: she is not troubled with carnal crudities nor the binding of the flesh.

Gud. Thou hast sounded her then, belike.

Lip. Not I, I am too shallow to sound her; she's out of my element: if I show passion and discourse of love to her, she tells me I am wide from the right scope; she

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[1] "For as man is God's ape, striving to make artificial flowers, birds, &c., like to the natural: so for the same reason are women men's she-apes, for they will not be behind them the breadth of a tailor's yard (which is nothing to speak of) in any new-fangled fashion. *If men get up French standing collars, women will have the French standing collar too,*" &c.—Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins*, ed. Arber, p. 36.

[2] Electuary.

says she has another object, and aims at a better love than mine.

Gud. O, that's her husband.

Lip. No, no; she speaks pure devotion: she's impenetrable; no gold or oratory, no virtue in herbs nor no physic will make her love.

Gud. More is the pity, I say, that fair women should prove saints before age had made them crooked.—'Tis my luck to be crossed still, but I must not give over the chase. [*Aside.*

Lip. Come hither, boy, while I think on't.

[LIPSALVE *talks apart to* SHRIMP.

Gud. Faith, friend Lipsalve, I perceive you would fain play with my love. A pure creature 'tis, for whom I have sought every angle of my brain; but either she scorns courtiers, as most of them do, because they are given to boast of their doings, or else she's exceeding strait-laced: therefore to prevent[1] this smell-smock,[2] I'll to my friend doctor Glister, a man exquisite in th' art magic, who hath told me of many rare experiments available in this case. [*Aside.*]—Farewell, friend Lipsalve.

Lip. Adieu, honest Gregory: frequent my lodging; I have a viol de gambo and good tobacco. [*Exeunt* GUDGEON *and* PERIWINKLE.]—Thou wilt do this feat, boy?

Shr. Else knock my head and my pate together.

Lip. Away then: bid him bring his measure with him.

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[1] Anticipate.

[2] "*Brigaille*, a noteable *smelsmocke* or mutton-mungar, a cunning solicitor of a wench."—*Cotgrave.*

[*Exit* SHRIMP.]—Gerardine is travelled, and I must needs be cast into his mould. My flesh grows proud; and Maria's a sweet wench, &c.[1] But yet I must not let fall my suit with mistress Purge, lest, *sede vacante*, my friend Gudgeon join issue:
I'll rather to my learned doctor for a spell,
For I have a fire in my liver burns like hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS GLISTER *and* MARIA.

Mis. G. I pray,[2] let's have no polluted feet nor rheumatic chaps enter the house; I shall have my floor look more greasy shortly than one of your inn-of-court dining-tables.—And now to you, good niece, I bend my speech. Let me tell you plainly, you are a fool to be love-sick for any man longer than he is in your company: are you so ignorant in the rules of courtship, to think any one man to bear all the prick and praise?[3] I tell thee, be he never so proper, there is another to second him.

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[1] It was left to the actor to enlarge on the charms of Maria.

[2] Addressed to a servant behind the scenes.

[3] "So in *The London Prodigall*, 1605:—'Tho she had *the pricke and praise* for a prettie wench.' Sig. E 3. Spenser has, *Faery Queen*, ii. xii. 1:

'Her adorned head
To *prick of highest praise* forth to advance.'

The *prick* was the point or mark in the centre of the butts in archery." —*Dyce.*

Mar. Let rules of courtship be authentic still
To such as do pursue variety;
But unto those whose modest thoughts do tend
To honour'd nuptials and a regular life,
As far from show of niceness as from that
Of impure thoughts, all other objects seem
Of no proportion,[1] balanc'd with esteem
Of what their souls affect.

Mis. G. No marvel sure you should regard these men with such reverend opinion: there's few good faces and fewer graces in any of them: if one among a multitude have a good pair of legs, he never leaves riding the ring till he has quite marred the proportion: nay, some, as I have heard, wanting lineaments to their liking and calf to support themselves, are fain to use art, and supply themselves with quilted calves, which oftentimes, in revelling, fall about their ankles; and for their behaviour, wit, and discourse, except some few that are travelled, it is as imperfectious and silly as your scholars new come from the university. By this light, I think we lose part of our happiness, when we make these weathercocks our equals.

Mar. Disgrace not that for which our sect[2] was made
Society[3] in nuptials: 'bove those joys

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[1] "Old ed.
'Respectlesse, *of no proportion*,' &c.
'*Respectless*' is probably a word which the author had originally written, but forgot to erase. In the address *To the Reader* he mentions the 'faults in the printing.'"—*Dyce.*

[2] The form *sect* for *sex* is frequently found.

[3] Old ed.—
"Society in *nuptiall beds above these* joys."

Which lovers taste when their conjoined lips
Suck forth each other's souls, the earth, the air,
Yea, gods themselves, know none. Elysium's sweet,
Ay, all that bliss which poets' pens describe,
Are only known when soft and amorous folds
Entwine the corps of two united lovers,
Where what they wish they have, yet still desire,
And sweets are known without satiety.[1]

Enter VIAL.

Vial.[2] Here's Club, forsooth, and his fellow 'prentice have brought master Gerardine's trunk.

Mis. G. Let them come in if their feet be clean. [*Exit Vial.*]—So, then, your best-beloved is gone; fair weather after him! all thy passions[3] go with him! recomfort thyself, wench, in a better choice: his love to thee would have been of no longer continuance than the untrussing of his hose; then why shouldst thou pine for such a one?

Mar. She's foolish sure: with what imperfect phrase
And shallow wit she answers me! [*Aside.*

Enter CLUB *and another* Apprentice, *with a trunk.*

Mis. G. Honest Club, welcome: is this master Gerardine's trunk? he is gone then?

Club. Ay, indeed, mistress Glister, he is departed this transitory city, but his whole substance is here enclosed;

[1] Old ed. "society."
[2] Old ed. "*Nun.*" (i.e. *Nuntius*).
[3] Sorrows.

which, by command, we here deliver to your custody, to the use of mistress Maria, according to the tenour of the premises.

Mis. G. Place it here, my honest Club: well done: and how does thy mistress? was she at the Family to-day? [CLUB *spits.*] Spit not, good Club, I cannot abide it.

Club. Not to-day, forsooth; she hath over-charged herself and her memory: she means to use a moderation, and take no more than she can make use of.

Mis. G. And, I prithee, Club, what kind of creatures are these Familists? thou art conversant with them.

Club. What are they? with reverence be it spoken, they are the most accomplished creatures under heaven; in them is all perfection.

Mis. G. As how, good Club?

Club. Omitting their outward graces, I'll show you only one instance, which includes all other; they love their neighbours better than themselves.

Mis. G. Not than themselves, Club.

Club. Yes, better than themselves; for they love them better than their husbands, and husband and wife are all one; therefore, better than themselves.

Mis. G. This is logic: but tell me, doth she not endeavour to bring my doctor of her side and fraternity?

Club. Let him resolve that himself, for here he comes.

Enter GLISTER.

Gli. O, hast thou brought the trunk, honest Club? I commend thy honest care: here's for thy pains.

[*Giving money.*

Club. I thank you, master doctor; you are free and liberal still: you'll command me nothing back?

Gli. Nothing but commendations: farewell. [*Exeunt* CLUB *and* Apprentice.]—Your sweetheart Gerardine is by this time cold of his hope to enjoy thee: he's gone; and a more equal and able husband shall my care ere long provide thee.—What clients have been here in my absence, wife? 91

Mis. G. Faith, mouse,[1] none that I know more than an old woman that had lost her cat, and came to you for a spell in the recovery.

Gli. I think egregious ignorance will go near to save this age; their blindness takes me for a conjuror: yesterday a justice of peace salutes me with proffer of a brace of angels to help him to his footcloth, some three days before stolen, and was fain to use his man's cloak instead on't. 100

Re-enter VIAL.

Vial. Here's a gentleman craves speech with you, sir.

Gli. Go in, sweet wife, and give my niece good counsel.

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS GLISTER *and* MARIA.

—His name?

Vial. He will not tell it me.

Gli. His countenance?

Vial. I can see nothing but his eyes: the rest of him is so wrapt in cloak that it suffers no view.

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[1] A term of endearment.

Gli. Admit him. [*Exit* VIAL.]—What should he be for a man?[1]

Enter LIPSALVE.

What, master Lipsalve, is't you? why thus obscured? what discontent overshadows you?

Lip. A discontent indeed, master doctor, which to shake off I must have you extend your art to the utmost bounds. You physicians are as good as ˆulse doors behind hangings to ladies' necessary uses: you know the very hour in which they have neither will to deny nor wit to mistrust: faith now, by the way, when are women most apt?

Gli. Shall I unbutton myself unto you? after the receipt of a purgation, for then are their pores most open: but what creature of a courtier is it hath drawn your head into the woodcock's noose?

Lip. A courtier? nay, by this flesh, I am clean fallen out with them; they have nothing proportionable.

Gli. O, I perceive, then, 'tis some city star that attracts your aspect.

Lip. He knows by his art. [*Aside.*]—In plain terms, a certain 'pothecary's wife.

Gli. Upon my life, master Purge['s]; I smell you, sir.

Lip. You may smell a man after a purgation: indeed, sir, 'tis she. Now, for that fame hath bruited you to be a man expert in necromancy, I would endear[2] myself to you for ever, would you vouchsafe to let one of your

[1] *i.e.* what man should he be? Cf. *A Mad World my Masters*, v. 2:—"What is *she for a fool?*" The form of expression is common.

[2] "Old ed. 'endeauour:' compare our author's *Michaelmas Term*: 'I'll *be dear to you*, do but perform it.'"—*Dyce.*

spirits bring mistress Purge into some convenient place, where I might enjoy her: I have heard of the like: can you perform this?

Gli. With much facility, I assure you: but you must understand that the apparition of a spirit is dreadful, and withal covetous, and with no small sum of gold hired to such feats.

Re-enter VIAL.

Vial. Sir, here's another gentleman, muffled too, that desires present conference with you.

Gli. Walk you into that room: I will bethink myself for your good, and instantly resolve you. [*Exit* LIPSALVE.]—Let the gentleman come in. [*Exit* VIAL.]—Lipsalve in love with my vessel of ease? come to me to help him to a morsel most affected by mine own palate? No more but so: I have shaped it; the conceit tickles me.

Enter GUDGEON.

Sir, as a stranger I welcome you—what, master Gudgeon, have I caught you? I thought it was a gallant that walked muffled: come, let me behold you at full; here are no sergeants, man.

Gud. Master doctor, this my obscure coming requires an action more obscure; and, in brief, this 'tis. Sir, you are held a man far seen in nature's secrets; I know you can effect many things almost impossible: know, then, I love mistress Purge, and opportunity favours me not, nor indeed is she so tractable as I expected: if either by

medicine or your art magical you can work her to my will, I have a poor gallant's reward, sir.

Gli. That's just nothing. [*Aside.*]—But how, sir, would you have me to procure you access to mistress Purge? you never knew a physician a bawd.

Gud. Why, by conjuration, I tell you, wherein you are said to be as well practised as in physic: here's the best part of my present store to effect it. [*Giving money.*

Gli. Not a penny for myself; but my spirits, indeed, they must be fe[e]d. Walk you by here, while I think upon a spell. [GUDGEON *retires.*]—What mystery should this be? Lipsalve and Gudgeon both in love with mistress Purge, and come to me to help 'em by art magic? 'Tis some gullery sure; yet, if my invention hold, I'll fit them.—Who's within there?

Enter Servant.[1]

Fetch me, in all haste, two good whips; I think you may have them not far hence. [*Exit* Servant.]—It shall be so. [*Aside.*]—Now, tell me, master Gudgeon, does no man know of your love to mistress Purge?

Gud. Not a man, by my gentry.

Gli. Then, sir, know I'll effect it; but understand withal the apparition will be most horrid if it appear in his proper form, and will so amaze and dull your senses, that your appetite will be lost and weak, though mistress Purge should attend it naked. Now, sir, could you

[1] Old ed. "One."

name a friend with whom you are most conversant, in his likeness should the spirit appear.

Gud. Of all men living my conversation is most frequent with Lipsalve the courtier.

Gli. 'Tis enough: I'll to my spirit. [GUDGEON *retires, and* GLISTER *writes a few words.*]—Are these whips come there?

Re-enter Servant *with whips.*

Ser. Ready here, sir. [*Exit.*

Gli. So, lie thou[1] there. My noble gallants, I'll so firk you! [*Aside.*]—Sir, my spirit agrees in Lipsalve's shape: to-morrow, 'twixt the hours of four and five, shall mistress Purge be rapt with a whirlwind into Lipsalve's chamber: that's the fittest place, for, by the break of day, Lipsalve shall be mounted and forsake the city for three days; so my spirit resolves me. Now, sir, by my art, at that very hour shall his chamber-door fly open; into which boldly enter in this sort accoutred; put me on a pure clean shirt, leave off your doublet (for spirits endure nothing polluted), take me this whip in your hand, and, being entered, you shall see the spirit in Lipsalve's shape, in the self-same form that you appear; speak these words here ready written [*giving a paper*], take three bold steps forward, then whip him soundly, who straight vanisheth, and leaves mistress Purge to your will.

Gud. Ay, but shall your spirit come armed with a whip too?

[1] One of the whips.

Gli. He shall, but have no power to strike.

Gud. Is this infallible? have you seen the proof?

Gli. *Probatum*, upon my word; I have seen the experience: if it fail, say I am a fool, and no magician.

Gud. Master doctor, I would you had some suit at court; by the faith of a courtier, I would beg it for you. Fare you well, sir: I shall report of you as I find your charm.

Gli. And no otherwise, sir: let me understand how you thrive. [*Exit* GUDGEON.]—Ha, ha, ha! Now to my friend Lipsalve: I must possess him with the same circumstance; wherein I am assured to get perpetual laughter in their follies and my revenge. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.[1]

Mar. O, which way shall I turn, or shift, or go,
To lose one thought of care? no soothing hope
Gives intermission, or beguiles one hour
Of tedious time, which never will have end,
Whilst love pursues in vain my absent friend.
Thou continent of wealth, whose want of store,
For that it could not peize[2] th' unequal scale
Of avarice, giv'st matter to my moan!
O dross, the level of insatiate eyes,
The devil's engine, and the soul's corrupter,
Thou play'st th' attorney 'gainst the lawful force

[1] Old ed. "*Enter Maria over the trunke.*" The scene changes to Maria's apartment, whither (we are to suppose) the trunk has been conveyed.

[2] Weigh down.

Of true affection, dost interpose a bar
'Twixt hearts conjoin'd! curs'd be thy seed of strife,
Whose progress chokes the natural course of life!

[GERARDINE *rises out of the trunk, while* MARIA *retreats in alarm.*

Mar. O, help, help, help!

Ger. Stay, sweet Maria! I bring thee ample joy
To check that sudden fear: let thy sweet heart,
That constant seat of thy affection,
Repay that blood exhausted from thy veins.
Fear not, sweet wench: I am no apparition,
But the firm substance of thy truest friend:
Know'st thou me now?

Mar. Gerardine, my love?
[O] what unheard-of accident presents
Thy unexpected self, and gives my heart
Matter of joy, mix'd with astonishment?
I thought thou had'st been cabin'd in thy ship,
Not trunk'd within my cruel guardian's house.

Ger. That cruelty gives fuel to desire;
For love suppress'd fares like a raging fire,
Which burns all obstacles that stop his course,
And mounts aloft. The ocean in his source
May easier hide himself and be confin'd,
Than love can be obscur'd; for in the mind
She holds her seat, and through that heavenly essence
Is near when far remote; her virtual presence
Fills, like the air, all places, gives delight,
Hope in despair, and heart 'gainst fell despite.

That worst of men, thy cruel guardian, may
Keep down awhile, but cannot dissipate
What heaven hath join'd; for fate and providence
Gave me this stratagem, to let him know
That love will creep where 'tis restrain'd to go.
Mar. I apprehend the rest: O rare conceit!
I see thy travel happily was feign'd
To win access, which with small ease thou'st gain'd.
This trunk, which he so greedily supposes
Contains thy substance (as it doth indeed),
Upon thy fair pretence in lieu of love
Bequeath'd to me, if death should stop the course,—
This trunk, I say, he hugs; sink thou or swim,
So he may feed his wolf, that root of sin,
His avarice: but heaven, that mocks man's might,
Gives this close means t' insist upon our right.
Ger. Ingenious spirit, true oracle of love!
Thou hast prevented [1] me: this was my plot,
Whose end and scope I long to imitate
With accents free, and uncontroll'd with fear.
Does opportunity stand fair?
Mar. Not now:
Danger stands sentinel.
Ger. Then I'll retire:
We must be cautelous [2] [*He goes again into the trunk.*
Mar. So, so: and time
Shall not oft turn his hour-glass ere I'll find.
Place [3] and occasion fitting to thy mind. [*Exit.*

[1] Anticipated. [2] Cautious. [3] Old ed. "Peace."

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MARIA'S *Apartment.*

Enter GERARDINE *and* MARIA.

Ger. The coast is clear, and Argus' wakeful eyes
Securely sleep: time turns to us his front.
Come, sweet Maria, of th' auspicious hours
Let's take advantage.
Mar. With all my heart;
I do embrace the motion with thyself:
Welcome, sweet friend, to liberty of air,
Which now, methinks, doth promp[t] our breaths to move
Sweet accents of delight, the joys of love.
How dost thou brook thy little-ease [1] thy trunk?
Ger. That trunk confines this chest; this chest contains
Th' unbounded speculation of our love,
Incomprehensible grief, joy, hope, and fears;

[1] "The pillory, stocks, or bilboes. Also a small apartment in a prison where the inmate could have very little ease. 'A streite place in a prisone called *littell-ease*.'—Elyot in v. *Arca*."—*Halliwell.*

Th' affections of my mind are like the spheres,
Which in their jarring motions do agree,
Through th' influence of love's sweet harmony.
Mar. Are not inferior bodies here on earth
Produc'd and govern'd by those heavenly ones?
Ger. They are.
Mar. They jar, you say; yet in that strife maintain
Perpetual league: why should their influence
In rational souls be check'd by erring sense?
Or why should mutual love, confirm'd by heaven,
B' infring'd by men? methinks 'tis most uneven.[1]
Ger. Thou argu'st well, Maria; and this withal,
That brutes nor animals do prove a thrall
To such servility: souls that are wards
To gold, opinion, or th' undue regards
Of broking men, wolves that in sheep-skin bands[2]
Prey on the hearts to join th' unwilling hands,
Ruin fair stocks, when generous houses die,
Or propagate their name with bastardy.
Mar. Sterility and barrenness ensue
Such forced love; nor shall erroneous men
Pervert my settled thoughts, or turn mine eye
From thy fair object, which I will pursue,
Rich in thy love, proud of this interview.
Ger. I'll suck these accents: let our breaths engender
A generation of such pleasing sounds,
To interchange delights. O, my blood's on fire!
Sweet, let me give more scope to true desire.

[1] Unjust.
[2] "Sheep-skin bands" = parchment bonds.

Mar. What wouldst thou more than our minds' firm contract?

Ger. Tut, words are wind; thought unreduct[1] to act[2]
Is but an embryon in the truest sense.

Mar. I am beleague[r]'d; I had need of sense:
You make me blush: play fair yet above board.

Ger. Hear me exemplify love's Latin word
Together with thyself:
As thus:—hearts join'd, *Amore:* take *A* from thence,
Then *more* is the perfect moral sense,
Plural in manners, which in thee do shine
Saint-like, immortal, spotless, and divine:
Take *M* away, *ore* in beauty's name
Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame:
Lastly, take *O*, in *re* stands all my rest,
Which I, in Chaucer-style, do term a jest.

Mar. You break all modest bounds; away, away!

Ger. So when men come behind do women say.

Mar. Come, come, I say—

Ger. Ay, that's the word indeed:
Men that come bold before are like to speed.
But who comes here?[3] *Monstrum horrendum!* my nostrils have the rank scent of knavery. Maria, let's remove ourselves to the window, and observe this piece of man's flesh. [*Scene closes.*

---

[1] Unreduced.

[2] Old ed. "art."

[3] "In the old ed. these words are preceded by the stage-direction '*Enter Lipsalve and Shrimp his Page;*' and at the end of the speech Gerardine and Maria *exeunt.* . . . Here the spectators were to suppose

SCENE II.

A Street: GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter LIPSALVE *disguised as* GERARDINE, *and* SHRIMP.

Lip. Now, mistress Maria, ward yourself: if my strong hope fail not, I shall be with you to bring——

Shr. To bring what, sir? some more o' your kind?

Lip. Faith, boy, that's mine aim.

Shr. I'll be sworn, sir, you have a good loose;[1] you let fly at 'em a-pace.

Lip. I have shot fair and far off; but now I hope to hit the mark indeed.

Shr. God save it!

Lip. But where's the sign? 10

Shr. Why, there.

Lip. That's a special thing to be observed.

Shr. I have heard talk of the Gemini; methinks, that should be a star favourable to your proceeding.

---

that Gerardine and Maria, standing on the upper-stage, were either in the apartment of the latter, or in the gallery communicating with it: when Lipsalve had entered, they were to suppose that the stage represented a street; and when Gerardine and Maria had reappeared '*above*,' they were to suppose that the upper-stage was a window. Having found it necessary to begin a new scene with the entrance of Lipsalve, I hope my readers will be kind enough to *suppose* that, when Gerardine says,' *Who comes here*,' he happens to turn his eye towards the window, and catches a glimpse of that gallant."—*Dyce.*

[1] "Means, in archery, the discharging of the arrow."—*Dyce.*

Lip. The Gemini? O, I apprehend thee: that's because I am so like Gerardine; ha, is't not so, boy?

Shr. As if you were spit out on's mouth, sir; you must needs be like him, for you are both cut out of a piece. But, lord, sir, how you hunt this chase of love! are you not weary?

Lip. Indefatigable, boy, indefatigable.

Shr. Fatigable, quoth you? you may call it leanable well enough, for I am sure it is able to make a man lean.

Lip. 'Tis my vocation, boy; we must never be weary of well-doing: love's as proper to a courtier as preciseness to a puritan.

[MARIA *appears above;* GERARDINE *concealing himself behind her.*[1]

Shr. Love, *subaudi* lust; a punk in this place *subintelligitur.* [*Aside.*

Lip. Boy, I have spied my saint.

Shr. Then down on your knees.

Lip. Fly off, lest she take thee for my familiar.—
Save thee, sweet Maria!
Nay, wonder not (for thou thyself art wonder,)
To see this unexpected gratulation.

Mar. Whom do I see? O, how my senses wander!
Am not I Hero? art not thou Leander?

---

[1] "The stage-direction in the old ed. is '*Enter Gerardine and Maria above.*' I may observe, that as curtains were suspended before the upper-stage, to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it, they were probably used here for that purpose by Gerardine."—*Dyce.*

Ger. Thou'rt in the right, sweet wench; more of that vein.

Lip. Her passion o'ercomes[1] her; 'tis the kindest soul! O excellent device! it works, it works, boy.

Shr. It does indeed, sir, like the suds of an ale-fat or a washing-bowl.

Lip. Joy not too much; extremes are perilous.

Mar. O weather-beaten love!—Cisley, go make a fire: Go, fetch my ladder of ropes, Leander's come.

Lip. Mark, how prettily in her rapture she harps upon Gerardine's travel.—
Let th' ecstasy have end, for I am Gerardine.

Ger. The devil you are! [*Aside.*

Mar. Ha? let me see: my love so soon return'd?

Lip. I never travell'd farther than thine eyes;
My bruited journey was a happy project
To cast a mist before thy jealous guardian,
Who now, suspectless, gives some hope t' attain
My wish'd delight, before pursu'd in vain.

Ger. Ask if he strain'd not hard for that same project.

Mar. Has not that project overrack'd thy brain,
And spent more wit than thou hast left behind?

Shr. By this light, she flouts him. [*Aside.*

Lip. No, wit is infinite: I spent some brain;
Thy love did stretch my wit upon the tenters.

Ger. Then is't like to shrink in the wetting. [*Aside.*

Mar. It cottons[2] well; it cannot choose but bear

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[1] Old ed. "ouercomes."

[2] Succeeds, prospers,—a metaphor derived from the finishing of cloth.

A pretty nap: I tender thy capacity:
A comfortable caudle cherish it:
But where's my favour that I bid thee wear
As pledge of love?

Ger. Now dost thou put him to't;
More tenters for his wit; he's *non plus* quite.

Lip. I wear it, sweet Maria, but on high days,
Preserve it from the tainting of the air—
What should I say? [*Aside.*]—'Tis in my t'other hose.[1]

Mar. How? in your t'other hose? he that I love
Shall wear my favour in those hose he has on.

Lip. Fiends and furies! block that I am? [*Aside.*

Shr. In your t'other hose?—She talked of a ladder of ropes: if she would let it down, for my life, he would hang himself in't. [*Aside.*]—In your t'other hose? why, those hose are in lavender:[2] besides, they have never a codpiece; but, indeed, there needs no ivy where the wine is good: in your t'other hose?

Mar. I said you were too prodigal of wit.

Lip. Expostulate no more: grant me access,
Or else I'll travel to the wilderness.

Mar. Your only way: go, travel till you tire;
Be rid, and let a gull discharge the hire.

Shr. Master, the doctor, the doctor!

Lip. Where? which way?

---

[1] A sort of proverbial expression. Cf. *Spanish Gipsy*, iii. 2:—

"But being asked, as I suppose,
Your answer will be, *in your tother hose.*"

[2] "To lay in lavender" was a cant expression for *to pawn.*

Shr. This way, that way, some way I heard him coming.

Lip. O boy, I am abused, gulled, disgraced! my credit's cracked.

Shr. You know that's nothing new for a[1] courtier.

Lip. O, I shall run beside myself!

Shr. No, sir, that's my office; I'll run by your side.

Lip. My brain is out of temper! what shall I do?

Shr. Take her counsel, sir; get a cullis to your capacity, a restorative to your reason, and a warming-pan to your wit: he comes, he comes!

Lip. Follow close, boy; let him not see us.

[*Exeunt* LIPSALVE *and* SHRIMP.

Enter GLISTER.

Gli. What, more flutterers[2] about my carrion? more battery to my walls? shall I never be rid of these Petronel Flashes?[3] As for my friend Gerardine, the wind of my rage has blown him to discover countries; and let the sea purge his love away and him together,—I care not. Young wenches now are all o' the hoigh:[4] we that are guardians must respect more besides titles, gold lace, person, or parts; we must have lordships and manors elsewhere as well as in the man; wealth com-

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[1] Old ed. "a new."

[2] Old ed. "flatterers."

[3] *Petronel* was the name for a blunderbuss or carbine: hence *Sir Petronel Flash* was a term applied to a huffing gallant. A song in *Histriomastix*, act ii., begins—

"Give your scholar degrees, and your lawyer his fees,
And some dice for *Sir Petronel Flash*."

[4] "O' the hoigh" = eager, excited. See Halliwell's *Nares*.

mands all; and wealth I'll have, or else my minion shall lead[1] apes in hell. I must after this gallant too: I'll know his rendezvous, and what company he keeps. III

[*Exit.*

Mar. Now must we be abrupt:[2] retire, sweet friend,
To thy small-ease:[3] what more remains to do
We'll consummate at our next interview.

Ger. So shall I bear my prisonment with pleasure:
Look thou but big, our[4] cruel foe will yield,
And give to Hymen th' honour of the field.

[*Exeunt above.*

SCENE III.

A Street before the Meeting-house of the Family of Love.

Enter MISTRESS PURGE, CLUB *carrying a link before her.*

Mis. P. Fie, fie, Club, go a' t'other side the way, thou collowest[5] me and my ruff; thou wilt make me an unclean member i' the congregation.

Club. If you be unclean, mistress, you may pure yourself; you have my master's ware at your commandment; but what am I then, that does all the drudgery in your house?

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[1] The proverbial employment of old maids.
[2] Separated.
[3] See note, p. 48.
[4] "Some copies of the old ed. 'or,' others 'nor.'"—*Dyce.*
[5] "Collowest" = begrimest.

Mis. P. Thou'rt born to't: why, boy, I can show thy indentures; thou givest no other milk: we know how to use all i' their kind.

Club. You're my better in bark and rine,[1] but in pith and substance I may compare with you: you're above me in flesh, mistress, and there's your boast; but in my t'other part we are all one before God.

Enter DRYFAT.

Mis. P. All one with me? dost thou swear too? why then, up and ride!

Dry. Whither away, mistress Purge?

Mis. P. To the Family, master Dryfat, to our exercise.[2]

Dry. What, by night?

Mis. P. O Lord, ay, sir, with the candles out too: we fructify best i' th' dark: the glance of the eye is a great matter; it leads us to other objects besides the right.

Dry. Indeed I think we perform those functions best when we are not thrall to the fetters of the body.

Mis. P. The fetters of the body? what call you them?

Dry. The organs of the body, as some term them.

Mis. P. Organs? fie, fie, they have a most abomin-

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[1] "A vulgar corruption of *rind*: old ed. 'rhyne;'

'Whose eyes doe shine
Like baçon *rine*.'
Wily Beguilde, sig. C 2, ed. 1623."—*Dyce.*

[2] The puritanical term for a week-day *sermon*.

able squeaking sound in mine ears; they edify not a whit; I detest 'em: I hope my body has no organs.[1]

Dry. To speak more familiarly, mistress Purge, they are the senses, the sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and feeling.

Mis. P. Ay, marry—marry, said I? Lord, what a word's that in my mouth!—you speak now, master Dryfat; but yet let me tell you where you err too: this feeling I will prove to be neither organ nor fetter; it is a thing—a sense did you call it?

Dry. Ay, a sense.

Mis. P. Why, then, a sense let it be,—I say it is that we cannot be without; for, as I take it, it is a part belonging to understanding: understanding, you know, lifteth up the mind from earth: if the mind be lift up, you know, the body goes with it: also it descends into the conscience, and there tickles us with our works and doings: so that we make singular use of feeling.

Dry. And not of the rest?

Mis. P. Not at that time; therefore we hold it not amiss to put out the candles, for the soul sees best i' th' dark.

Dry. You come to me now, mistress Purge.

Enter PURGE *behind.*

Mis. P. Nay, I will come to you else, master Dryfat:

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[1] "'But the most dangerous of all was a Puritan Chandler . . . . he thought a man in a surplesse to be the Ghost of Heresy, *and was out of love with his owne members, because they were called Organs.*' —MARMYON'S *Fine Companion*, 1633, sig. I 4."—*Dyce.*

these senses, as you term them, are of much efficacy in carnal mixtures; that is, when we crowd and thrust a man and a woman together.

Pur. What, so close at it? I thought this was one end of your exercise: byrlady, I think there is small profit in this. I'll wink no more; for I am now tickled with a conceit that it is a scurvy thing to be a cuckold. [*Aside.*

Dry. I commend this zeal in you, mistress Purge; I desire much to be of your society.

Mis. P. Do you indeed? blessing on your heart! are you upright in your dealings?

Dry. Yes, I do love to stand to any thing I do, though I lose by it: in truth, I deal but too truly for this world. You shall hear how far I am entered in the right way already. First, I live in charity, and give small alms to such as be not of the right sect; I take under twenty i' th' hundred, nor no forfeiture of bonds unless the law tell my conscience I may do't; I set no pot on a' Sundays, but feed on cold meat drest a' Saturdays; I keep no holydays nor fasts, but eat most flesh o' Fridays of all days i' the week; I do use to say inspired graces, able to starve a wicked man with length;[1] I have Aminadabs and Abrahams to my godsons, and I chide

[1] Marston in his *Satires* attacks the Puritans for their intolerably long graces:—

> . . . "can always pluck
> A sacred book out of his civil hose,
> And at th' op'ning, and at our stomachs' close,
> Says with a turn'd-up eye, a solemn grace
> Of half an hour." (*Sat.* ii.)

them when they ask me blessing: and I do hate the red letter[1] more than I follow the written verity. 78

Pur. Here's clergy![2] [*Aside.*

Mis. P. These are the rudiments indeed, master Dryfat.

Dry. Nay, I can tell you I am, or will be, of the right stamp.

Pur. A pox o' your stamp! [*Aside.*

Mis. P. Then learn the word for your admittance, and you will be much made on by the congregation.

Dry. Ay, the word, good mistress Purge?

Mis. P. A Brother in the Family.

Dry. Enough, I have my lesson. 89

Pur. So have I mine. A Brother in the Family! I must be a Familist to-day: I'll follow this gear[3] while 'tis on foot, i'faith. [*Aside.*

Mis. P. Then shore up your eyes, and lead the way to the goodliest people that ever turned up the white o' th' eye.—Give me my book, Club, put out thy link, and come behind us.

[DRYFAT *knocks at the door of the Meeting-house.*

[*Within.*] Who's there?

Dry. Two Brothers and a Sister in the Family.[4]

[MISTRESS PURGE, DRYFAT, *and* CLUB *enter the House: then* PURGE *knocks at the door.*

---

[1] "Qy. does he allude to the rubrick distinctions in the Prayer-book, or to those in the Calendar?"—*Dyce.*

[2] Learning.

[3] Business.

[4] "The old ed. adds, as part of the text, 'Let in;' but the words are a stage-direction.—In *The Displaying of the Family of Love*, &c.,

[*Within.*] Who's there?

Pur. A Familiar Brother.

[*Within.*] Here's no room for you nor your familiarity.

Pur. How? no room for me nor my familiarity? why, what's the difference between a Familiar Brother and a Brother in the Family? O, I know! I made ellipsis of *in* in this place, where it should have been expressed, so that the want of *in* put me clean out; or, let me see,—may it not be some mystery drawn from arithmetic? for my life, these Familists love no substraction, take nothing away, but put in and add as much as you will; and after addition follows multiplication of a most Pharasit-hypocritical crew. Well, for my part I like not this Family, nor, indeed, some kind of private lecturing that women use. Look too't, you that have such gadders to your wives! self-willed they are as children, and, i'faith, capable of not much more than they, peevish by custom, naturally fools. I remember a pretty wooden sentence in a preamble to an exercise,[1] where the reader prayed that men of his coat might grow up like cedars to make good wainscot in the House of Sincerity: would not this wainscot phrase be writ in brass, to publish him that spake it for an animal? Why, such wooden pellets out of earthen trunks[2] do strike these females into admiration

we are told: 'They are called together euer in the night time: and commonly to suche houses as be far from neighbours, one of them doth always warne an other: and when they come to the house of meeting, they knocke at the doore, saying, here is a Brother in Christ, or a Sister in Christ.' Sig. H iiii."—*Dyce.*

[1] See note 2, p. 57.

[2] Tubes, pea-shooters: vid. Nares' *Glossary.*

hits 'em home; sometimes, perhaps, in at one ear and out at t'other, and then they depart, in opinion wiser than their neighbours, fraught with matter able to take down and mortify their husbands. Well, I'll home now, and bring the true word next time. I shall expect my wife anon, red-hot with zeal, and big with melting tears; and this night do I expect, as her manner is, she will weep me a whole chamber-pot full. *Loquor lapides?* do I cast pills abroad? 'Tis no matter what I say; I talk like a 'pothecary, as I am: I have only purged myself of a little choler and passion, and am now armed with a patient resolution. But how? to put my horns in my pocket? no:

What wise men bear, is not for me to scorn;
'Tis a[n] honourable thing to wear the horn. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LIPSALVE'S *Chamber.*

Enter LIPSALVE *without his doublet, a whip in his hand.*

Lip. Fortune, devil's turd i' thy teeth! I'll turn no more o' thy wheel: art is above thy might. What though my project with mistress Maria failed? more ways to the wood than one; there's variety in love. It is believed I am out of town; my door is open: the hour is at hand; all things squared by the doctor's rule; and now I look for the spirit to bring me warm comfort to clothe my nakedness, and that is mistress Purge, the cordial of a Familist; and come quickly, good spirit, or else my teeth will chatter for thee. [*Scene shuts.*

SCENE V.

Before LIPSALVE'S *Chamber-door.*

Enter GUDGEON *without his doublet, a whip in his hand.*

Gud. O the naked pastimes of love, the scourge of dulness, the purifier of uncleanness, and the hot-house of humanity! I have taken physic of master Purge any time this twelvemonths to purge my humour upon's wife, and I have ever found her so fugitive, from exercise to exercise, and from Family to Family, that I could never yet open the close-stool of my mind to her; so that I may well say with Ovid, *Hei*[1] *mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!* Now am I driven to prove the violent virtue of conjuration: if it hit, and that I yerk my Familist out of the spirit, I'll hang up my scourge-stick for a trophy, and emparadize my thoughts: though the doctor go to the devil, 'tis no matter. Ha, let me see: Lipsalve's door open, and himself out of town? Excellent doctor, soothsaying doctor, oraculous doctor! [*Enters the chamber.*

[1] *Metam.* i. 523.

SCENE VI.

LIPSALVE'S *Chamber.*

LIPSALVE *discovered, as before:* GLISTER *watching above.*

Gli. I have taken up this standing to see my gallants play at barriers[1] with scourge-sticks, for the honour of my punk:

Enter GUDGEON.

and in good time I see my brave spirits shining in bright armour, nakedly burning in the hell-fire of lechery, and ready for the hot encounter: sound trumpets, the combatants are mounted! [*Aside.*

Gud. The apparition! mistress Purge peers through him; I see her.

Lip. The spirit appears! but he might have come sooner: I am numbed with cold, a shivering ague hath taken away my courage.

Gli. They are afraid one of another: look, how they tremble! the flesh and the devil strengthen 'em! ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*

Gud. Has 'a no cloven feet? what a laxative fever shakes me!

Lip. Will 'a not carry me with him to hell? well, I must venture.—*Clogmathos.*

Gud. My cue.—*Clogmathathos.*

[1] "A martial sport or exercise of men armed, and fighting together with short swords within certain limits or lists, whereby they are separated from the spectators."—*Cowell's Interpreter.*

Lip. My cue.—*Garrazin.*

Gud. Garragas.

Lip. Garrazinos.

Gud. Ton tetuphon.

Lip. Tes tetuphes.

Both. With a whirly twinos. [*They lash one another.*

Lip.[1] Hold, hold, hold!

Gud. Gogs nowns, gogs blood!

Lip. A pox, a plague, the devil take you!

Gud. Truce, truce, I smart, I smart.

Gli. Ha, ha, ha! O, for one of the hoops of my Cornelius' tub![2] I must needs be gone, I shall burst myself with laughing else.

Magic hath no such rule: men cannot find
Lust ever better handled in his kind.

[*Aside, and exit above.*

Gud. What art thou? with the name of Jove I conjure thee!

Lip. With any name, saving the whip; I'll no more of that conjuration, a plague on't!

Gud. Speak, art not a spirit in the likeness of my friend Lipsalve, that should transform thyself to mistress Purge?

Lip. How, a spirit? I hope spirits have no flesh and blood; and I am sure thou hast drawn blood out of my flesh with the spirit of thy whip.

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[1] Old ed. makes one speech of the various interjectional sentences, "Hold! hold! . . . I smart,"—giving the prefix *Ambo.*

[2] The tub in which patients suffering from *lues venerea* were sweated.

Gud. Then shall we prove to be honest gulls, and the doctor an arrant knave.

Lip. A plague upon him for a Glister! he has given our loves a suppositor[1] with a *recumbentibus*. I'll tell thee, sirrah——

Gud. Tell not me, let me prevent thee; the wind shall not take the breath of our gross abuse: we feel the gullery, therefore let us swear by our naked truths, and by the hilts of these our blades, our flesh-tamers, to be revenged upon that paraperopandentical doctor, that pocky doctor.

Lip. Agreed: we'll cuckold him, that he shall not be able to put his head in at's doors; and make his precise, puritanical, and peculiar punk, his 'pothecary's drug there, a known cockatrice to the world.

Gud. If report catch this knavery, we have lost our reputations for ever: wherefore let's be secret.

Ill tax we women of credulity,
When men are gull'd with such gross foppery.

Lip. Come, let us in, and cover both our shames.
This conjuration to the world's a novelty;
Gallants turn'd spirits, and whipt for lechery. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] "*i.e.* suppository.—Old ed. 'suppositar.'—'I hold my life hee is a pottecarie, doe you neuer make no *suppositors*, sir?'—*Cupids Whirligig*, sig. C 4, ed. 1616."—*Dyce.*

SCENE VII.

MARIA'S *Apartment.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Gerardine, come forth, Maria calls!
Those ribs shall not enfold thy buxom limbs
One minute longer: the cincture of mine arms
Shall more securely keep thy soul from harms.
Ger. [*coming out of the trunk.*] What heavenly breath,
of Phitonessa's[1] power,
That raised the dead corpse of her friend to life,
Prevails no less on me! for even this urn,
The figure of my sadder requiem,
Gives up my bones, my love, my life, and all,
To her that gives me freedom in my thrall.
Mar. Be brief, sweet friend, salute and part in one;
For niggard time now threats with imminent danger
Our late joy'd scope. Thy earnest, then, of love,
Ere Sol have compass'd half the signs, I fear

---

[1] "The word *Phitoness—i.e. Pythoness*—is of frequent occurrence in the works of our earliest poets. It generally means the witch of Endor:

'And speke as renably, and faire, and wel,
As to *the Phitonesse* did Samuel.'
CHAUCER'S *Freres Tale*, v. 7091, ed. Tyr.

See also Gower's *Conf. Am.* fol. lxxiii. ed. 1554; Skelton's 'Adicyon' to *Phyllyp Sparowe;* Sir D. Lyndsay's *Monarchie*, Works, vol. iii. p. 151, ed. Chal. Sometimes it is used in a more extended sense:

'And *Phetonisses*, Charmeresses,' &c.
CHAUCER'S *House of Fame*, fol. 267, Works, ed. 1602.

See also Lydgate's *Warres of Troy*, sig. K vi. ed. 1555."—*Dyce.*

Will show a blushing fault; but 'twas thine aim,[1]
T' enforce consent in him that bars thy claim.
Ger. Love salves that fault: let time our guilt reveal,
I'll ne'er deny my deed, my hand, and seal.
The elements shall lose their ancient force,
Water and earth suppress the fire and air,
Nature in all use a preposterous course,
Each kind forget his likeness to repair,
Before I'll falsify my faith to thee.
Mar. The humorous bodies' elemental kind
Shall sooner lose th' innated heat of love,
The soul in nature's bounds shall be confin'd,
Heaven's course shall retrograde and leave to move,
Ere I surcease to cherish mutual fire,
With thoughts refin'd in flames of true desire.
Ger. These words are odours in the sacred shrine
Of love's best deity: the marriage-god
Longs to perform these ceremonious rites
Which terminate our hopes: till mine grow full,
I'll use that intercourse amongst my friends
That erst I did; then, in the height of joy,
I'll come to challenge interest in my boy.
Till then, farewell.
Mar. You'll come upon your cue?
Ger. Doubt not of that.
Mar. Then twenty times adieu. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Old ed. "thy plot, thyne ayme."—"Thyne ayme" was the author's correction for "thy plot;" but, as the original words were not erased, the printer preserved both readings.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Street before the Meeting-house of the Family of Love.

Enter LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, SHRIMP, *and* PERIWINKLE.

Gud. Come, boys, our clothes, boys: and what is the most current news, Periwinkle?

Per. Faith, sir, fortune hath favoured us with no news but what the pedlar brought from Norfolk.

Lip. Is there nothing stirring at court, Shrimp?

Shr. Faith, there is, sir, but nothing new.

Lip. Good wag, faith! thou smellest somewhat of a courtier, though thy mother was a citizen's wife.—Off with that filthy great band, nay, quick; on with your robe of sanctity, nay, suddenly, man.

Gud. And why must we shift ourselves into this demure habit, if impossible to be of the Family and keep our own fashion?

Lip. Tut, man, the name of a gallant is more hateful to them than the sight of a corner-cap.[1] Hadst thou

[1] Bishop's mitre.

heard the protestations the wife of a bellows-mender made but yesternight against gallants, thou hadst for ever abjured crimson breeches. She swore that all gallants were persons inferior to bellows-menders, for the trade of bellows-making was very aerial and high; and what were men and women but bellows, for they take wind in at one place and do evaporate at another;—evaporate was her very phrase.

Gud. Methinks, her phrase flew with somewhat too strong a vapour.

Lip. Nay, she proves farther, that all men receive their being chiefly from bellows, without which the fire burns not; without fire the pot seethes not; the pot not seething, powdered beef is not to be eaten; of which, she then averred our nation was a great devourer, and without which they could neither fight for their country abroad, nor get children at home; for, said she, powdered beef is a great joiner of nerves together.

Gud. What answer madest thou?

Lip. Marry, that I thought a bawd was a greater joiner of nerves together than powdered beef: with that she protested that a bawd was an instrument of the devil, and as she had proved that bellows-makers were of God's trade, so bawds were of the devil's trade; for (and thereupon she blew her nose) the devil and bawds did both live by the sins of the people.

Gud. No more: mistress Purge is at hand.

Lip. Vanish, boys, away. [*Exeunt* SHRIMP *and* PERIWINKLE.]—Make haste: before Jove, she'll be with us ere we can be provided for her. [*They retire.*

Enter MISTRESS PURGE, CLUB *carrying a link before her.*

Mis. P. Advance your link, Club. At what time wert thou bound, Club! at Guttide,[1] Hollantide,[2] or Candletide?

Club. I was bound, indeed, about midsummer.

Mis. P. And when hath thy 'prenticeship end? at Michaeltide next?

Club. So I take it.

Mis. P. They say, Club, you fall very heavy on such you love not: you never learnt that of me.

Club. Indeed, mistress, I must confess my falling is rustic, gross, and butcher-like: marry, yours is a pretty, foolish, light, courtlike[3] falling: yet, believe me, my master smells somewhat too gross of the purgation; he wants tutoring.

Mis. P. And why, I pray?

Club. My master being set last night in his shop, comes master doctor Glister, as his manner is, squirting in suddenly; and after some conference, tells my master that, by his own knowledge, you were young with child: to which my master replied, Why, master doctor, will you put me to more charges yet?

Mis. P. Thou art a fool: in that my husband spake as wisely as if the master of his company had spoke. He knows doctors have receipts for women, which makes them most apt to conceive; and he promising 'a had

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[1] Shrovetide. [2] Hallowstide.

[3] Old ed. "courttake."

ministered the same lately to me, thereupon spake it. Lead on with your link.

Lip. Art ready?

Gud. Ready.

Lip. Then speak pitifully, look scurvily, and dissemble cunningly, and we shall quickly prove two of the Fraternity. [*Advancing with* GUDGEON.]—Benediction and sanctity, love and charity fall on mistress Purge, sister of the Family!

Mis. P. And what, I pray, be you two?

Lip.[1] Two newly converted from the rags of Christianity to become good members in the house of the Family.

Mis. P. Who, I pray, converted you?

[*Gud.*] Master Dryfat, the merchant.

Mis. P. And from what sins hath he converted you?

Lip.[1] From two very notorious crimes; the first was from eating fish on Fridays, and the second from speaking reverently of the clergy: but 'a resolved us your talent in edifying young men went far beyond his.

Enter PURGE *behind.*

Mis. P. A talent I have therein, I must confess, nor am I very nice at fit times to show it: for your better instructions, therefore, you must never hereafter frequent taverns nor tap-houses, no masques nor mummeries, no pastimes nor playhouses.

Gud. Must we have no recreation?

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[1] Old ed. "*Sa.*"

Mis. P. Yes, on the days which profane lips call holydays, you may take your spaniel and spend some hours at the ducking-pond.

Lip. What are we bound unto during the time we remain in the Family?

Mis. P. During the light of the candle you are to be very attentive; which being extinguished, how to behave yourselves I will deliver in private. [*Whispers.*[1]

Pur. 'Tis now come to a whisper. What young Familists be these? i'faith, I'll make one; I'll trip you, wife: I scent your footing, wife.
For Galen[2] writes, Paracelsus can tell,
'Pothecaries have brains and noses eke to smell. [*Aside.*

Lip. We shall with much diligence observe it.

Pur. I fear I shall have small cause to thank that diligence: but do your worst;
He that hath read five[3] herbals in one year
Can find a trick which shall prevent this gear.[4]
They are going: follow, Purge, close, close and softly, like a horsekeeper in a lady's matted chamber at midnight. [*Aside.*

[MISTRESS PURGE *knocks at the door of the Meeting-house.*

[*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mis. P. Brethren and a Sister in the Family.

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[1] Old ed. "whisper," which is printed as belonging to the preceding speech.
[2] Old ed. "Gallus."
[3] Old ed. "fine."
[4] Business.

[*Within.*] Enter in peace.

MISTRESS PURGE, LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, *and* CLUB *enter the house.*

Pur. Brethren and a Sister! that's the word. How beastly was I mistaken last day! I should have said, A Brother in the Family, and I said, A Familiar Brother; for which I and my family were thrust out of doors; but, as Titus Silus of Holborn Bridge most learnedly was wont to say, qd——— [*Knocks.*

[*Within.*] Who's there.

Pur. A Brother in the Family.

[*Within.*] Enter, and welcome.

[PURGE *enters the house.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter GERARDINE *disguised as a Porter.*

Ger. Thou sacred deity, Love!
Thou power predominate, more to be admir'd
Than able to be exprest, whose orb includes
All terrene joys which are! all states which be
Pay to thy sacred throne, as tribute-fee,
Their thoughts and lives. Like Jove's, so must thy acts
Endure no question: why, thy hidden facts
The gods themselves obey: heaven-synod holds
No gods but what thy awful power controls;
The Delphian archer, proud with Python's spoil,
At Cupid's hand was forc'd to take the foil;

Nor Mars his star-like [1] adamantine targe
Could free his warlike breast at Cupid's charge;
And Jove, whose frown all mortal lives bereaves,
His [2] marble throne and ivory sceptre leaves,
And in the likeness of a bull was seen,
As forc'd by him to bear the Tyrian queen
Through Neptune's watery kingdom: if these submit,
My metamorphose is not held unfit.
And see, in most wished occasion, Dryfat the merchant presents himself.

Enter DRYFAT.

Sir, in the best of hours met: my thoughts had marked you out for a man most apt to do them the fairest of offices.

Dry. What! art thou a Welch [3] carrier or a northern landlord, thou'rt so saucy?

Ger. Is't possible, sir, my disguise should so much fool your knowledge? How? a northern landlord? can you think I get my living by a bell and a clack-dish? [4]

Dry. By a bell and a clack-dish? how's that?

Ger. Why, by begging, sir. Know you me now?

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[1] "Old ed. 'warlike:' but see the next line."—*Dyce.*

[2] Old ed. "This."

[3] See note 1, p. 23.

[4] A *clack-dish* was a wooden dish carried by beggars: it had a moveable cover, with which they clattered to attract the attention of the passers-by. "In like manner they [sc. commissioners appointed by Edward VI.] provided for the lazar, to keep him out of the city from *clapping of dishes and ringing of bells*, to the great trouble of the citizens and also to the dangerous infection of many, that they should be relieved at home at their houses with several pensions."—*Holinshed*, iii. 1082.

Dry. Master Gerardine, disguised and ashore! nay, then I smell a rat.

Ger. Master Dryfat, shall I repose some trust in you? will you lay by awhile your city's precise humour? will you not deceive me?

Dry. If I deceive your trust, the general plague seize me! that is, may I die a cuckold.

Ger. And I say thou shalt die a true citizen, if thou conceal it: and thus in brief. It stands with thy knowledge how seriously I have and do still affect Maria: now, sir, I have so wrought it, that if thou couldst procure me a fellow that could serve instead of a crier, I myself would play Placket the paritor,[1] and summon doctor Glister and Maria to appear at thy house: and as I play [2] the paritor, so wouldst thou but assume the shape of a proctor, I should have the wench, thou the credit, and the whole city occasion of discourse this nine days.

Dry. How's this, how's this? I should procure a fellow to play the crier,[3] and I myself should play the proctor? but upon what occasion should they be summoned?

Ger. Upon an accusation that doctor Glister should get Maria, his niece, with child, and have bastards in the country, which I have a trick to make probable.

Dry. And now I recall it to memory, I heard somewhat to that effect last night in master Beardbush the barber's

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[1] *i.e.* apparitor. "A sergeant, beadle, or sumner; but most commonly used for an inferior officer that summons in delinquents to the spiritual court."—Blount's *Glossographia.*

[2] Old ed. "he plaies."

[3] Old ed. "parritor."

shop: but how will this sort? who shall accuse him?

Ger. Refer that to me, I say, be that my care: all shall end in merriment, and no disgrace touch either of their reputations. 61

Dry. Then take both word and hand, 'tis done: Club, mistress Purge's 'prentice, shall be the crier.[1]

Ger. O my most precious Dryfat! may none of thy daughters prove vessels with foul bungholes, or none of thy sons hogsheads, but all true and honourable Dryfats like thyself.

Dry. Well, master Gerardine, I hope to see you a Familist before I die. 69

Ger. That's most likely, for I hold most of their principles already: I never rail nor calumniate any man but in love and charity; I never cozen any man for any ill will I bear him, but in love and charity to myself; I never make my neighbour a cuckold for any hate or malice I bear him, but in love and charity to his wife.

Dry. And may those principles fructify in your weak members! I'll be gone, and with most quick dexterity provide you a crier: to-morrow at my house, said you, they should appear? 79

Ger. Be that the time, most honoured Dryfat: but be

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[1] "Old ed. 'sumner' (*i.e.* apparitor). That the alterations which I have made in this dialogue between Gerardine and Dryfat are absolutely necesssary will appear from subsequent scenes. Of the 'faults in the printing' Middleton was aware: see his address *To the reader:* he perhaps had at first assigned the parts of paritor, crier, and proctor differently; and after he had made a new distribution of them, neglected to alter this portion of the MS."—*Dyce.*

this known to none, most loved sir, save Club, or to some other whom your judgment shall select as a fit person for our project.

Dry. Thus enough: time out of sight.[1] [*Exit.*

Ger. Maria, thou art mine: earth's perfection[2] and nature's glory, woman! of what an excellency if her thoughts and acts were squared and levelled with the first celsitude of her creation!

T' enjoy a creature,—whose dishevell'd locks,
Like gems against the repercussive sun,
Gives light and splendour; whose star-like eyes
Attract more gazers' love[3] to see them move
Than[4] the Titanian god, when Ægeon's hill
'A mounts in triumph; a skin more pure and soft
Than is the silk-worm['s] bed; teeth[5] more white
Than new fall'n snow or shining ivory,—
Is happiness sought by the gods themselves.
Celestial Venus, born without a mother,
Be thou propitious! thee do[6] I implore,
Not vulgar Venus, heaven's scorn and Mars his whore.

[*Exit.*

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[1] *i.e.* it is time for me to be gone.
[2] Old ed. "affection."
[3] Old ed. "gazer loves."
[4] "Old ed:—'*Then the* Tartarians *God when* first *Egeons hill.*' Ægeon (or, as he was called by the gods, Briareus,) was thrown under mount Ætna."—*Dyce.*
[5] Old ed. "to the."
[6] Old ed. "and."

SCENE III.

A Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter MISTRESS GLISTER *and* MARIA.

Mar. Good aunt, quiet yourself: ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary.

Mis. G. Minion, minion, coin no excuses: I grant dreams are deceitful, but a true judgment grounded upon knowledge never fails. What? have not I observed the rising and falling of the blood, the coming and going of the countenance, your qualms, your unlacings, your longings? most evident tokens; besides, a more certain sign than all these, too; you know't, I need not speak it: nay, I am as skilful in that point as my husband; I can tell you, Aristotle speaks English enough to tell me these secrets. Body of me, so narrowly looked to, and yet fly out! Well, I see maids will ha't in spite of laws or locks that restrain 'em; they will open, do men what they can.

Mar. I see my fault appears: simplicity
Hath no evasion; 'tis bootless to deny
Where guilty blood, cited by touch of shame,
Runs through my veins, and leaves my conscience' stain
Even in my face. Forbear, I do beseech you,
To publish my defame: what I have done
You shall not answer; I must bear mine own.

Mis. G. Bear your own? ay, marry, there it goes!
What must you bear?

Mar. My sins, forsooth,

Mis. G. Your sins, forsooth? Confess to me, and go not about the bush: you have been doing, that's flat; you have caught a clap, that's round; and answer me roundly to the point, or else I'll square.[1] Come, whose act is't? I cannot devise unless it be my husband's, for none else had access to thee: I am sure time has turned his bald side to thee, and I do but wonder how thou tookst opportunity: speak, tell me.

Mar. Now, good aunt, press me not; let time reveal
What you suspect; for never shall my tongue
Confess an act that tends unto my wrong.

Enter GERARDINE, *disguised as a Porter.*

Mis. G. Will you not bolt? I must ha't out on you, and will.

Ger. By your leave, mistress——

Mis. G. Passion of my heart, what art thou?

Ger. No ghost, forsooth, though I appear in white.

Mis. G. No, but a saucy knave, I perceive by your manners.

Ger. None of that livery neither: I am of the bearing trade, forsooth; you may see by my smock,—frock, I

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[1] "*i.e.* (I suppose) fall to quarrelling."—*Dyce.* Certainly: compare (one of many instances) *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1:—

"And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square*."

would say: I am, if it please you, of the spick and span new-set-up company of porters. Here's my breastplate; and besides our own arms, we have the arms of the city to help us in our burdens—*ecce signum!* here's the cross and the sword of justice in good pewter, I can tell you, which goes as current with us as better metal.

Mis. G. What's your name, sir?

Ger. Nicholas Nebulo: there's but a straw's-breadth between that and the arms; 'tis in the backside of the cross here, and well known in the city for an ancient name and an honest, an't like your worship.

Mis. G.[1] You are none of the twelve, are you?

Ger. No, forsooth, but one of the twenty-four——

Mis. G. Orders of knaves:[2] I thought so. Sirrah, you're a rascal, to come thus bluntly into my house with your dirty startups:[3] get you without doors, like a filthy fellow as you are; a place more fit for you.

Ger. O, good words, mistress! I may be warden of my company for aught you know; and for my bluntness, we have a clause in our charter to warrant that; for as we bear, so likewise we may be borne with, and have free egress and regress where our business lies.

Mis. G. And what's your business here?

Ger. I have a letter, an't please you, to master doctor.

Mis. G. From whence? [*Taking the letter.*

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[1] Old ed. "*Mar.*"

[2] Awdeley in his *Fraternitye of Vacabondes*, 1565, reckons up twenty-five orders of knaves; Harman in his *Caveat for Cursitors*, 1567, gives the number at twenty-three.

[3] Shoes with high tops, worn by countrymen.

Ger. That I cannot show your worship; but I had it of Curtal the carrier, whose lawful deputy I am.

Mis. G. Leave your scraping, sirrah. Fie, how rank the knave smells of grease and taps-droppings! [GERARDINE *coughs and spits.*] What, are you rheumatic too, with a vengeance!

Ger. Yes, indeed, mistress; though I be but a poor man, I have a spice of the gentleman in me: master doctor could smell it quickly, because he's a gentleman himself: I must to the diet, and that is tobacco at the ale-house; I use n'other physic for it.

Mis. G. Did ever such a peasant defile my floor, or breathe so near me!—I'faith, sirrah, you would be bummed for your roguery, if you were well served.

Ger. I am bummed well enough already, mistress; look here else: sir-reverence[1] in your worship, master doctor's lips are not made of better stuff.

Mis. G. What an impudent rogue is this!—Sirrah, begone, I say; I would be rid o' you.

Ger. Be rid o' me? I shall gallop then: you mistake me, forsooth; I am a foot post, I do not use to ride.

Mis. G. I think the rascal be humorous or drunk. Well, I will read the letter, and send him packing, or else he will spew or do worse before me: fie on him, I think he will infect me with some filthy disease. [*Reads the letter.*

Ger. Or else I lose mine aim. [*Aside.*

Mis. G. What's here? [*Reads.*] *Your poor nurse,*

[1] A common corruption of "save-reverence."

Thomasine Tweedles![1] for my life now shall I find out my husband's knavery I have so long suspected.

Ger. She begins to nibble; 'twill take, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Mistress,
I see some discontentment in your looks:
Care ill befits so delicate a spirit;
Be frolic, wench, for he that is so near thee
Has been much nearer.

Mar. That accent sounds sweet music; 'tis my love!
That tongue breathes life into my lifeless spirits:
Gerardine? O rapture! why thus disguis'd?

Ger. No more, be mute; thus must I vary forms
To bring our cares to end: her jealousy
Ensues this drift, which, if it take true scope,
Love's joy comes next: be fearless in that hope.

Mis. G. 'Tis so: rats-bane! I ha't: it racks on, it torments me! here 'tis: [*Reads.*] *Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window,*[2] *God knows how!*—Villanous lecher!—*yet, if you did but see how like the pert*[3] *little red-headed knave is to his father*—damnable doctor! a bastard in the country, and another towards[4] here! I am out of doubt this is his work.—You are an arrant strumpet!—Incest, fornication, abomination in my own house! intolerable! O for long nails to scratch out his eyes!

[1] Old ed. "Sweedlesse."

[2] "Child that came in at the window"—a common euphemism for *bastard.*

[3] Omitted here in the old ed., but restored later (cf. v. 3).

[4] On the road.

Ger. Or the breeches, to fight with him.

Mis. G. Out of my sight, quean! thou shalt to Bridewell.—O, I shall be mad with rage!

Ger. Then you shall go to Bedlam.

Mis. G. Hence, you slave!

Ger. I must have a penny; you must pay me for my pains.

Mis. G. The devil pay thee!

Ger. O, that's the doctor; but he wants his horns.

Mis. G. But I'll furnish him ere long, if I live.

Ger. It works as I would wish. [*Aside.*]—Farewell, Maria;
This storm once past, fair weather ever after! [*Exit.*

Mis. G. Was ever woman so moved!—but you shall be talked withal: and for mine old fornicator, he shall ha't as hot as coals, i'faith: here's stuff indeed! Come, minx, come: there's law for you both: have I found your knavery? If I wink at this, let me be stone blind, or stoned to death: bear this, and bear all! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, SHRIMP, *and* PERIWINKLE.

Lip. Our hopes are cross'd: sure there's some providence
Which countermands libidinous appetites,
For what we most intend is counter-check'd

By strange and unexpected accidents;
For by disguise procuring full access,
Nay, ready to have seiz'd[1] th' expected prize,
The candle out, steps 'twix my hopes and me
Some peasant groom,[2] possess'd and full enjoy'd
That sweet for which our vigilant eyes have watch'd,
And in one moment frustrates all our hopes.

Gud. Upon my life, we are bewitched. The greasy rascal that first seized mistress Purge, by the last reflection of the light, appeared to my sight not much unlike her husband.

Lip. The court's gall, the city's plague, and Europa's sea-form[3] be his perpetual crest, whate'er 'a was. To lose mistress Purge for lack of dexterity, is a disgrace insalveable; the like opportunity will never present itself.

Gud. 'Twas an egregious grief, I must confess, to see a knave slip betwixt us both and take occasion by the foretop: but since these projects have had so star-cross events, let's lay some plot how to revenge our late disgrace on the doctor by making him cuckold.

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[1] Old ed. "feard."

[2] "Peasant groom" is Dyce's correction for the old ed's. "pleasant Groine."

[3] "I can only explain these words by supposing that they allude to Europa, as represented in ancient gems and pictures, holding the bull by the horns, while he bears her over the sea. Vide, for instance, the engraving prefixed to Fischer's ed. of Palæphatus, 1772."—*Dyce.* See the well-known description (imitated in Tennyson's *Palace of Art*) in Moschus' second idyl. "Europa's sea-form" (*i.e.* sea-seat) is merely a comical periphrasis for *cuckold's horns.*

Enter PURGE.

Lip. Agreed: but what melancholy sir, with acrostic arms, now comes from the Family?

Gud. Purge the 'pothecary: I prithee, let's step aside and hear the issue of this discontent.

[*They retire with the two pages.*

Pur. O the misery of married men's estate!

Lip. 'A begins very pitifully. [*Aside.*

Pur. O women, what are many of you!

Lip. Why, disease to bachelors, and plagues to married men. [*Aside.*

Pur. O marriage, the rage of all our miseries! my wife is a dissembling strumpet.

Gud. So is many a man's besides yours; and what of that? [*Aside.*

Pur. I would have a law, that all such which pray little should instantly be married; for then would they pray continually, if it were but to be rid of their wives.

Lip. This is a charitable request, and surely would pass the Lower-house. [*Aside.*

Pur. Surely if affliction can bring a man to heaven, I cannot see how any married man can be damned: I have made myself a plain cuckold.

[*Gud.*] A pile on ye, won't you! had you not been so manable,[1] here are some would have saved you that labour. [*Aside.*

Pur. What shall I do in this extremity? had I but

[1] Bold, brisk?

witness of the fact, I would make her answer it before authority. This is my wedding-ring; 'tis it, I know it by the posy: this I took from her finger in the dark, and she was therewith very well pleased: were not this, trow,[1] a sufficient testimony? she knows not that it was myself got so near her: I will take counsel. Well, little know bachelors the miseries they undergo when they prostrate themselves to women. 57

Lip. [*coming forward with* GUDGEON.] O most true, master Purge! little knows a man what elements 'a is to pass, when 'a puts his head under a woman's girdle. Your passion,[2] master Purge, is overheard, and, plain tale to tell, we were eye-witnesses of your wife's treachery, and, if need be, will be ready to depose as much.

Pur. What, master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, are you disguised testimonies?

Nay, then, revenge, look big! Elf and fairy,
Help to revenge the wronged 'pothecary!

Gud. Why, now 'a speaks like himself: get me a paritor[3] for her straight.

Lip. Conceal the ring, my little Purge; let not thy wife know thou hast it, until she comes to her trial. 71

Enter DRYFAT, *and* GERARDINE *disguised as an apparitor.*

Pur. Your advices are very pithy; therefore in private let me disclose my intent.

Gud. Off, boys![4]

[PURGE, LIPSALVE, *and* GUDGEON *retire*.

[1] Think you. [2] Sorrow. [3] See note 1, p. 76.
[4] "Old ed. '*Gud.* Off boyes, Shrimpe what dost thou,' &c."—*Dyce.*

Shr. What dost thou think of thy master? is 'a not a rare gull?

Per. I think 'a will swallow and pocket more disgraces than large-conscienced lawyer fees in a Michaelmas term. Thy master, my honest Shrimp,[1] comes not much short of a fool too, but that 'a is a courtier.

Shr. Draw somewhat near, and overhear their conference. [*Retires with* PERIWINKLE.

Ger. This shape of the crier must Club to-morrow assume. Are you fitted for Poppin the proctor?

Dry. Excellent, and have spent some study in the mystical cases of venery: I can describe how often a man may lie with another man's wife before 'a come to the white sheet.[2]

Ger. How long is that?

Dry. Why, till 'a be taken tardy:—how long all womenkind may, by the statute, profess and swear they are maids.

Ger. And how long is that?

Dry. Why, till their bellies be so big that it cannot be no longer concealed: but come forward towards Glister's.

Lip. It must be so; let the sumner tickle her: you

[1] Old ed. "Periwincle."

[2] "Heretics are burned quick; harlots and their mates by carting, ducking and *doing of open penance in sheets*, in churches and market steads, are often put to rebuke. Howbeit, as this is counted with some either as no punishment at all to speak of, or but smally regarded of the offendors, so I would wish adultery and fornication to have some sharper law. For what great smart is it to be turned out of an hot sheet into a cold, or after a little washing in the water to be let loose again unto their former trades?"—Harrison's *Description of England*, book ii. cap. xi. (1587).

shall bring in these allegations, and let us alone to swear them.—[*Advancing with* PURGE *and* GUDGEON.] Who's this? master Dryfat? opportunely met, sir: and whither so fast? the news, the news?

Dry. Faith, gentlemen, I think to relate for news what I hear of doctor Glister would come stale to your hearings.

Lip. O, the getting of his niece with child: tut, that's apparently known to all the company.—But, in the name of Jupiter, what art thou, or from whence camest thou?

Ger. Why, sir, I come from compassing the corners of the land.

Gud. Of what trade, in the name of Pluto?

Ger. Of the devil's trade; for I live, as he does, by the sins of the people;[1] in brief, sir, I am Placket the paritor.

Lip. As the devil would!—We have, my noble paritor, instant employment for thee; a grey groat is to be purchased without sneaking, my little sumner: where's thy *quorum nomina*, my honest Placket?

Ger. Sir, according to the old ballad,

My quorum nomina *ready have I,*
With my pen and inkhorn hanging by.

Her name, sir, her name?

Gud. Is't no more but so?

Pur. I have most right to her name.—Her name, master Placket, is my wife, mistress Purge, sir: to what place dost thou belong?

[1] Overbury in his character of an Apparitor says:—"There went but a pair of sheets between him and the pursuivant of hell; for they both delight in sin, grow richer by it, and are by justice appointed to punish it."

Ger. To the commissioners which sit to-morrow at master Dryfat's upon the crimes of doctor Glister and others.

Lip. Sits there a commission, Dryfat? now, for the love of lechery, let's have mistress Purge summoned thither.

Ger. She makes my *quorum nomina* reasonable full: my grant, sir, and she shall appear there upon a crime of concupiscence: is not that your meaning? 132

Pur. Yes, my honest paritor: here's thy fee.

[*Giving money.*

Enter MISTRESS PURGE *and* CLUB.

Gud. And see how happily it succeeds! mistress Purge is new come from the Family. Let us step aside while Placket the paritor gives her a summons.

Lip. Content.—To her, Placket; but see, for the bribery of twelvepence, you strike her not out of your *quorum nomina.*

Ger. Fear not, sir. 140

[LIPSALVE, GUDGEON, PURGE, *and* DRYFAT *retire.*

Mis. P. Forward apace, Club.

Ger. Your name I take to be mistress Purge, fair gentlewoman?

Mis. P. I am mistress Purge, Purge's wife the 'pothecary; what of that?

Dry. Now you shall see him tickle her with a *quorum nomina.* [*Aside.*

Ger. I cite you, by virtue of my *quorum nomina,* to

make your personal appearance by eight of the clock in the morrow morning, before certain commissioners at master Dryfat's house, to answer to an accusation of a crime of concupiscence.

Mis. P. To answer a crime of concupiscence? what's that, I pray?

Ger. Why, 'tis to answer a venereal crime, for having carnal copulation with others besides your husband.

Mis. P. What are you, I pray?

Ger. By name Placket, by trade a paritor.

Mis. P. And must I answer, say you, to a venereal crime? I tell thee, Placket the paritor, I am able to answer thee or any man else in any venereal crime they'll put me to: and so tell your commissioners.

Ger. If you fail your appearance, the penalty must fall heavy.

Mis. P. If it fall never so heavy, I am able to bear it:—and so set forward, Club. [*Exit with* CLUB.

Lip. [*coming forward with the others.*] Excellent, i'faith!—After your wife, Purge.—Read, Placket, thy *quorum nomina*, my noble groat-monger. [*Exit* PURGE.

Ger. Silence! The first that marcheth in this fair rank is Th[r]um the feltmaker, for getting his maid with child, and sending his 'prentice to Bridewell for the fact; Whip the beadle, for letting a punk escape for a night's lodging and bribe of ten groats; Bat the bellman, for lying with a wench in a tailor's stall at midnight, when 'a should be performing his office;[1] and Tipple the

[1] The rest of this speech is given to "*Gud.*" in the old copies.

tapster, for deflowering a virgin in his cellar; doctor Glister, his wife, Maria, mistress Purge: these be the complete number.

Lip. Now dissolve, and each to his occasion till to-morrow morning. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter GLISTER *and* MISTRESS GLISTER.

Mis. G. This was your colour[1] to keep her close; but what cloak ha' you for her's and your own shame? What, your own niece, your brother's daughter, besides your bastard in the country!

Gli. Wife, range not too far, I would advise you; come home in time: vex me not beyond sufferance; the two-edged sword of thy tongue hath drawn blood o' me. Patience, I say: thou art all this while in an error.

Mis. G. No, thou hast been all this while in an urinal; thou hast gone out of thy compass in women's waters: you're a conjuror, forsooth, and can rouse your spirits into circles. Ah, you old fornicator, that ever I saw that red beard of thine! now could I rail against thy complexion: I think, in my conscience, the traces and caparison of Venus' coach are made o' red hairs; which may be a true emblem that no flaxen stuff or tanned white leather draws love like 'em: I think thou

[1] Pretence.

manuredest thy chin with the droppings of eggs and muskadine[1] before it bristled. A shame take thee and thy loadstone! But 'tis no matter; master Placket the paritor has cited you, and you shall answer it.

Gli. O the raging jealousy of a woman! Do you hear, wife? I will show myself a man of sense, and answer you with silence; or like a man of wisdom, speak in brief: I say you are a scold, and beware the cucking-stool.[2] [*Exit.*

Mis. G. I say you are a ninnihammer, and beware the cuckoo; for as sure as I have ware, I'll traffic with the next merchant venturer: and in good time here comes gallants of the right trade.

Enter LIPSALVE *and* GUDGEON, *and* GLISTER *behind watching them.*

Lip. All alone, mistress Glister? meditating who shall be your next child's father?

Gud. Indeed, methinks, that should be one end of her thought, an't be but to cry quittance with her husband, of whose abuse the town rings.

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[1] The mixture of eggs and muscadine was considered a powerful provocative. Its efficacy is illustrated by a story that Ben Jonson told to Drummond of Hawthornden:—"A waiting-woman having cockered with muskadel and eggs her mistresse page, for a slie meeting in the dark, (he) his mistress invaded; of whom she would of such boldness have a reason. Faith, Lady, said hee, I have no reason, save that such was the good pleasure of muskadel and eggs."—*Jonson's Works*, vol. iii. p. 489, ed. Cunningham.

[2] A stool or chair (suspended at the end of a pole) which, with the scold seated in it, was let down into a muddy pond.

Gli. Flax and fire, flax and fire! here are fellows come in the nick, to light their matches at my tinder. [*Aside.*

Lip. He tells you true, mistress Glister: the doctor hath made you ordinary in our ordinaries; satires whet their tooths, and steep rods in piss, epigrams lie in poetry's pickle, and we shall have rhyme out of all reason against you.

Gud. Ere long he will take up his station at a stationer's, where we shall see him do penance in a sheet at least.

Mis. G. O, I am nettled! my patience is so provoked, that I must doff my modesty: what shall I do? if ye be honest gentlemen, counsel me in my revenge, teach me what to do, make my case your own.

Lip. Why, you are in the common road of revenge, take which hand you will, you cannot go out o' your way; 'tis as soon taken as time by his forepart.

Gud. Faith, since he has strook with the sword, strike you with the scabbard; in plain terms, cuckold him; you may as easily do't as lie down o' your bed.

Gli. This gear cottons,[1] i'faith. [*Aside.*

Mis. G. I apprehend you, gentlemen. Lord, how much better are two heads than one to make one large head!

Lip. You say true, mistress Glister: there's help required in grafting; and how happily we come to tender our service! Let our pretence be to take physic of the

[1] See note 2, p. 53.

doctor; and that he may with as much ease minister to us as we to you, we'll take a lodging in his house.

Gud. How say you to this? is the colour[1] good? does't like you?

Mis. G. Passing well: the colour is so good, that you shall wear my favour out o' the same piece.

Lip. Excellent, excellent!—Now shall we be revenged for the whipping.—Mistress Glister, letme be your first man.

Gud. Nay, soft, sir, I plied her as soon as you.

Gli. I should have an oar in her boat too by right. [*Aside.*

Lip. How ill-advised were you to marry one with a red beard!

Mis. G. O master Lipsalve, I am not the first that has fallen under that ensign! there's no complexion more attractive in this time for women than gold and red beards: such men are all liver.

Gud. Ay, but small heart, and less honesty.

Lip. Yes, they are honest too in some kind, for they'll beg before they'll steal.

Gud. That's true; for, for one that holds up his hand at the sessions, you shall have ten come into the bawdy court.

Gli. Was ever beard so back-bitten? this were enough to make red beards turn medley, and dash 'em clean out of countenance; but I hope, like mine, they fear no colours.[2] And[3] you were ten courtiers, I'll front you:

[1] Pretence.

[2] "Fear no colours" (*i.e.* fear no enemy) was a military expression. See Nares' *Glossary*.

[3] If.

I must give you physic, with a pox! well, if I pepper ye not, call me doctor Doddipoll.[1] [*Aside.*]—Master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, you are heartily welcome; I am very glad to see you well.

Lip. O master doctor, your salutation is very suspicious!

Gli. Why, master Lipsalve?

Lip. It can scarce be hearty, for physicians are rather glad to see men ill than well.

Gli. Not so, sir; you must distinguish of men; though this I know, virtue is not the end of all science, which commonly keeps the professor poor; some study questuary[2] and gainful arts, and every one would thrive in's calling: but, i'faith, gentlemen, what wind drives you hither?

Gud. The wind-colic, master doctor, or some such disease.

Gli. But not the stone-colic?

Lip. O no, sir, we have no obstructions in those parts; we are loose enough there.

Gli. If you were troubled with that, my wife can tell you of an excellent remedy.

Gud. We need it not, we need it not: but indeed, master doctor, for some private infirmities (which our waters shall make known to you), we desire to take some physic of you for a few days; and to that end we would take a lodging in your house during the time.

[1] "Doctor Dòddipoll" was a term for a thick-headed person. *The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll* is the title of an anonymous comedy printed in 1600 (and reprinted in vol. iii. of my *Collection of Old English Plays*).

[2] Lucrative (Lat. quæstuarius).

Lip. Shall we entreat your favour?

Gli. No entreaty, gentlemen; you shall command me to search the very profundity of my skill for you.—Have them in, wife, and show them their lodging.—I will think upon another receipt, and follow you immediately.

Gud. And, i'faith, we shall requite your pains to the full.

[*Exeunt* MIS. GLISTER, LIPSALVE, *and* GUDGEON.

Gli. To the fool, you mean: I know you ha' the horn of plenty for me, which you would derive unto me from the liberality of your bawdies,[1] not your minds. Here are lords that, having learned the O P Q of courtship, travel up and down among citizens' wives, to show their learning and bringing up; as if the city were not already a good proficient in the court horn-book: yes, I warrant, they have heads as capable as other men; ay, and some of them can wisely say with the philosopher, that in knowing all, they know nothing. Well, because I am of the livery, and pay scot and lot amongst you, do but observe how I'll fetch over my gallants for your sakes. They say I am of the right hair; and, indeed, they may stand to't, and hold the position good, saving with my wife.—Soft; are they not at *pro* and *contra* already? I know they are hot-spurs, and I must have an eye to the main. They have been whipt already for lechery, and yet the pride of the flesh pricks 'em.

Well, I must in: I've given them such a pill
Shall take 'em down; for lust must have his fill.[2] [*Exit.*

[1] See note 1, vol. i. p. 27.

[2] In Massinger's *Parliament of Love* a wild young courtier, Novall,

SCENE II.

Another Room in GLISTER'S *House.*

Enter MARIA *above.*

Mar. Now nature's pencil and the hand of time
Gives life and limb to generation's act,
My shame and guilt in wordless notes appear,
The argument of scorn. O now I stand
The theme and comment to each liberal[1] tongue,
Whilst hope breeds comfort, and fear threats my wrong!
O Gerardine, how oft thy lively figure,
Deeply[2] impressed in my yielding temper,
Assures me thou art mine! how fancy paints
Thy true proportion in my troubled sleep,
Because sole subject of my daily thoughts!
O, if thy vows prove feign'd and thou unjust,
I say and swear in men there is no trust!

Enter GERARDINE.

Ger. Thus have I past the round[3] and court of guard,
Without the word:[4] either conceit is strong,

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lays a plan to corrupt the wife of Dinant, the court-physician. Feigning sickness, he is domiciled in Dinant's house, where he meets with the entertainment that is awaiting Gudgeon and Lipsalve.

[1] Licentious.

[2] So Dyce for old ed's. "Deadly."

[3] "Certain soldiers of inferior rank (only above the lancepesado), whose office was to *go round* and inspect the sentinels, watches, and advanced guard, were called *gentlemen of the round:* see Whalley's note in Gifford's ed. of Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 85."—*Dyce.*

[4] Watchword.

Or else the body where true love's confin'd
Walks as a spirit and doth force his way
Through greatest dangers, frightful to those eyes
That wait to intercept him.—Maria?
How like to Cynthia, in her silver orb,
She seems to me, attended by love's lamp,
Whose mutual influence and soul's sympathy
Doth show heaven's model in mortality.
Mar. Gerardine?
Aurora, nor[1] the blushing sun's approach,
Dart not more comfort to this universe
Than thou to me: most acceptably come!
The art of number cannot count the hours
Thou hast been absent.
Ger. Infinity of love
Holds no proportion with arithmetic.
Think not, Maria, but my heart retains
A deep impression of such thoughts as these.
I have been forging of a mirthful plot
To celebrate our wish'd conjunction,
Which now digested, come to summon thee
To be an actress in the comedy.
Mar. How, where, when? speak, mine ears are quick to hear;
I stand on thorns already to be there.

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[1] Old ed. "now."—Dyce reads :—

"Aurora, now the blushing *sun approaches;*"

adding, "I suspect that the whole line is corrupted, and that the epithet 'blushing' belongs to 'Aurora.'"

Ger. At Dryfat's house, the merchant, there's our scene,
Whose sequel, if I fail not in intent,
Shall answer our desires and each content.
But when sawest thou Lipsalve and Gudgeon, our two gallants?

Mar. They are here in the house, so handled by mine uncle, that they are the pitifullest patients that ever you beheld.

Ger. No matter, he serves them in their kind: they were infamous in the court, and now are grown as notorious in the city: they may happily prove particles in our sport, and fit subjects for laughter.
Time calls me hence: adieu; prepare to meet.

Mar. I shall outstrip the nimblest in my feet.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Room in DRYFAT'S *House.*

Enter DRYFAT *disguised as a Proctor, and* CLUB *as a Crier.*

Dry. Come, Club, come, there's a merry fray towards; we shall see the death of melancholy; wherein thou and I must call a grand jury of jests together, and pass upon them with the club law.

Club. Now, as I am O the crier, and yet but a young club, I have not yet practised that law: you have a whole dryfat on't; I pray you, instruct me.

Dry. Why, 'tis a law enacted, by the common council of statute-caps,[1] to qualify the rage of the time, to follow, to call back, and sometimes to encounter gentlemen when they run in arrearages; I tell thee, there's no averment against our book-cases. 'Tis the law called make-peace: it makes them even when they are at odds; it shows 'em a flat case as plain as a pack-staff,[2] that is, knocks 'em down without circumstance.

Club. Ay, marry, I like that law well; 'tis studied with the turning of a hand: there's no quiddits nor pedlar's French,[3] in't; there needs no book for th' exposition o' th' terms; 'tis as easily learned as the felling of wood and getting of children; all is but laying on load the downright blow.

Dry. Ay, and by the way of exhortation it prints this moral sentence on their costards,[4] in capital letters, *Agree, for the law is costly.*

Club. Good, good: but all this while there's no doctor thought on: we must have one to arbitrate.

Dry. Why, master Gerardine, man, has his name for

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[1] For the benefit of capmakers an act of Parliament was passed in 1571 that all citizens should wear woollen caps on Sundays and holidays.

[2] "As plain as a *pike-staff*" is the modern proverb. The pack-staff was the staff on which a pedlar carried his pack.

[3] Jargon. *Pedlar's French* was the name for the cant language of thieves. "Moreover," says Harrison in his *Description of England*, book ii. cap. x., "in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, they [sc. vagabonds] have devised a language among themselves, which they name *Canting*, but others *Pedlar's French*, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such is it as none but themselves are able to understand."

[4] Pates.

the purpose: he shall be called doctor Stickler: *lupus est in fabula*, here he comes.

Enter GERARDINE.

Ger. How now, lads? does our conceit cotton?[1] ha' you summoned your wits from wool-gathering? are you fraught with matter for this merriment?

Dry. Full, full: we are in labour, man, and we shall die without midwifery.

Club. We are ravished with delight, like the wench that was got with child against her stomach. O, but if we could wrest this smock-law now in hand to our club-law, it were excellent!

Dry. Easily, easily: all shall be called the club-law.

Ger. As how?

Dry. Why, thus. Club is the crier; I am Poppin[2] the proctor; and you Stickler the doctor: he calls them to appear; I must be of their counsel, and you must attone[3] them, put 'em together. We may know their cases and be in their elements, mark you me, but they

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[1] See note 2, p. 53.

[2] "So some copies of the old ed., others '*Exigent:*' though there is certainly but *one* impression of this play. Middleton (who did not superintend the printing of it) had dismissed the name *Exigent* for that of *Poppin*, or *vice versa;* and his uncorrected MS., where Dryfat was sometimes called by one name, sometimes by the other, was followed by the printer. This, however, is the only place in which the copies (at least those that I have seen) differ from each other with respect to these names; an alteration having been made here after part of the impression had been worked off. I have retained the name *Poppin* throughout."—*Dyce.*

[3] Reconcile.

cannot be in ours. Tut, none knows our secrets: we can speak fustian above their understanding, and make asses' ears attentive. I'll play Ambidexter,[1] tell 'em 'tis a plain case, and put 'em down with the club-law; so that, as Club said well e'en now, our knavery is as near allied as felling of wood and getting of children.

Ger. Excellent, excellent! By this they are at hand: let's bear these things like ourselves: I'll withdraw and put on my habiliments, and then enter for the doctor.

Dry. Do so: they come, they come.

[*Exit* GERARDINE.

Enter GLISTER *and* PURGE.

Welcome, master doctor Glister and master Purge: there's a commission to be sat upon this day, to open a passage for imprisoned truth, concerning acts yet *in tenebris.*

Gli. True; I am brought hither by the malice of my wife.

Pur. And I have a just appeal against my wife.

Gli. Master Poppin[2]—so I think you are called—I understand you have the law at your fingers' ends.

Dry. I can box cases, and scold and scratch it out amongst them.

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[1] "Play Ambidexter" = keep well with both sides. A tricksey character in William Bullein's *Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence*, 1564, is named Ambidexter. In legal phraseology the term was applied to "that juror or embracer that taketh of both parties for the giving of his verdict."—Cowell's *Interpreter.*

[2] Old ed. "Exigent." See note 2, p. 103.

Gli. Indeed, fame reports you to be a good trumpeter of causes: I must retain you, sir, to sound mine.

Dry. My sackbut shall do it most pathetically: tell me, in brief, the nature of your case.

Gli. Faith, sir, a scandalous letter devised to wrong my reputation, about a bastard in the country which should be mine.

Dry. About a bastard in the country which should be yours? hum,—'tis very like you then, it should seem.

Gli. O no, sir! understand me, only fathered upon me.

Dry. Only fathered upon you *cum*[1] *nemini obtrudi potest:* I understand you, and like you well too, you do not flatter yourself in your own case, no, 'tis not good: well, what more?

Gli. And about my niece, got with child in my own house.

Dry. Byrlady, burdens of some weight, which you make light of! you deny?

Gli. What else, sir? I have reason.

Dry. I know it well, I take you for no beast: believe me, master doctor, denial and reason are two main grounds; stand upon them, and you cannot err.—Your case, master Purge?

Pur. First take your fee, master Poppin,[2] that you may have the more feeling, and urge it home when you come to't. [*Gives money.*] Mine is a discovery of my wife's iniquity at the Family of Love.

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[1] "Ea, quoniam nemini obtrudi potest, Itur ad me." Ter. *And.* i. 5, 15."—*Dyce.*

[2] Old ed. "Exigent."

Dry. Otherwise called the House of Venery, where they hunger and thirst for't.

Pur. True, sir: you have heard of the Hole in the Wall, where they assemble together in the day-time, like so many bees under a hive?

Dry. Come home *crura thymo plena*, and lodge among hornets, is't not so?

Pur. I cannot tell, sir; but for my part, I am much noted as I go.

Dry. No doubt of that, sir; your wife can furnish you with notes out of her cotations.[1]

Club. Ay, and give him a two-tagged point to tie 'em together.

Dry. But how came you to detect her?

Pur. Why, thus, sir: getting the word, I dogged her to the Family, where, closing with her, I whispered so pleasing a tale in her ear, that I got from her her wedding-ring; and here 'tis.

Dry. Well, out of that ring we will wring matter that shall carry meat i' th' mouth. But what witness or proof can you produce to make good your wife's iniquity and your own cuckoldry?

Pur. Master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, who were her companions at that same time.

Dry. Very good.—Are they cited in the *quorum nomina*?

Club. They will be here, sir.

[1] Quotations,—notes of what passed at the meetings.

Gli. If they be, they will bewray[1] all.

Dry. So much the better; 'twill savour well for master Purge.

Pur. You understand my case now?

Gli. And mine too, sir?

Dry. I do, I do: they are as different as a doctor and a dunce, a man and a beast: here's the compendium; yours, master doctor, stands upon the negative; and yours, master Purge, upon the affirmative: *pauca sapienti*, I ha't, I ha't.

Pur. Mine is very current, sir; I can show you good guilt.

Dry. Ay, marry, there spoke an angel;[2] gilt's[3] current indeed: let me feel't, let me feel't.

Pur. I mean, my wife's guilt.

Gli. Master Poppin, you shall have innocence to speak for me.

Dry. Tut, innocence is a fool, I care not for's company; I can speak enough without him.

Gli. Then, I hope, you will be as good to us as the five-finger[4] at maw.

Dry. No, rather as Hercules, to lip-labour 'em with the club-law: tut, let me alone.

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[1] *Bewray* = (1) betray, (2) beray (defile).

[2] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32. [3] Gilt (or gelt) = money.

[4] "'For my game [at maw] stood, me thought, upon my last two tricks, when I made sure of the set, and yet lost it, hauing the varlet and *the fiue finger* to make two tricks.'—Chapman's *May Day*, 1611, p. 76. For some account of maw, see Singer's *Researches into the Hist. of Playing Cards*, p. 258, sqq."—*Dyce.* Cf. Rowley's *All's Lost by Lust*, ii. 1: "And takes away the knave with his *five finger*."

Enter MISTRESS GLISTER, MISTRESS PURGE, *and* MARIA.

Mis. G. O, are you here, sir? I have brought you a full barn to glut your greedy appetite: if you have any maw, feed here till you choke again. Now shall I see the whole carcass of your knavery ript up: if thou hast any grace, now will thy red beard turn white upon't.

Mis. P. O how have I been toss'd from post to pillar
In this libidinous world! The yoke I bear
Is so uneven, as if an innocent lamb
And a mad hare-brain'd ox should draw together:
But I must have patience, there's no remedy.

Dry. There's some difference between these two tempers.

Gli. I would give a hundred pounds my wife had so gentle a spirit. [*Aside.*

Pur. My wife must needs be gentle, for she can bear double. [*Aside.*

Re-enter GERARDINE, *disguised as a Doctor.*

Dry. Here comes master doctor: now rig up your vessels, every one to his tackling.

Ger. Good day to all at once, and peace amongst you!—Fie, how I sweat! I think Vulcan ne'er toiled so at his anvil as I have done, and all to make maid's water to slake Cupid's fire, and to turn his shafts from the feather-bed to the bed-post, from the heart to the heel.—Come, master Poppin, shall we to this gear?[1]

[1] Business.

Dry. Reverend doctor, we have stayed your coming. —Crier, cry silence. [*He cries.*

Dry. Master doctor, I have heard in general terms the tales of master doctor Glister and master Purge, which have in mutual manner jumped into the quagmire of my mind; out of which quagmire, by your enforcement and mine own duty, I pluck them up by the ears, and thus, in naked apparance,[1] I present them.

Ger. Ad rem, ad rem, master Poppin; leave your allegories, your metaphors, and circumlocutions, and to the point.

Dry. Then briefly thus: I have compared their tales, —how short they will come of their wives' I know not: and first for mistress Purge.—Crier, call mistress Purge.

Club. Rebecca Purge, wife to Peter Purge, 'pothecary, appear upon thy purgation, upon pain of excommunication.

Mis. P. Here I am,—O time's impiety!—
Hither I come from out the harmless fold
To have my good name eaten up by wolves:
See, how they grin! Well, the weak must to the wall;
I must bear wrong, but shame shall them befall.

Ger. Who is her accuser?

Dry. Her own husband, upon the late discovery of a crew of narrow-ruffed,[2] strait-laced, yet loose-bodied dames, with a rout of omnium-gatherums, assembled by the title of the Family of Love: which, master doctor, if

[1] Appearance.

[2] "Some copies of old ed. '*narrow* rusty,' others '*narrow* ruste.' . . . Compare what Gudgeon says of mistress Purge's 'ruffs, [p. 34]."—*Dyce.*

they be not punished and suppressed by our club-law, each man's copyhold will become freehold, specialities will turn to generalities, and so from unity to parity, from parity to plurality, and from plurality to universality; their wives, the only ornaments of their houses, and of all their wares, goods, and chattel[s], the chief moveables, will be made common.

Pur. Most voluble and eloquent proctor!

Ger. Byrlady, these enormities must and shall be redressed, otherwise I see their charter will be infringed, and their ancient staff of government the club, from whence we derive our law of castigation,—this club, I say (they seeming nothing less than men by their fore-part), will be turned upon their own heads.—Speak, Rebecca Purge; art thou one of this Family? hast thou ever known the body of any man there or elsewhere concupiscentically?

Mis. P. No, master doctor, those are but devices of the wicked to trap the innocent; but I thank my spirit I have fear before my eyes, which my husband sees not, because something hangs in's light.

Pur. That's my horns; she flouts me to my face, and I will not endure it: I shall carry her mark to my grave. [*Aside.*]—Master doctor, she has given me that, that Æsculapius, were he now extant, could not heal, nor *edax rerum*[1] take away.

Ger. Produce your witness, master Purge, and blow not your own horn.

[1] *i.e.* Time.

Pur. Master Lipsalve and master Gudgeon, let them be called.

Club. Lawrence Lipsalve and Gregory Gudgeon, late of *hic et ubique*, in the county of *nusquam*, gentlemen, come into the court and give your evidence, upon pain of that which shall ensue.

Enter LIPSALVE *and* GUDGEON.

Gli. Here they come, in pain I warrant them.—How works your physic, gallants? do you go well to the ground? now cuckold the doctor!—Wife, who's your first man now?—now strike with the scabbard![1] ha, ha, ha! 233

Gud. A villanous doctor!

Lip. Mountebank, you're a rascal, and we will cast about to be revenged.

Dry. Cast[2] about this way and bewray[3] what you can concerning mistress Purge, who stands here upon her purgation, either to prove mundified or contaminated, according to the tenor-piece of your principal evidence.—First give 'em the book. 241

Club. Come, lay your hands upon the book: you shall speak and aver no more, nor wade no farther into the cream-pots of this woman's crime, than the naked truth and the cart-rope of your conscience shall conduct you, so help you the contents! Kiss the book.[4]

---

[1] Referring to Gudgeon's words in v. 1.

[2] *Cast* has the double meaning of (1) devise (2) spew.

[3] See note 1, p. 107.

[4] Perhaps (as Dyce suggested) the words "Kiss the book" are a stage-direction.

Lip. Alas, we are not in case to answer largely! but if you will have our evidence in brief, I think I kissed her at the Family some three times, once at coming, once at going, and once in the midst; otherwise never knew her dishonestly.

Pur. Ay, mark that middle kiss, master doctor.

Gud. And for my part, I have been more mortified by her than ever I was provoked.

Ger. How say you to this, master Purge? your witness is weak, and, sir-reverence on['t], without sounder proof, they may depart to the close-stool whence they came, and you to your 'pothecary's shop.

Pur. No, master doctor, I have another bolt to shoot that shall strike her dead; she shall not have a word to say.

Dry. Answer me to this, mistress Purge; where's your wedding-ring?

Mis. P. My wedding-ring? why, what should I do with unnecessary things about me, when the poor begs at my gate ready to starve? Is it not better, as I learned last lecture, to send my substance before me, where I may find it, than to leave it behind me, where I must forego it? Yes, verily: wherefore, to put you out of doubt, I have given that ring to charitable uses.

Dry. Nay, now she falters: my client can shew that ring, got from her at the Family, when these two court-ling[s] had at the same time beleaguered her fort.

Ger. This alters the case clean.—What starting-hole ha' you now, mistress Purge?

Mis. P. E'en the sanctuary of a safe conscience: now,

truly, truly, however he came by that ring, by my sisterhood, I gave it to the relief of the distressed Geneva.[1]

Pur. How? to the relief of the distressed Geneva? Justice, master doctor! I may now decline *victus, victa, victum;* one word more shall overthrow her. I myself was a Familist that day, who, more jealous than zealous in devotion, thrust in amongst the rest (as I had most right), on purpose to sound her, to find out the knavery: short tale to make, I got her ring, and here it is; let her deny it if she can: and what more I discovered *non est nunc narrandi locus.*

Mis. P. Husband, I see you are hoodwinked in the right use of feeling and knowledge,—as if I knew you not[2] then as well as the child knows his own father! Look in the posy of my ring: does it not tell you that we two are one flesh? and hath not fellow-feeling taught us to know one another as well by night as by day? Husband, husband, will you do as the blind jade, break your neck down a hill because you see it not? ha' you no light of nature in that flesh of yours?—Now, as true as I live, master doctor, I had a secret operation, and I knew him then to be my husband e'en by very instinct.

Pur. Impudence, dost not blush? art not ashamed to lie so abominable?

Mis. P. No, husband, rather be you ashamed of your own weakness; for, for my part, I neither fear nor shame what man can do unto me.

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[1] An allusion to the persecution of the Calvinists by the Duke of Alva.

[2] "Imitated [?] from Falstaff's 'I knew ye, as well as he that made ye.'—Shakespeare's *Henry IV. Part I.*, act ii. sc. 4."—*Dyce.*

Ger. Master Purge, I see you have spent your pith; therefore best make a full point at the ring, and attend our pleasure.—Master Poppin,[1] proceed to the rest.

Dry. Crier, call doctor Glister.

Club. Doctor Glister, alias suppositor doctor of physic, appear upon thy purgation, upon the belly-pain that may ensue therein.

Gli. Here, master doctor.

Ger. Who is his accuser?

Dry. His clamorous wife, who seems to enforce a separation about a bastard in the country, which should be his, only fathered upon him.

Ger. What proof of that?

Mis. G. Proof unanswerable, master doctor, the nurse's letter: let it be read; but first observe his countenance; it may be his blushing will bewray his guilt.

Ger. Now, by this light, I thought it had indeed, but I see 'tis but the reflection of his beard.—Read the letter, master Poppin.[1]

Dry.[2] [*reads.*] *After my hearty commendations remembered unto your worshipful doctorship, trusting in God that you are as well as I was at the making hereof, thanks be to him therefor! the cause of my writing unto you at this time is to let you understand that your little son is turned a ragged colt, a very stripling; for, being now stript of all his clothing, his backside wants a tail-piece, commends itself to your fatherly consideration. Woe worth the time that ever I*

[1] Old ed. "Exigent."
[2] Old ed. "*Club.*"

gave suck to a child that came in at the window, God knows how! Yet if you did but see how like the pert, little, red-headed knave is to his father, and how like a cock-sparrow he mouses[1] *and touses my little Bess already, you would take him for your own, and pay me my hire. I write not of the want of one thing, for I want all things; wherefore take some speedy order, or else as naked as he came from the mother will I send him to the father. From Pis.*[2] *the xxii of —— Your poor nurse,* THOMASINE TWEEDLES. 339

Gli. Master doctor, truth needs not the foil of rhetoric; I will only in *monosyllaba* answer for myself (as sometimes a wise man did): such and such things are laid to my charge, which I deny; you may think of me what you please, but I am as innocent in this as the child new-born.

Ger. Why, there's partly a confession: the child, we know, is innocent, and not new-born neither, for it should seem by the letter he is able to call his dad knave.

Gli. You take me wrong, master doctor.[3] 349

Dry. Under correction, thus much can I say for my client's justification. Indeed he hath travelled well in the beating of pulses, and hath been much conversant in women's Jordans; but he had ever a care to raise his patient being before cast down: his charitable disposition hath been such to poor folk, that he never took above fourpence for the casting of a water, which good custom

[1] *Mouse* = toy wantonly with.

[2] "What place is indicated by this abbreviation I cannot pretend to determine."—*Dyce.* Perhaps the alley mentioned below (l. 366) where the "wise woman" lived.

[3] "Old ed. 'proctor'—but that part is assumed by Dryfat."—*Dyce.*

was so well known among all his patients, that if sixpence were at any time offered him, they might be bold to ask and have twopence again. He hath been so skilful and painful withal in the cure of the green sickness, that, of my knowledge, he hath risen at all hours in the night to pleasure maids that have had it: and for that foul-mouthed disease, termed by a fine phrase—a pox on't, what d'ye call't? O, the grin-comes[1]—at that he hath played his doctor's prize,[2] and writes *nil ultra* to all mountebanks; so that the wise woman in Pissing-Alley, nor she in Do-little-Lane, are more famous for good deeds than he. Then, master doctor, out of these presumptions, besides his flat denial (a more infallible ground), you may gather his innocence, and let him have his purgation.

Ger. No, master Poppin,[3] it is not so to be foisted off.

Mis. G. Nay, master doctor, what say you to his own niece, that looks big upon him? an arrow that sticks for the upshot against all comers; which by his restraint of her from master Gerardine, an honest gentleman that loved her, and upon that colour[4] from the sight and intercourse of other men, must, by all presumptions, be his own act.

Ger. O monstrous! this a foul blot in your tables[5] indeed.

---

[1] See note 2, p. 21.

[2] The expression *play a prize* belonged to the fencing-schools, where the prizes were for the degrees of master, provost, and scholar.

[3] Old ed. "Exigent."

[4] Pretence.

[5] The allusion is not to the memorandum-books so called, but to the game of *tables* (backgammon). Dyce quotes from the *Complete Gamester*, 1674,—"beware of *blotting*."

Gli. Wife, thou hast no shame nor womanhood in thee; thy conscience knows me.

Mis. G. True of thy flesh, who knows not that? thy beard speaks for thee: ay, ay, thou liest by me like a stone, but abroad thou'rt like a stone-horse, you old limb-lifter![1]

Dry. Cease your clamour, and attend my speech.—Most worshipful, reverend, and judicial doctor, for the quickening of your memory, I will give you a breviat of all that hath been spoken. Master doctor Glister hath a cradleful and a bellyful, you see, thrust upon him; and master Purge a headful.—Your wife is an angry honeyless wasp, whose sting, I hope, you need not fear,—and yours carries honey in her mouth, but her sting makes your forehead swell;—your wife makes you deaf with the shrill treble of her tongue,—and yours makes you horn-mad with the tenor of her tale.—In fine, master doctor's refuge is his conscience, and master Purge runs at his wife's ring.[2] 399

Ger. Summa totalis, a good audit ha' you made, master Poppin.[3]—Now attend my arbitrement. For you, gallants, though you have incurred the danger of the law by using counterfeit keys, and putting your hands into the wrong pocket, yet because I see you punished and purged already, my advice is, that you learn the A B C

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[1] "Old ed. 'Timelifter:' but compare *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, &c., 1584, 'a lustie *lim lifter*,' p. 18, reprint."—*Dyce.*

[2] An allusion to the sport of Running at the Ring, where the tilter tried to thrust the point of his lance through a suspended ring.

[3] Old ed. "Exigent."

of better manners: go back and tell how you have been used in the city; and being thus scoured, keep yourselves clean, and the bed undefiled. For you, master Purge, because I see your evidence insufficient, and indeed too weak, to foil your wife's uprightness, and seeing jealousy and unkindness hath only made her a stranger in your land of Ham, my counsel is, that you readvance your standard, give her new press-money. 413

Pur. You may enjoin me, sir, but——

Ger. But not at me, man: I will enjoin you, and conjoin you, and briefly thus. You have your ring that has made this combustion and uproar: that keep still; swear it; and here, by my edict, be it proclaimed to all that are jealous, to wear their wives' ring[s] still on their fingers, as best for their security, and the only charm against cuckoldry. 421

Pur. Then, wife, at master doctor's enjoinment,[1] so thou wilt promise me to come no more at the Family, I receive thee into the lists of my favour.

Mis. P. Truly, husband, my love must be free still to God's creatures: yea, nevertheless, preserving you still as the head of my body, I will do as the spirit shall enable me.

Ger. Go to, thou hast a good wife, and there an end. —Upon you, master doctor, being solicited by so apparent proof, I can do no less than pronounce a severe sentence; and yet, i'faith, the reverence of your calling and profession doth somewhat check my austerity: what if

[1] Old ed. "enioyntment."

master Gerardine, by my persuasion, would yet be induced to take your niece, and father the child? would you launch with a thousand pound, besides her father's portion?

Gil. Master doctor, I would, were it but to redeem her lost good name.

Ger. Then, foreknowing what would happen, I thought good, in Master Gerardine's name, to have this bond ready, which if you seal to, he shall take her with all faults.

Gli. That will I instantly. [*Seals the bond.*
So, this is done; which, together with my niece, do I deliver by these presents to the use of master Gerardine.

Ger. He thanks you heartily, and lets you know,
[GERARDINE, DRYFAT, *and* CLUB *discover themselves.*
That Indian mines and Tagus' glistering ore
To this bequest were unto me but poor.

Gli. What? Gerardine, Dryfat, and Club!

Dry. The very[1] same.

Club. You are welcome to our club-law.

Ger. Cease admiration here: what doubt remains
I'll satisfy at full. Now join with me
For approbation of our Family.

---

[1] Old ed.
"*Dry.* { The very same: *your* are welcome to our Club
Club. { Lawe."

EPILOGUE.[1]

Gentles, whose favour have o'erspread this place,
And shed the real influence of grace
On harmless mirth, we thank you; for our hope
Attracts such vigour and unmeasur'd scope
From the reflecting splendour of your eyes,
That, grace presum'd, fear in oblivion dies.
Your judgment, as it is the touch[2] and trier
Of good from bad, so from your hearts comes fire,
That gives both ardour to the wit refin'd,
And sweetness[3] [to] th' incense of each willing mind.
O may that fire ne'er die! nor let your favours
Depart from us: give countenance to their labours
Propos'd a sacrifice, which may no less
Their strong desires than our true zeals express.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[1] Spoken by Gerardine.

[2] Touchstone.

[3] A harsh line. I should like to read—

"That *both gives* ardour . . . And *sweetens*" &c.

YOUR FIVE GALLANTS.

Your fiue Gallants. As it hath beene often in Action at the Black-friers. Written by T. Middleton. Imprinted at London for Richard Bonian, dwelling at the signe of the Spred-Eagle, right ouer-against the great North dore of Saint Paules Church. n. d. 4to.

Fyve Wittie Gallants was licensed (for printing) by Sir George Buc, 22nd March 1607–8.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRIPPERY, *the broker-gallant.*
PRIMERO, *the bawd-gallant.*
GOLDSTONE, *the cheating-gallant.*
PURSENET, *the pocket-gallant.*
TAILBY, *the whore-gallant.*
FITSGRAVE, *a gentleman.*
BUNGLER, *cousin to* MISTRESS NEWCUT.
PYAMONT.
ARTHUR, *servant to* FRIPPERY.
FULK, *servant to* GOLDSTONE.
Boy, servant to PURSENET.
JACK, *servant to* TAILBY.
MARMADUKE, *servant to* MISTRESS NEWCUT.
Gentlemen, Tailor, Painter, &c.

KATHERINE, *a wealthy orphan.*
MISTRESS NEWCUT, *a merchant's wife.*
Novice.
Courtesans.

Scene:—LONDON, except during part of the third act, which is laid in Combe-Park and its neighbourhood.

YOUR FIVE GALLANTS.

—o—

Presenter, or Prologue, passing over the stage; the bawd-gallant [PRIMERO], *with three wenches gallantly attired, meets him; the whore-gallant* [TAILBY], *the pocket-gallant* [PURSENET], *the cheating-gallant* [GOLDSTONE], *kiss these three wenches, and depart in a little whisper and wanton action. Now, for the other, the broker-gallant* [FRIPPERY], *he sits at home yet, I warrant you, at this time of day, summing up his pawns.* Hactenus quasi inductio, *a little glimpse giving.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in FRIPPERY'S *House.* FRIPPERY *discovered*[1] *summing up his pawns, one Fellow standing by him.*

Enter ARTHUR *and a second Fellow.*

Ar. Is your pawn good and sound, sir?

Sec. F. I'll pawn my life for that, sir.

---

[1] "In the old ed. the only stage-direction here is '*Enter a fellow,*' and the prefixes to the dialogue which follows are *Frip.*, 1., 2., 3., and 4. Till the entrance of Primero, the scene in the old ed. is a mass of confusion."—*Dyce.*

Ar. Place yourself there then; I will seek to prefer it presently. My master is very jealous[1] of the pestilence; marry, the pox sits at meat and meal with him.

[*Second Fellow retires.*

Fri. [*reading.*] *Lent the fifth day of September to mistress Onset upon her gown,* [*and*] *taffeta petticoat with three broad silver laces, three pound fifteen shillings.*

Lent to Justice Cropshin upon both his velvet jackets, five pound ten shillings.

Lent privately to my Lady Newcut upon her gilt casting-bottle[2] *and her silver lie-pot, fifty-five shillings.*

Ar. Sir——

Fri. [*reads.*] *Lent to Sir Oliver Needy upon his taffeta cloak, beaver hat, and perfumed leather-jerkin, six pound five shillings.*

Ar. May it please your worship——

Fri. [*reads.*] *Lent to master Andrew Lucifer upon his flame-coloured doublet and blue taffeta hose*—top the candle, sirrah; methinks the light burns blue: when came that suit in?

Ar. 'T'as lain above the year now.

Fri. Fire and brimstone! cut it out into matches; the white linings will serve for tinder.

Ar. And with little help, sir; they are almost black enough already. Sir, here's another come with a pawn.

---

[1] Fearful, suspicious.

[2] A bottle for sprinkling perfumes. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 1, "Call for your *casting-bottle* and place your mirror in your hat."

Fri. Keep him aside awhile, and reach me hither the bill of the last week.

Ar. 'Tis here at hand, sir.

Fri. Now, sir, what's your pawn?

First F. The second part of a gentlewoman's gown, sir; the lower half, I mean.

Fri. I apprehend you easily, the breeches of the gown.

First F. Very proper, for she wears the doublet at home; a guest that lies in my house, sir; she looks every hour for her cousin out a' th' country.

Fri. O, her cousin lies here; 'a may mistake in that. My friend, of what parish is your pawn?

First F. Parish? why, Saint Clement's, sir.

Fri. I'll come to you[1] presently.—What parish is your pawn, my friend? [*reads*] *Saint Bride's*, 5;[2] *Saint Dunstan's, none; Saint Clement's*, 3. Three at Clements? —Away with your pawn, sir! your parish is infected; I will neither purchase the plague for sixpence in the pound and a groat bill-money, nor venture my small stock into contagious parishes: you have your answer; fare you well, as fast as you can, sir.

First F. The pox arrest you, sir, at the suit of the suburbs!

Fri. Ay, welcome, welcome.

First F. For, I think, plague scorns your company. [*Exit.*

---

[1] Addressed to the second fellow. In the old ed. these words form part of the preceding speech.

[2] *i.e.* five deaths from the plague.

Fri. I rank with chief gallants; I love to smell safely. [*Reads.*] *Lent in the vacation to master Proctor upon his spiritual gown five angels, and upon his corporal doublet fifteen shillings; sum, three pound five shillings.*

Ar. Sir——

Fri. Now, sir?

Ar. [*bringing forward a trunk.*] Here's one come in with a trunk of apparel.

Fri. Whence comes it?

Ar. From Saint Martin's-in-the-Field.

Fri. Saint Martin's-in-the-Field? [*reads.*] *Saint Mary Maudlin, 2; Saint Martin's, none:* here's an honest fellow; let him appear, sir.

Ar. You may come near, sir.

Fri. O welcome, welcome; what's your pawn, sir?

Sec. F. Faith, a gentlewoman's whole suit, sir.

Fri. Whole suit? 'tis well.

Sec. F. A poor, kind soul, troubled with a bad husband; one that puts her to her shifts here.

Fri. He puts her from her shifts, methinks, when she is fain to pawn her clothes.

Sec. F. Look you, sir; a fair satin gown, new taffeta petticoat——

Fri. Stay, this petticoat has been turned.

Sec. F. Often turned up and down, and you will, but never turned, sir.

Fri. Cry you mercy, indeed.

Sec. F. A fine white beaver, pearl band, three falls;[1] I ha' known her have more in her days.

[1] Falling-bands, which lay upon the shoulders.

Fri. Alas, and she be but a gentlewoman of any count or charge, three falls are nothing in these days! know that: tut, the world's changed; gentlewomen's[1] falls stand upright now; no sin but has a bolster, that it may lie at ease. Well, what do you borrow of these, sir.

Sec. F. Twelve pounds, and you will, sir.

Fri. How?

Sec. F. They were not her's for twenty.

Fri. Why, so; our pawn is ever thrice the value of our money, unless in plate and jewels; how should the months be restored and the use else? We must cast it for the twelvemonth, so many pounds, so many months, so many eighteenpences; then the use of these eighteenpences; then the want of the return of those pounds: all these must be laid together; which well considered, the valuation of the pawn had need to sound treble. Can six pound pleasure the gentlewoman?

Sec. F. It may please her, but, like a man of threescore, in the limberest degree.

Fri. I have but one word more to say in't; twenty nobles[2] is all and the utmost that I will hazard upon't.

Sec. F. She must be content with't: the less borrowed, the better paid; come.

Fri. Arthur.

Ar. At hand, sir.

Fri. Tell out twenty nobles, and take her name in a bill.

[1] Old ed. "gentlewoman's."

[2] A *noble* was worth 6*s.* 8*d.*

Sec. F. I'm satisfied, sir. [*Exit with* ARTHUR.

Fri. Welcome, good Saint Martin's-in-the-Field, welcome, welcome! I know no other name.

Enter PRIMERO.

Pri. What, so hard at your prayers?

Fri. A little, sir; summing up my pawns here—what, master Primero, is it you, sir gallant? and how does all the pretty sweet ladies, those plump, kind, delicate blisses, ha? whom I kiss in my very thoughts,—how do they, gallant?

Pri. Why, gallant, if they should not do well in my house, where should it be done, boy? have I not a glorious situation? 122

Fri. O, a gallant receipt,—violet air, curious garden, quaint walks, fantastical arbours, three back doors, and a coach-gate! nay, thou'rt admirably seated: little furniture will serve thee; thou'rt never without moveables.

Pri. Ay, praise my stars! Ah, the goodly virginities that have been cut up in my house, and the goodly patrimonies that have lain like sops in the gravy! and when those sops were eaten, yet the meat was kept whole for another, and another, and another; for as in one pie twenty may dip their sippits, so upon one woman forty may consume their patrimonies. 134

Fri. Excellent, master Primero!

Pri. Well, I'll pray for women while I live;
They're the profitablest fools, I'll say that for 'em,

A man can keep 'bout[1] his house; the prettiest kind fowl;
So tame, so gentle, e'en to strangers' hands
So soon familiar; suffer to be touch'd.
Of those they ne'er saw twice: the dove's not like 'em.
Fri. Most certain, for that's honest: but I have
A suit to you.
Pri. And so have I to you.
Fri. That happens well: grant mine, and I'll grant yours.
Pri. A match.
Fri. Make me perfect in that trick that got you so much at primero.
Pri. O, for the thread tied at your partner's leg,
The twitch?
Fri. Ay, that twitch and you call't so.
Pri. That secret twitch got me five hundred pound
Ere 'twas first known, and since I ha' sold it well:
Five hundred pound laid down shall not yet buy
The fee-simple of my twitch: I would be here with't.
'Twas a blest invention;
I'd been a beggar many a lousy year
But for my twitch: it was the prettiest twitch!
Many over-cheated gulls have fatted
Me with the bottom of their patrimonies,
E'en to the last sop, gaped while I fed 'em,
Who now live by that art that first undid 'em,
But I must swear you to be secret, close.

[1] Old ed. "about."

Fri. As a maid at ten.

Pri. Had you sworn but two years higher
I would ne'er ha' believ'd you.

Fri. Nay, I let twelve alone,
For after twelve has struck, maids look for one.

Pri. I look for one too, and a maid, I think.

Fri. What, to come hither?

Pri. Sure, she follows me: a pretty, fat-eyed wench, with a Venus in her cheek: did but raiment smile upon her, she were nectar for great dons, boy: and that's my suit to thee. 173

Fri. And that's granted already. Of what volume is this book, that I may fit a cover to't?

Pri. Faith, neither in folio nor in decimo sexto, but in octavo, between both; a pretty, middle-sized trug.[1]

Fri. Then I have fitted her already, in my eye, i'faith. Here came a pawn in e'en now will make shift to serve her as fit!—look you, sir gallant[2]—satin, taffeta, beaver, fall,[3] and all. 181

Pri. Is it new?

Fri. New? you see it bears her youth as freshly——

Pri. A pretty suit of clothes, i'faith: but put case the party should come to redeem 'em of a sudden?

---

[1] Trull. Cf. *Barnabees Journall* (part iv.):—

"Steepy ways by which I waded,
And those *trugs* with which I traded:"

where the Latin is—

"Arduæ viæ quas transivi
Et *amiculæ* quis cöivi."

[2] Old ed. "Gallants."

[3] See note, p. 128.

Fri. Pooh, then your wit's sickly: have not I the policy, think you, to seem extreme busy, and defer 'em till the morrow? against which time that pawn shall be secretly fetched home, and another carried out to supply the place.

Pri. I like thy craft well there.

Fri. A general course. O, frippery[1] is an unknown benefit, sir gallant!

Pri. And what must I give you for the hire now, i'faith?

Fri. Of the whole suit, for the month?

Pri. Ay, for the month.

Fri. Go to, you shall give me but twelvepence a-day; master Primero, you're a friend, and I'll use you so: 'tis got up at your house in an afternoon, i'faith, the hire of the whole month: ye must think I can distinguish spirits, and put a difference between you and others; you pay no more, i'faith.

Pri. I could have offered you no less myself.

Fri. Tut, a man must use a friend as a friend may use him: your house has been a sweet house to me, both for pleasure and profit; I'll give you your due: *omne tulit punctum*, you have always kept fine punks in your house, that's for pleasure, *qui miscuit utile dulci*, and I have had sweet pawns from 'em, that's for profit now.

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[1] Properly a pawnbroker's shop (Fr. *friperie*); "but here the profession of frippery seems to be meant; compare Chapman:

'*D'Ol.* Now your profession, I pray?

Frip. Fripperie, my lord, or as some tearme it, *Petty Brokery*.'

—*Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, sig. E 4."—*Dyce*.

Pri. You flatter, you flatter, sir gallant,—but whist! here she enters: I prithee, question her.

Enter Novice.

O, you're welcome!

Fri. Is this your new scholar, master Primero?

Fri. Marry is she, sir.

Fri. I'll commend your judgment in a wench while I live: that face will get money, i'faith; 'twill be a get-penny,[1] I warrant you.—Go to, your fortune was choice, pretty bliss, to fall into the regard of so kind a gentleman.

Nov. I hope so, sir. 220

Fri. See what his care has provided already for you; you'll be simply set out to the world! If you'll have that care now to deserve his pains, O that will be acceptable! and these be the rudiments you must chiefly point at: to counterfeit cunningly, to wind in gentlemen with powerful attraction to keep his house in name and custom, to dissemble with your own brother, never to betray your fellows' imperfections nor lay open the state of their bodies to strangers, to believe those that give you, to gull those that believe you, to laugh at all under taffeta; and these be your rudiments. 231

Pri. There's e'en all, i'faith; we'll trouble you with no

[1] *Get-penny* was a theatrical term for a profitable performance. A puppet-show man in Ben Jonson's *Bartholemew Fair* says:—"Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Niniveh, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices and pulling down of the bawdy-houses there; but the Gunpowder plot, there was a *get-penny!* I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty-pence audience nine times in an afternoon" (v. 1).

more; nay, you shall live at ease enough: for nimming away jewels and favours from gentlemen, which are your chief vails, [I] hope that will come naturally enough to you, I need not instruct you; you'll have that wit, I trust, to make the most of your pleasure.

Nov. I hope one's mother-wit will serve for that, sir.

Pri. O, properest of all, wench! it must be a she-wit that does those things, and thy mother was quick enough at it in her days.

Fri. Give me leave, sister, to examine you upon two or three particulars:—and you make you ready,[1] be not ashamed; here's none but friends—are you a maid?

Nov. Yes, in the last quarter, sir.

Fri. Very proper, that's e'en going out: a maid in the last quarter, that's a whore in the first: let me see, new moon on Thursday; she'll be chan[g]ed by that time too. Are you willing to pleasure gentlemen?

Nov. We are all born to pleasure our country, forsooth.

Fri. Excellent! Can you carry yourself cunningly, and seem often holy?

Nov. O, fear not that, sir! my friends were all Puritans.

Fri. I'll ne'er try her further.

Pri. She's done well, i'faith: I fear not now to turn her loose to any gentleman in Europe.

Fri. You need not, sir: of her own accord, I think she'll be loose enough without turning.—Arthur.

---

[1] "And you make ready" = if you dress yourself.

Re-enter ARTHUR.

Ar. Here, sir.
Fri. Go, make haste, shift her into that suit presently.
Ar. It shall be done.
Pri. Arthur, do't neatly, Arthur.
Ar. Fear't not, sir. [*Exit.*
Pri. Follow him, wench.
Nov. With all my heart, sir. [*Exit.*
Pri. But, mass, sir,[1]
In what are we forgetful all this while!
Fri. In what?
Pri. The wooing business, man.
Fri. Heart, that's true!
Pri. The gallants will prevent[2] us.
Fri. Are you certain?
Pri. I can avouch it: there's a general meeting
At the deceas'd knight's house this afternoon;
There's rivalship enough.
Fri. No doubt in that:
Would either thou or I might bear her from 'em!
Pri. My hopes are not yet faint.
Fri. Nor mine.
Pri. Tut, man.
Nothing in women's hearts sooner win[s] place
Than a grave outside and an impudent face.
Fri. And for both those we'll fit it.

[1] Dyce's correction for "*Ar.* But maister," of the old ed.
[2] Anticipate.

Pri. Ay, if the devil be not in't: make haste.

Fri. I follow straight. [*Exit* PRIMERO.

Vanish, thou fog, and sink beneath our brightness,
Abashed at the splendour of such beams!
We scorn thee, base eclipser of our glories,
That wouldst have hid our shine from mortal's eyes.
Now, gallants, I'm for you, ay, and perhaps before you:
You can appear but glorious from yourselves,
And have your beams but drawn from your own light,
But mine from many,—many make me bright.
Here's a diamond that sometimes graced the finger of a countess; here sits a ruby that ne'er lins[1] blushing for the party that pawned it; here a sapphire. O providence and fortune! my beginning was so poor, I would fain forget it; and I take the only course, for I scorn to think on't; slave to a trencher, observer of a salt-cellar, privy to nothing but a close-stool, or such unsavoury secret: but as I strive to forget the days of my serving, so I shall once remember the first step of my rising; for, having hardly raked five mark together, I rejoiced so in that small stock, which most providentially I ventured by water to Blackwall among fishwives; and in small time, what by weekly return and gainful restitution, it rize[2] to a great body, beside a dish of fish for a present, that stately preserved me a seven-night.
Nor[3] ceas'd it there, but drew on greater profit;

---

[1] Ceases.

[2] Rose.

[3] The rest of this speech is printed as prose in the old ed. I have followed Dyce's arrangement.

For I was held religious by those
That do profess like abstinence,
And was full often secretly supplied
By charitable Catholics,
Who censur'd[1] me sincerely abstinate,
When merely I for hunger, not[2] for zeal,
Eat up the fish, and put their alms to use!
Ha, ha, ha!
But those times are run out; and, for my sake,
Zealous dissemblance has since far'd the worse.
Let me see now, whose cloak shall I wear to-day to continue change?—O—Arthur!

Re-enter ARTHUR.

Ar. Here, sir.

Fri. Bring down Sir Oliver Needy's taffeta cloak and beaver hat—I am sure he is fast enough in the Knight's Ward[3]—and Andrew Lucifer's rapier and dagger with the embossed girdle and hangers[4] [*Exit* ARTHUR], for he's in his third sweat by this time, sipping of the doctor's bottle, or picking the ninth part of a rack of mutton, dry-roasted, with a leash of nightcaps on his head like the pope's triple crown, and as many pillows crushed to his back, with O-the-needles! for he got the pox of a

[1] Esteemed. [2] Old ed. "nor."

[3] The *Knight's Ward* and *Master's Side* were the most comfortable quarters of a prison. See Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617. The old ed. gives: "I am sure he is fast inough? and Andrew Lucifer's Rapier and dagger, in the knights ward, with the embost," &c. Dyce made the necessary correction.

[4] Loops or straps (fastened to the girdle) in which the rapier was suspended.

sempster, and it pricked so much more naturally. Quick.
Arthur, Quick.

Re-enter ARTHUR, *with cloak, &c., which* FRIPPERY *puts on.*

Now to the deceas'd knight's daughter,
Whom many gallants sue to, I 'mongst many;
For
Since impudence gains more respect than virtue,
And coin than[1] blood, which few can now deny,
Who're your chief gallants then but such as I?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in KATHERINE'S *House.*

Enter KATHERINE *and* FITSGRAVE.

Fit. You do your beauties injury, sweet virgin,
To lose the time they must rejoice in youth:
There's no perfection in a woman plac'd
But wastes itself though it be never wasted;
Then judge your wrongs[2] yourself.

Kat. Good master Fitsgrave,
Through sorrow for the knight my father's death,
(Whose being was the perfection[3] of my joy
And crown of my desires), I cannot yet
But forcedly on marriage fix my heart:

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[1] Old ed. "them."
[2] "May be right: but qy. 'you wrong.'"—*Dyce.*
[3] Old ed. "perfections."

Yet heaven forbid I should deject your hopes!
Conceive not of me so uncharitably;
I should belie my soul if I should say
You are the man I never should affect.
I understand you thus far, you're a gentleman,
Whom your estate and virtues may commend[1]
To a far worthier breast than this of mine.
Fit. O cease! I dare not hear such blasphemy.
What is without you worthy I neglect;
In you is plac'd the worth that I respect.
Unequall'd[2] virgin, from your servant's arm
Vouchsafe this worthless favour [to] accept,—
The hallow'd beads, whereon I justly kept
The true and perfect number of my sighs.
[*Gives a chain of pearl.*
Kat. Mine cannot equal yours, yet in exchange
Accept and wear it for my sake. [*Gives a jewel.*
Fit. Even as my [life] I'll rate it.

---

[1] Old ed. "command."
[2] Old ed.:

"Vouchsafe vnequalld Virgin whereon I iustly kept,
Accept this worthlesse fauor from your seruants arme, the hallowed beades,
The true and perfect number of my sighs."

Dyce prints:

"Vouchsafe, unequall'd virgin [to] accept
This worthless favour from your servant's arm,
The hallow'd beads," &c.

but I have no doubt that "accept" was intended to rhyme with "kept." Middleton is fond of rhyming.

Enter GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, PRIMERO, *and* Boy, *at the farther door.*

Gol. Heart! Fitsgrave in such bosom single-loves?
Pur. So close and private with her!
Tai. Observe 'em; he grows proud and bold.
Fri. Why, was not this a general meeting?
Pri. By her own consent. Death, how I could taste his blood!
Kat. See, the gentlemen,
At my request, do all present themselves.
Gol. Manifold blisses wait on her desire,
Whose beauty and whose mind so many honour!
Kat. I take your wishes thankfully, kind gentlemen,
All here assembled, over whose long suits
I ne'er insulted;
Nor, like that common sickness of our sex,
Grew proud in the abundance of my suitors,
Or number of the days they sued unto me.
Dutiful sorrow for my father's death,
Not wilful coyness, hath my hours detain'd
So long in silence.
I'm left to mine own choice: so much the more
My care calls on me: if I err through love,
'Tis I must chide myself; I cannot shift
The fault unto my parents, they're at rest;
And I shall sooner err through love than wealth.
Gol. Good!
Pur. Excellent!
Tai. That likes me well.

Pri. Hope still.

Kat. And my affections do pronounce you all
Worthy their pure and most entire deserts:
Yet they can choose but one;
Nor do I dissuade any of his hopes,
Because my heart is not yet throughly fix'd
On marriage or the man,
But crave the quiet respite of one month,
The month unto this night; against which time
I do invite you all to that election,
Which, on my unstain'd faith and virgin promise,
Shall light amongst no strangers, but yourselves.
May this content you?

[*While she is speaking, the* Boy *steals from her the chain of pearl.*

All. Glad and content!

Kat. 'Tis a good time to leave;
Till then commend us to your gentlest thoughts. [*Exit.*

All. Enough.

Fit. Ough!

[*The gallants look scurvily upon* FITSGRAVE, *and he upon them. Exeunt* GOLDSTONE, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, *and* PRIMERO. *As* PURSENET *is going out, the* Boy *takes him into a corner.*

Boy. Hist, master, hist!

Pur. Boy, how now?

Boy. Look you, sir.

Pur. Her chain of pearl?

Boy. I sneckt it away finely.

Pur. Active boy,

Thy master's best revenue, his life and soul!
Thou keep'st 'em both together: whip, away.
[*Exit* Boy.
Fall back, fall belly, I must be maintained:
Hope is no purchase;[1]
Nor care I if I miss her. Why I rank
In this design with gallants, there's full cause;
Policy invites me to it:
'Tis not for love, or for her sake alone;
It keeps my state suspectless and unknown.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Fit. Their looks run through and through me, and the stings
Of their snake-hissing whispers pierc'd my hearing.
They're mad she grac'd me with one private minute
Above their fortunes: I've observed 'em often
Most spitefully aspécted toward my happiness,
Beyond all others; but the cause I know not.
A quiet month the virgin has enclos'd
Unto herself; suitors stand without till then:
In which space cunningly I'll wind myself
Into their bosoms. I've bethought the shape;
Some credulous scholar, easily infected
With fashion, time, and humour: unto such
Their deepest thoughts will, like to wanton fishes,
Play above water, and be all parts seen:
For since at me their envy pines, I'll see
Whether their lives from touch of blame sit free.
[*Exit.*

[1] A cant term for stolen property, *swag*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room in PRIMERO'S *House.*

Enter PRIMERO, *meeting* MISTRESS NEWCUT.

Pri. Mistress Newcut, welcome: here will be choice of gallants for you anon.

Mis. N. Is all clear? may I venture? am I not seen of the wicked.

Pri. Strange absurdity, that you should come into my house, and ask if you be not seen of the wicked! push![1] I take't unkindly, i'faith: what think you of my house? 'tis no such common receptacle.

Mis. N. Forgive me, sweet master Primero: I can be content to have my pleasure as much as another, but I must have a care of my credit; I would not be seen; anything else. My husband's at sea, and a woman shall have an ill report in this world, let her carry herself never so secretly; you know't, master Primero. And

---

[1] Pish!

what choice of gallants be they? will they be proper gentlemen, think you?

Pri. Nay, sure they are as proper as they will be already.

Mis. N. I must have choice, you know; I come for no gain, but for sheer pleasure and affection.

Pri. You see your old spy-hole yonder; take your stand, please your own eye. I'll work it so, the gallants shall present themselves before you, and in the most conspicuous fashion.

Mis. N. That's all I can desire—till better come. [*Aside.*]—Look you.

Pri. What mean you, lady?

Mis. N. A trifle, sir, to buy you silver spurs:
Good sir, accept it. [*Gives money, and retires.*

Pri. Silver spurs? a pretty emblem! mark it; all her gifts are about riding still: the other day she sent me boot-hose wrought in silk and gold; now silver spurs. Well, go thy ways, thou'rt as profitable a spirit as e'er lighted into my house.
Come, ladies, come, 'tis late; to music,—when?[1]

Enter Courtesans *and* Novice.

First C. You're best command us, sir!—Our pimp's grown proud.

Pri. To fools and strangers these are gentlewomen
Of sort and worship, knights' heirs, great in portions,
Boarded here for their music;

[1] An exclamation of impatience.

And oftentimes 'tas been so cunningly carried,
That I have had two stolen away at once,
And married at Savoy, and prov'd honest shopkeepers:
And I may safely swear they practis'd music;
They're natural at prick-song. A small mist
Will dazzle a fool's eye, and that's the world:
So I can thump my hand upon the table
With an austere grace, and cry one, two, and three,
Fret, stamp, and curse, foh, 'twill pass well for me!

Enter Boy.

How now, sirrah?

Boy. They're coming in, sir, and strangers in their company.

Pri. Tune apace, ladies.—Be ready for the song, sirrah.

Enter GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, FRIPPERY, TAILBY, FITSGRAVE *disguised, and* BUNGLER.

Gol. Nay, I beseech you, gallants, be more inward[1] with this gentleman;[2] his parts deserve it.

Pur. Whence comes he, sir?

Gol. Piping hot from the university; he smells of buttered loaves yet; an excellent scholar, but the arrantest ass! For this[3] our solicitor, he's a rare fellow five-and-forty mile hence, believe that: his friends are of the old

[1] Intimate.

[2] This and the four following words are given to Pursenet in the old ed.

[3] *i.e.* Bungler.

fashion, all in their graves; and now has he the leisure to follow all new fashions, ply the brothels, practise salutes and cringes.

Pur. O!

Gol. Now dear acquaintance,
I'll bring you to see fashions.

Fit. What house is this, sir?

Gol. O, of great name: here music is profess'd;
Here sometimes ladies practise, and the meanest,
Daughters to men of worship,
Whom gentlemen, such as ourselves, may visit,
Court, clip, and exercise our wits upon;
It is a profess'd courtesy.

Fit. A pretty recreation, i'faith!

Gol. I seldom saw so few here: you shall have 'em sometimes in every corner of the house, with their viols[1] betwixt their legs, and play the sweetest strokes; 'twould e'en filch your soul almost out of your bosom.

Fit. Pax on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university.

Gol. You have no such natural happiness: let's draw near.

Pri. Gentlemen, you are all most respectively[2] welcome.

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[1] See note 1, vol. ii. p. 257.

[2] "Respective" (in the sense of *respectful*) appears to have been regarded as an affected expression. Cf. second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, iii. 4:

"*Mar.* I give the noble Duke *respective* thanks.

Bal. Respective; truly a very pretty word. Indeed, Madam, I have the most respective fiddle; did you ever smell a more sweet sound?"

Gol. We are bold and insatiate suitors, sir, to the breath of your music, and the dear sight of those ladies.

Pri. And what our poor skill can invite you to,
You're kindly welcome: you must pardon 'em, gentlemen,
Virgins and bashful, besides new beginners:
'Tis not a whole month since they were first enter'd.

Gol. Seven year in my knowledge. [*Aside.*

Pri. They blush at their very lessons; they'll not endure
To hear of a stop, a prick, or a semiquaver.

First C. O, out upon you!

Pri. La, I tell you;—you'll bear me witness, gentlemen,
If their complaints come to their parents' ears,
They're words of art I teach 'em, nought but art.

Gol. Why, 'tis most certain.

Bun. For all scholars know that *musica est ars.*

All the C. O beastly word!

Pri. Look to the ladies, gentlemen.

Gol. Kiss again.

Pur. Come, another.

Tai. This [is] a good interim. [*Exit.*[1]

Pri. What have you done, sir?

Bun. Why, what have I done?

Pri. Saw you their stomachs queasy, and come with such gross meat?

Bun. Why, is't not Latin, sir?

Pri. Latin? why, then, let the next to't be Latin too.

Pur. So, enough.

Gol. Nay, I can assure you thus far, I that never knew

[1] "Is not marked in old ed.; but, as far as I understand the scene, it seems necessary."—*Dyce.*

the language have heard so much that *ars* is Latin for art; and it may well be too, for there's more art in't now-a-days than ever was.

Pri. Is't possible?
I'm sorry then I've followed it so far.

First C. A scholar call you him?

Pri. Music must not jar:
The offence is satisfied. Come, to the song;
Begin, sir.

[*The song: and he keeps time, shows several humours and moods: the* Boy *in his pocket nims away* FITSGRAVE'S *jewel here, and exit.*

Bun. Not a whole month since you were entered, ladies? 121

Fit. None that shall see their cunning will believe it. [*Aside.*

Pri. It is no affliction,[1] gentlemen.

Bun. I care not much, i'faith, if I write down to my father presently to send up my sister in all haste that I may place her here at this music-school.

Mis. N. [*peeping in.*] 'Slid, 'tis the fool my cousin! I would not for the value of three recreations he had seen me here.

Pri. How like you your new prize?

Fri. Pray, give me leave; 130
I have not yet sufficiently admir'd her.

Pri. My wits must not stand idle. 'Slife, he's in a sick trance!

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[1] "Qy. 'not a fiction.'"—*Dyce.*

Gol. A cheat or two among these mistresses
Would not be ill bestow'd; I affect none,
But for my prey: such are their affections,
I know it; how could drabs and cheaters live else?
Then since the world rolls on dissimulation,
I'll be the first dissembler. [*Aside.*

First C. Prithee, love, comfort, choice,
My only wish, in thee I am confin'd!
Deny me anything, a slight chain of pearl?

Pur. Nay, an't be but slight——

First C. Being denied,
I prize it slight; but given me by my love,
Light shall not be so dear unto my eye,
Mine eye unto the body, as the gift.

Pur. How have I power to deny this to you,
That command all? my fortunes are thy servants,
And thou the mistress both of them and me.
[*Gives her the chain.*

First C. The truest that e'er breath'd!

Gol. To a gentleman
That thus so long and so [1] sincerely lov'd you
As I myself, ne'er was less pity shown.

Sec. C. Why, I never was held cruel.

Gol. But to me.

Sec. C. Nor to you.

Gol. Go to, 't'as scar'd you much.

Sec. C. I'm sorry your conceit is so unkind
To think me so.

---

[1] Old ed. "*has* so."

Gol. When had I other argument?
I've often tender'd you my love and service,
And that in no mean fashion;
Yet were you never[1] that requiteful mistress
That grac'd me with one favour;
'Slight, not so much as such a pretty ring;
Pax on't, 't'as almost broke my heart. [*Takes off her ring.*
Sec. C. Has took it off:—'Sfoot, master Goldstone![2]
Gol. Nay, where a man loves most, there to be scanted!
Sec. C. My ring, come, come——
Gol. What reckon I a satin gown or two,
If she were wise?
Sec. C. Life! my ring, sir, come——
Gol. Have you the face, i'faith?
Sec. C. Give me my ring.
Gol. Prithee, hence; by this light you get none on't.
Sec. C. How?
Gol. I hold your favours of more pure esteem
Than to part from 'em; faith, I do, howe'er
You think of me.
Sec. C. Push, pray, sir——
Gol. Hark you, go to;
You've lost much by unkindness; go your ways.
Sec. C. 'Sfoot!
Gol. But yet there's no time past; you may redeem it.
Sec. C. Come, I cannot miss[3] it, i' faith; beside, the gentleman that bestowed it on me swore to me it cost him twenty nobles.

[1] Old ed. "nere."
[2] Old ed. "Bouser" (Fitsgrave's assumed name).
[3] Lose.

Gol. Twenty nobles? pox of twenty nobles!
But you must cost me more, you pretty villain:
Ah, you little rogue!
Sec. C. Come, come, I know you're but in jest.
Gol. In jest? no, you shall see.
Sec. C. No way will get it:
As good give it him now, and hope for somewhat. [*Aside.*
Gol. True love made jest!
Sec. C. I did but try thy faith,
How fast thou'dst hold it. Now I see a woman
May venture worthy favours to thy trust,
And have 'em truly kept; and I protest,
Had I drawn't from thee, I should ne'er ha' lov'd thee;
I know that.
Gol. 'Sfoot, I was ne'er so wrongèd in my life!
Think you I'm in jest with you? what, with my love?
I could find lighter subjects you shall see;
And time will show how much you injure me.
Sec. C. The ring, were it thrice worth, I freely give,
For I know you'll requite it.
Gol. Will I live?
Sec. C. Enough.
Gol. Why, this was well come off now:
Where's my old serving-man? not yet return'd?
O, here he peeps. [*Aside.*

Enter FULK.

Now, sirrah?
Fulk. May it please your worship—they're done artificially, i'faith, boy.

Gol. Both the great beakers?

Fulk. Both, lad.

Gol. Just the same size?

Fulk. Ay, and the marks as just.

Gol. So, fall off respectively now.

Fulk. My lord desires your worship of all love——

Gol. His lordship must hold me excused till morning; I'll not break company to-night. Where sup we, gallants? 212

Pur. At Mermaid.[1]

Gol. Sup there who list, I have forsworn the house.

Fulk. For the truth is, this plot must take effect at Mitre.[2] [*Aside and exit.*

Pur.[3] Faith, I'm indifferent.

Bun. So are we, gentlemen.

Pur. Name the place, master Goldstone.

Gol. Why, the Mitre, in my mind, for neat attendance, diligent boys, and—push! excels[4] it far. 221

All. Agreed, the Mitre then.

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[1] This famous tavern was situated between Bread Street and Friday Street, in Cheapside. See Mr. H. B. Wheatley's note on Norden's *Map of London* (prefixed to the reprint of Harrison's *Description of England* in the New Sh. Society's Publications). There was another tavern of the same name in Cornhill. Dyce's note on the present passage is wrong, but the mistake is corrected in his *Beaumont and Fletcher*, iv. 129.

[2] Originally situated in Cheapside (Bread Street); afterwards moved to Fleet Street.

[3] The old ed. makes Goldstone the speaker, but he has just said that he has "forsworn" the Mermaid.

[4] Perhaps Middleton's animus against the Mermaid is to be explained by the fact that it was Ben Jonson's favourite resort. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Middleton was a "base fellow."

Pur.[1] Boy—some goodness toward: the boy's whipt away. [*Aside.*

Fit. The jewel, heart, the jewel!

Gol. How now, sir? what mov'd you?

Fit. Nothing, sir;
A spice of poetry, a kind a' fury,
A disease runs among scholars.

Gol. Mass, it made you stamp.

Fit. Whew,
'Twill make some stamp and stare, make a strange noise,
Curse, swear, beat tire-men,[2] and kick players' boys;
The effects are very fearful.

Pur. Bless me from't!

Fit. O, you need not fear it, sir.—Hell of this luck!

Gol. Hark, he's at it again!

Pur. Some pageant-plot, or some device for the tilt-yard:
Disturb him not.

Fit. How can I gain her love,
When I have lost her favour? [*Aside.*

Gol. What money hast about thee? Look[3] you, sir, I must be fain to pawn a fair stone here for ordinary expenses: a pox of my tenants! I give 'em twenty days after the quarter, and they cut out forty.

Fri. Why, you might take the forfeiture of their leases then.

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[1] Old ed. "All."

[2] Dressers at the theatre. Cf. the stage-direction to the Induction of the *Malcontent*:—"Enter W. Sly, a *tireman* following him with a stool."

[3] The rest of this speech is given to Pursenet in the old ed.

Gol. I know I might; but what's their course? The rogues comes me up all together, with geese and capons, and petitions in pigs' snouts, which would move any man, i'faith, were his stomach ne'er so great; and to see how pitifully the pullen[1] will look, it makes me after relent, and turn my anger into a quick fire to roast 'em—nay, touch't and spare it not.

Fri. 'Tis right: well, what does your worship borrow of this, sir?

Gol. The stone's twenty nobles.

Fri. Nay, hardly.

Gol. As I am a right gentleman.

Fri. It comes near it indeed: well, here's five pound in gold upon't.

Gol. 'Twill serve; and the ring safe and secret?

Fri. As a virgin's.

Gol. I wish no higher.—What, gallants, are you constant?
Does the place hold?

All. The Mitre.

Gol. Sir, in regard of our continued boldness and trouble, which love to your music hath made us guilty of, shall we entreat your worship's company, with these sweet ladies, your professed scholars, to take part of a poor supper with myself and these gentlemen at the Mitre?

Fri. Pray, master Primero——

Pur. I beseech you, sir, let it be so.

Pri. O, pardon me, sweet gentlemen; the world's apt

[1] Poultry.

to censure. I have the charge of them, they're left in trust, they're virgins: and I dare not hazard their fames; the least touch mars 'em: and what would their right worshipful parents think, if the report should fly to them, that they were seen with gentlemen in a tavern?

Gol. All this may be prevented: what serves your coach for?

They may come coach'd and mask'd.

Pri. You put me to't, sir;

Yet I must say again, I fear the drawers

And vintner's boys will be familiar with them,

And think 'em mistresses.

Pur. There are those places where respect seems slighter;

More censure[1] is belonging to the Mitre?

You know that, sir.

Pri. Gentlemen, you prevail.

Gol. We'll all expect you there.

Pri. And we'll not fail.

Fri. The devil will ne'er dissemble with them so,

As you for them.

Gol. Come, sir.

Fri. What else? let's go.

[*Exeunt all except* PRIMERO, Courtesans, *and* Novice.

Re-enter TAILBY.

Pri. How cheer you, sir?

Tai. Faith, like the moon, more bright,

[1] "More censure" = better opinion.

Decreas'd in body, but re-made in light;
Here thou shalt share some of my brightness with me.
Pri. By my faith, they're comfortable beams, sir.
First C. Come,
Where have you spent the time now from my sight?
I'm jealous of thy action.
Tai. Push! I did but walk
A turn or two in the garden.
First C. What made you there?[1]
Tai. Nothing but cropt a flower.
First C. Some woman's honour, I believe.
Tai. Foh! is this a woman's honour?
First C. Much about one,
When both are pluck'd, their sweetness is soon gone.
Tai. Prithee, be true to me.
First C. When did I fail?
Tai. Yet I am ever doubtful that you[2] sin.
First C. I do account the world but as my spoil,
To adorn thee:
My love is artificial to all others,
But purity to thee. Dost thou want gold?
Here, take this chain of pearl, supply thyself:
Be thou but constant, firm, and just to me,
Rich heirs shall want ere want come near to thee.
Tai. Upon thy lip I seal sincerity.
[*Exit* First Courtesan.
Sec. C. Was this your vow to me?
Tai. Pox, what's a kiss to be quite rid of her?

---

[1] What business had you there?
[2] Old ed. "your."

She's su'd so long, I was asham'd of her:
'Twas but her cheek I kiss'd neither, to save her longing.
Sec. C. 'Tis not a kiss I weigh.
Tai. Had you weigh'd this,
'T'ad lack'd above five ounces of a true one;
No kiss that e'er weigh'd lighter.
Sec. C. 'Tis thy love that I suspect.
Tai. My love? why, by this—what shall I swear by?
Sec. C. Swear by this jewel; keep thy oath, keep that.
Tai. By this jewel, then, no creature can be perfect
In my love but thy dear self.
Sec. C. I rest [content]. [*Exit.*
Tai. Ha, ha, ha! let's laugh at 'em, sweet soul.
Nov. Ay, they may laugh at me;
I was a novice, and believ'd your oaths.
Tai. Why, what do you think of me? make I no difference
'Tween[1] seven years' prostitution and seven days?
Why, you're but in the wane of a maid yet.
You wrong my health in thinking I love them:
Do not I know their populous[2] imperfections?
Why, they cannot live till Easter, let 'em show
The fairest side to th' world, like hundreds more,
Whose clothes
E'en stand upright in silver, when their bodie[s]

[1] Old ed. "Turne." [2] Teeming, abundant.

Are ready to drop through 'em; such there be;
They may deceive the world, they ne'er shall me.
Nov. Forgive my doubts;
And for some satisfaction wear this ring,
From which I vow'd ne'er but to thee to part.
Tai. With [1] which thou ever bind'st me to thy heart.
[*Exit* Novice.
[*singing*] *O, the parting of us twain* 340
Hath caus'd me mickle pain!
And I shall ne'er be married
Until I see my muggle again.
Mis. N. [*peeping in.*] Hist!
Pri. Ha?
Mis. N. The nimble gentleman, in the celestial stockings——
Pri. Has the best smock-fortune to be beloved of women.—Valle loo lo, lille lo lillo, valle loo lee lo lillo! 350
Tai. Valle loo lo, lille [lo] lillo, valle loo lee lo lillo! [1]
Mis. N. Ah, sweet gentleman, he keeps it up stately!
[*Aside.*
Pri. Well held, i'faith, sir: mass, and now I remember

---

[1] "After this line the old ed. has '*Exeunt.*
Enter Fitsgraue.
Fitsg. My pocket pickt,' &c.;
and after his conversation with the servant and *exit* (no new scene being marked),
'*Taylb.* Oh the parting of vs twaine, *Enter Whore Gal.*
Hath causde me mickle paine,' &c.
But the scene between Fitsgrave and the servant intervenes here so awkwardly, that I have ventured to make a transposition.' —*Dyce.*

too, I think you ne'er saw my little banqueting box above since I altered it.

Tai. Why, have you altered that?

Pri. O, divinely, sir! the pictures are all new run over again.

Tai. Fie!

Pri. For what had the painter done, think you? drew me Venus naked, which is the grace of a man's room, you know; and, when he had done, drew a number of oaken leaves before her: had not lawn been a hundred times softer, made a better show, and been more gentlewoman-like?

Tai. More lady-like a great deal.

Pri. Come, you shall see how 'tis altered now; I do not think but you'll like her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter FITSGRAVE.[1]

Fit. My pocket pick'd? this was no brothel-house!
A music-school? damnation has fine shapes:
I paid enough for the song, I've lost a jewel
To me more precious than their souls to them
That gave consent to filch it. I'll hunt hard,
Waste time and money, trace and wheel about,
But I will find these secret mischiefs out.

[1] See note on the previous page.

Enter Servant.

How now? what's he?
O, a servant to my love: being thus disguis'd,
I'll learn some news. [*Aside.*]—Now, sir? you belong to me.

Ser. I do, sir; but I cannot stay to say so: nay, good sir, detain me not; I am going in all haste to inquire or lay wait for a chain of pearl, nimmed out of her pocket the fifth of November, a dismal day.

Fit. Ha! a chain of pearl, sayst thou?

Ser. A chain of pearl, sir, which one master Fitsgrave, a gentleman and a suitor, fastened upon her as a pledge of his love.

Fit. Ha!

Ser. Urge me no more, I have no more to say; Your friend, Jeronimo Bedlam. [*Exit.*

Fit. Thou'rt a mad fellow indeed.
Some comfort yet, that hers is missing too;
I feel my soul at much more ease: both stoln![1]
When griefs have partners they are better borne.
[*Exit.*

[1] Dyce suggests "lorn" (*i.e.* lost)—for the sake of the rhyme.

SCENE III.[1]

A Room in the Mitre.

Where are discovered PRIMERO, Courtesans, Novice, GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, FRIPPERY, TAILBY, BUNGLER, FULK, ARTHUR, Boy, *and* Servant.

Pri. Where be your liveries?

First C. They attend without.

Pri. Go, call the coach. [*Exit* Servant.]—Gentlemen, you have excelled in kindness as we in boldness.

Tai. So you think amiss, sir.

Gol. Kind ladies, we commit you to sweet dreams,
Ourselves unto the fortune of the dice.—
Dice, ho! [*Exit* PRIMERO.

First C. You rest firm mine?

Tai. E'en all my soul to thee.
[*Exit* First Courtesan.

Sec. C. You keep your vows?

Tai. Why, do I breathe or see?
[*Exit* Sec. Courtesan.

Nov. Is your love constant?

Tai. Ay, to none but thee. [*Exit* Novice.
Now gone, ay, now I love nor them nor thee; 11
'Slife, I should be cloy'd, should I love one in three.

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[1] See note, p. 159. The stage-direction in the old ed. is "*Enter all at once.*"

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Pur. O, here's master Bouser now.

Fit. Save you, sweet gentlemen.

Tai. Sweet master Bouser, welcome.

Pur. When come these dice?

[*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Pur. Yet anon, anon, sir!

Gol. Hast thou shown art in 'em?

Fulk. You shall be judge, sir; here be the tavern-beakers, and here peep out the fine alchemy[1] knaves, looking like, well, sir, most of our gallants, that seem what they are not.

Gol. Peace, villain, am not I in presence?

Fulk. Why, that puts me in mind of the jest, sir.

Gol. Again, you chatterer?[2]

Fulk. Nay, compare 'em, and spare 'em not.

Gol. The bigness of the bore, just the same size; the marks, no difference. Away, put money in thy pocket, and offer to draw in upon the least occasion.

Fulk. I am no babe, sir.

Gol. Hist!

Fulk. What's the matter now?

Gol. Give me a pair of false dice ere you go.

Fulk. Pax on't, you're so troublesome too, you cannot remember a thing before! If I stay a little longer, I shall be staid anon.

---

[1] *Alchemy* (otherwise *alcamyne* or *occamy*) was the name of a base compound metal.

[2] So Dyce for old ed.'s "quarter her."

Enter Vintner.

Vin. Here be dice for your worships.

Pur. Oh, come, come!

Gol. The vintner himself?

I'll shift away these beakers by a slight. [*Aside.*

Vin. Master Goldstone——

Gol. How now, you conjuring rascal?

Vin. Bless your good worship; you're in humours, methinks.

Gol. Humours? say that again.

Vin. I said no such word, sir.—Would I had my beakers out on's fingers! [*Aside.*

Gol. What's thy name, vintner?

Vin. Jack, and please your worship.

Gol. Turn knight, like thy companions, scoundrel, live upon usury, wear thy gilt spurs at thy girdle for fear of slubbering.[1]

Vin. Oh no, I hope I shall have more grace than so, sir! Pray, let me help your worship.

Gol. Cannot I push 'em together without your help?

Vin. O, I beseech your worship! they're the two standards of my house.

Gol. Standards? there lie your standards.

Vin. Good your worship.—I am glad they are out of his fingers: my wife shall lock 'em up presently; they shall see no sun this twelvemonth's day for this trick. [*Aside.*

[1] Here Goldstone "by a slight" filches the beakers and puts the "alchemy knaves" in their place.

Gol. Let me come to the sight of your standards again.

Vin. Your worship shall pardon me.—Now you shall not see 'em in haste, I warrant ye. [*Aside.*

Gol. I do not desire't. Ha, ha!

[*Exit* Vintner *with beakers.*

Fit. Why, master Goldstone!

Gol. I am for you, gallants.—Master Bouser, cry you mercy, sir: why supped you from us?

Fit. Faith, sir, I met with a couple of my fellow-pupils at university, and so we renewed our acquaintance and supped together.

Gol. Fie, that's none of the newest fashion, I must tell you that, master Bouser: you must never take acquaintance of any 'a th' university when you are at London; nor any of London when you're at university: you must be more forgetful, i'faith; every place ministers his acquaintance abundantly.

Bun. He tells you true, sir.

Gol. I warrant you here's a gentleman will ne'er commit such an absurdity.

Bun. Who, I? no: 'tis well known, if I be disposed, I'll forget any man in a seven-night, and yet look him in the face: nay, let him ride but ten mile from me, and come home again, it shall be at my choice whether I'll remember him or no: I have tried that.

Gol. This is strange, sir.

Bun. 'Tis as a man gives his mind to't sir: and now you bring me in, I remember 'twas once my fortune to be cozened of all my clothes, and with my clothes my

money; a poor shepherd, pitying me, took me in and relieved me.

Gol. 'Twas kindly done of him, i'faith.

Bun. Nay, you shall see now: 'twas his fortune likewise, not long after, to come to me in much distress, i'faith, and with weeping eyes; and do you think I remembered him?

Gol. You could not choose.

Bun. By my troth, not I; I forgot him quite, and never remembered him to this hour.

Gol. And yet knew who he was?

Bun. As well as I know you, i'faith: 'tis a gift given to some above others.

Fit.[1] To fools and knaves; they never miss on't. [*Aside.*

Bun. Does any make such a wonder at this? why, alas! 'tis nothing to forget others! what say you to those that forget themselves?

Gol. Nay, then, to dice:—come, set me, gallants, set.

Fri. Ay, fall to't, gentlemen,
I shall hear some news from some of you anon:
I've th' art to know which lose, and ne'er look on.
I'll be ready with all the worst money I can find about me. [*Aside.*]—Arthur!

Ar. Here, sir.

Fri. Stand ready.

Ar. Fear not me, sir.

Gol. These are mine, sir.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Gold.*"

Fri. Here's a washed angel;
It shall away: here's mistress rose-noble [1]
Has lost her maidenhead, crack'd in the ring;[2]
She's good enough for gamesters,[3] and to pass
From man to man: for gold presents at dice
Your harlot, in one hour won and lost thrice;
Every man has a fling at her.

Tai. Again? pax of these dice!

Bun. 'Tis ill to curse the dead, sir.

Tai.[4] Mew, where should I wish the pox but among bones?

Fit. He tells you right, sir.

Tai. I ne'er have any luck at these odd hands:
None here to make us six? why, master Frip!

Fri. I am very well here, I thank you, sir: I had rather be telling my money myself than have others count it for me; 'tis the scurviest music in the world, methinks, to hear my money gingle in other men's pockets; I never had any mind to't, i'faith.

Tai. 'Slud, play six or play four, I'll play no more.

Gol. 'Sfoot, you see there's none here to draw in.

Fulk. Rather than you should be destitute, gentlemen,

---

[1] A gold coin (worth 16*s.*) so called because it was stamped with a rose.

[2] "The gold coin of our ancestors was very thin, and therefore liable to crack. It still, however, continued passable until the crack extended beyond the *ring*, *i.e.* beyond the inmost round which circumscribed the inscription, when it became *uncurrent*, and might be legally refused."—*Gifford.*

[3] *Gamester* = (1) wencher, (2) gambler.

[4] Old ed. "*Purs.*"

I'll play my ten pound, if my master's worship will give me leave.

Pur. Come.

Tai. He shall, he shall.

Gol. Pray, excuse me, gentlemen.—'Sfoot, how now, goodman rascal? what! because you served my grandfather when he went ambassador, and got some ten pound by th' hand, has that put such spirit in you to offer to draw in among gentlemen of worship, knave?

Tai. Pray, sir, let's entreat so much for once.

Pur. 'Tis a usual grace, i'faith, sir;
You've many gentlemen will play with their men.

Bun. Ay, and with their maids too, i'faith.

Pur. Good sir, give him leave.

Gol. Yes, come, and you be weary on't; I pray draw near, sir.

Fulk. Not so, sir.

Tai. Come, fool, fear nothing; I warrant 't ye has given thee leave: stand here by me.—Come now, set round, gentlemen, set.

Pur. How the poor fellow shakes!—Throw lustily, man.

Fulk. At all, gentlemen!

Tai. Well said, i'faith.

Pur. They're all thine.[1]

Tai. By my troth, I am glad the fellow has such luck, 'twill encourage him well.

Fulk. At my master's worship alone!

---

[1] Old ed. "mine."

Gol. Now, sir slave?

Fulk. At my master's worship alone!

Gol. So, saucy rascal!

Fulk. At my master's worship alone!

Gol. You're a rogue, and will be ever[1] one!

Fulk. By my troth, gentlemen, at all again for once!

Tai. Take 'em to thee, boy, take 'em to thee; thou'rt worthy of 'em, i'faith.

Gol. Gentlemen, faith I am angry with you: go and suborn my knave again[2] me here, to make him proud and peremptory!

Tai. Troth, that's but your conceit, sir; the fellow's an honest fellow, and knows his duty, I dare swear for him.

Pur. Heart, I am sick already!

Gol. Whither goes master [Pursenet]?

Pur. Play on; I'll take my turn, sir.—Boy.

Boy. Master?

Pur. Pist! a supply;—carry't closely, my little fooker,—how much?

Boy. Three pound, sir.

Pur. Good boy! take out another lesson.—How now, gentlemen?

Tai. Devil's in't, did you e'er see such a hand?

Pur. I set you these three angels.

Boy. My master may set high, for all his stakes are drawn out of other men's pockets. [*Aside.*

Fulk. As I said, gentlemen.

---

[1] Old ed. "will be ever be." [2] Against.

Pur. Deuce ace!

Fulk. At all your right worshipful worships!

Pur. &c.[1] Death and vengeance!

Gol. Hell, darkness!

Tai. Hold, sir.

Pur. Master Goldstone——

Gol. Hinder me not, sweet gentlemen.—You rascal, I banish thee the board.

Tai. I'faith, but you shall not, sir.

Gol. Touch a die, and thou darest! come you in with your lousy ten pound, you slave, among gentlemen of worship, and win thirty at a hand?

Tai. Why, will you kick again luck, sir?

Bun. As long as the poor fellow ventures the loss of his own money, who can be offended at his fortunes?

Fulk. I have a master here! many a gentleman would be glad to see his man come forward, aha.

Pur. Pray, be persuaded, sir.

Gol. 'Slife, here's none cuts my throat in play but he; I have observ'd it, an unlucky slave 'tis.

Bun. Methinks his luck's good enough, sir.

Gol. Upon condition, gentlemen, that I may ever bar him from the board hereafter, I am content to wink at him.

Pur. Faith, use your own pleasure hereafter; has won our money now.—Come to th' table, sir; your master's friends with you.

Fulk. Pray, gentlemen——

---

[1] Old ed. "*All.*"

Tai. The fiend's in't, I think: I left a fair chain of pearl at my lodging too, like an ass, and ne'er remembered it; that would ha' been a good pawn now.—Speak, what do you lend upon these, master Frip? [*Offering his weapons, with girdle and hangers.*] I care not much if you take my beaver hat too, for I perceive 'tis dark enough already, and it does but trouble me here.

Fri. Very well, sir; why, now I can lend you three pound, sir.

Tai. Prithee, do't quickly then.

Fri. There 'tis in six angels.

Tai. Very compendiously.

Fri. Here, Arthur, run away with these presently; I'll enter 'em into th' shop-book to morrow. [*Exit* ARTHUR *with weapons, &c.*] [*Writing.*] *Item, one gilt hatcht*[1] *rapier and dagger, with a fair embroidered girdle and hangers,*[2] *with which came also a beaver hat with a correspondent band.*

Tai. Push! i'faith, sir, you're to blame; you have snibbed[3] the poor fellow too much; he can scarce speak, he cleaves his words with sobbing.

Fulk. Haff, haff, haff, haff at all, gentlemen.

Gol. Ah, rogue, I'll make you know yourself!

Fulk. At the fairest!

Pur. Out, i'faith! two aces.

Gol. I am glad of that; come, pay me all these, goodman cloak-bag.

Pur. Why, are you the fairest, sir?

---

[1] Engraved. [2] See note 4, p. 138. [3] Snubbed.

Gol. You need not doubt of that, sir.—Five angels, you scoundrel!

[*Tai.*] Fie a' these dice! not one hand to-night!—There they go, gentlemen, at all, i'faith!

Pur. Pay all with two treys and a quater.

Tai. All curses follow 'em! pay yourselves withal.—I'll pawn myself to't, but I'll see a hand to-night: not once hold in!—Here, master Frip, lend me your hand, quick, quick; so. [*Taking off his doublet.*

Fri. What do you borrow of this doublet now? 261

Tai. Ne'er saw the world three days.

Fri. Go to; in regard you're a continual customer I'll use you well, and pleasure you with five angels upon't.

Tai. Let me not stand too long i' th' cold for them.

Bun. Had ever country gentleman such fortune? All swoopt away! I'd need repair to th' broker's.

Tai. If you be in that mind, sir, there sits a gentleman will furnish you upon any pawn as well as the publickst broker of 'em all. 272

Bun. Say you so, sir? there's comfort in that, i'faith.

Fri. [*writing.*] *Item, upon his orange-tawny satin doublet, five angels.*

Bun. But, by your leave, sir, next comes the breeches.

Fri. O, I have tongue fit for anything.

Bun. Saving your tale, sir; 'tis given me to understand that you are a gentleman i' th' hundred, and deal in the premises aforesaid. 281

Fri. Master Bungler, master Bungler, you're mightily mistook: I am content to do a gentleman a pleasure for once, so his pawn be neat and sufficient.

Bun. Why, what say you to my grandfather's seal-ring here?

Fri. Ay, marry, sir, this is somewhat like.

Bun. Nay, view it well; an ancient arms, I can tell you.

Fri. What's this, sir?

Bun. The great cod-piece, with nothing in't.

Fri. How!

Bun. The word about it, *Parturiunt montes.*

Fri. What's that, I pray, sir?

Bun. *You promise to mount us.*

Fri. And belike he was not so good as his word?

Bun. So it should seem by the story, for so our names came to be Bunglers.

Fri. A lamentable hearing, that so great a house should shrink and fall to ruin!

Pur. Two quaters, and yet lose it? heart!—Boy!—i'faith, what is't?

Boy. Five pound, sir.

Pur. By my troth, this boy goes forward well; ye shall see him come to his preferment i' th' end!

Gol. Why, how now? who's that, gentlemen? a barge-man?

Tai. I never have any luck, gallants, till my doublet's off; I'm not half nimble enough. At this old cinque-quater drivel-beard!

Gol.[1] Your worship must pay me all these, sir.

Tai. There, and feast the devil with 'em!

Pur. Hell gnaw these dice!

Gol. What, do you give over, gallants?

Fit.[2] Is't not time?

Tai. I protest I have but one angel left to guide me home to my lodging.

Gol. How much, thinkest?

Fulk. Some fourscore angels, sir.

Gol. Peace, we'll join powers anon, and see how strong we are in the whole number. Mass, yon gilt goblet stands so full in mine eye, the whorson tempts me; it comes like cheese after a great feast, to digest[3] the rest: he will hardly 'scape me, i'faith, I see that by him already: back for a parting blow now.—Boy!

Re-enter Vintner.

Vin. Anon, anon, sir.

Gol. Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.

Vin. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Tai. Nay, had not I strange casting? thrice together two quaters and a deuce!

Pur. Why, was not I as often haunted with two treys and a quater?

---

[1] "Old ed. '*Purs.*,' which the next speech of Pursenet shows to be wrong; but perhaps the prefix should be '*Fulk.*'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Old ed. "*Fulk.*"

[3] The old form of *digest.*

Re-enter Vintner.

Vin. There's wax for your worship.—Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Gol. Screen me a little, you whorson old cross-biter.[1]

Fulk. Why, what's the business? filch it on hob goblet!

Pur. And what has master Bouser lost?

Fit. Faith, not very deeply, sir; enough for a scholar, some half a score royals.

Pur. 'Sfoot, I have lost as many with spurs[2] at their heels.

Re-enter Vintner *with two* Drawers.

Gol. Come, gallants, shall we stumble?

Tai. What's a' clock?

First D. Here's none on't, Dick; the goblet's carried down.

Gol. Nay, 'tis upon the point of three, boy.

Sec. D. What's[3] to be done, sirs?

Vin. All's paid, and your worships are welcome; only there's a goblet missing, gentlemen, and cannot be found about house.

Gol. How, a goblet?

Pur. What manner a' one?

Vin. A gilt goblet, sir, of an indifferent size.

---

[1] Cheater.

[2] Spur-royals = gold coins worth 15*s.*

[3] Old ed. "Drawer, what's to be done, sirs?" (printed as part of Goldstone's speech).

Gol. 'Sfoot, I saw such a one lately.

Vin. It cannot be found now, sir.

Gol. Came there no strangers here?

Vin. No, sir.

Gol. 'Tis[1] a marvellous matter, that a goblet should be gone, and none but we in the room; the loss is near all,[2] here as we are; keep the door, vintner.

Vin. No, I beseech your worship.

Gol. By my troth, vintner, we'll have a privy search for this. What! we are not all one woman's children.

Vin. I beseech ye, gentlemen, have not that conceit of me, that I suspect your worships.

Gol. Tut, you are an ass; do you know every man's nature? there's a broker i' th' company.

Pur. 'Slife, you have not stole the goblet, boy, have you?

Boy. Not I, sir.

Pur. I was afraid.—'Tis a good cause, i'faith, let each man search his fellow: we'll begin with you.

Tai. I shall save somebody a labour, gentlemen, for I'm half searched already.

Pur. I thought the goblet had hung here, i'faith; none here, nor here.

Gol. Seek about floor.—What was the goblet worth, vintner?

Vin. Three pound ten shillings, sir; no more.

Gol. Pox on't, gentlemen, 'tis but angels apiece: it

---

[1] Old ed. "This."

[2] "*i.e.* touches all nearly—if, indeed, that be the right reading. Old ed. 'meere *all*.'"—*Dyce.*

shall be a brace of mine, rather than I would have our reputations breathed upon by all comers; for you must think they'll talk on't in all companies—such a night, in such a company, such a goblet: 'sfoot, it may grow to a gangrene in our credits, and be incurable.

Tai. Faith, I am content.

Fri. So am I.

Pur. There's my angel too.

Gol. So, and mine.—I'll tell thee what, the missing of this goblet has dismayed the gentlemen much.

Vin. I am sorry for that, sir.

Gol. Yet they send thee this comfort by me; if they see thee but rest satisfied, and depart away contented, which will appear in thy countenance, not three times thrice the worth of the goblet shall hang between them and thee, both in their continual custom and all their acquaintances'.

Vin. I thank their worships all; I am satisfied.

Gol. Say it again.—Do you hear, gentlemen?

Vin. I thank your worships all; I am satisfied.

[*Exeunt* Vintner *and* Drawers.

Gol. Why, la, was not this better than hazarding our reputations upon trifles, and in such public as a tavern, such a questionable place?

Tai. True.

Pur. Faith, it was well thought on.

[*Gol.*] Nay, keep your way, gentlemen: I have sworn, master Bouser, I will be last, i'faith. [*Exeunt all except* GOLDSTONE *and* FULK.]—Rascal, the goblet!

Fulk. Where, sir?
Gol. Peep yon,[1] sir, under.
Fulk. Here, sir.
[*He draws out the goblet.—Exeunt.*

[1] Yonder.

ACT III.[1]

SCENE I.

A Room in TAILBY'S *Lodging.*

Enter TAILBY *reading a letter.*

Tai. [*reads.*] *My husband is rode from home: make no delay; I know, if your will be as free as your horse, you will see me yet ere dinner. From Kingston, this eleventh of November.*—Hah! these women are such creatures, such importunate, sweet souls, they'll scarce give a man leave to be ready;[2] that's their only fault, i'faith: if they be once set upon a thing, why, there's no removing of 'em, till their pretty wills be fulfilled. O, pity thy poor oppressed client here, sweet Cupid, that has scarce six hours' vacation in a month, his causes hang in so many courts! yet never suffer my French[3] adversary, nor his big swoln confederates, to overthrow me,
Who without mercy would my blood carouse,
And lay me in prison in a doctor's house.
Thy clemency, great Cupid!—Peace, who comes here?

[1] Old ed. "Actus 4." [2] Dress. [3] Morbus Gallicus.

Enter PURSENET.

Pur. Sir gallant, well encountered.

Tai. I both salute and take my leave together.

Pur. Why, whither so fast, sir?

Tai. Excuse me, pray; I'm in a little haste;
My horse waits for me.

Pur. What, some journey toward?

Tai. A light one, i'faith, sir.

Pur. I'm sorry that my business so commands me,
I cannot ride with you; but I make no question
You have company enough.

Tai. Alas! not any!—nor do I desire it.— [*Aside.*
Why, 'tis but a Kingston yonder.

Pur. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Tai. 'Scape but one reach, there's little danger thither.

Pur. True, a little of Combe Park.[1]

Tai. You've nam'd the place, sir; that's all I fear, i'faith.

Pur. Farewell, sweet master Tailby. [*Exit* TAILBY.
This fell out happily;
I'll call this purchase[2] mine before I greet him;
E'en where his fear lies most, there will I meet him.
[*Exit.*

---

[1] Combe Park, in the parish of Kingston-on-Thames, was infested by highwaymen. At the end of the last century it was the favourite hunting-ground of the notorious Jerry Abershaw. In Fleming's translation of Caius' treatise *Of English Dogs*, 1576, it is described as "a perilous bottom compassed about with woods; too well known for the manifold murders and mischievous robberies there committed."

[2] See note, p. 143.

SCENE II.[1]

Combe Park.

Enter PURSENET *with a scarf over his face, and* Boy.

Pur. Boy.

Boy. Sir?

Pur. Walk my horse behind yon thicket; give a word if you descry.

Boy. I have all perfect, sir. [*Exit.*

Pur. So; he cannot now be long. What with my boy's dexterity at ordinaries, and my gelding's celerity over hedge and ditch, but we make pretty shift to rub out a gallant; for I have learnt these principles:

Stoop thou to th' world, 'twill on thy bosom tread;
It stoops to thee, if thou advance thy head.
The mind being far more excellent than fate,
'Tis fit our mind then be above our state.
Why should I write my extremities in my brow,
To make them loathe me that respect me now?
If every man were in his courses known,
Legs that now honour him might spurn him down.

To conclude, nothing seems as it is but honesty, and that makes it so little regarded amongst us.

Boy [*within.*] Ela, ha, ho!

Pur. The boy?

He's hard at hand; I'll cross him suddenly:
And here he comes.—

[1] In the old ed. a new scene is not marked.

Enter TAILBY.

Stand!

Tai. Ha!

Pur. Deliver your purse, sir.

Tai. I feared none but this place, i'faith; nay, when my mind gives me a thing once——

Pur. Quick, quick, sir, quick;
I must despatch three robberies yet ere night.

Tai. I'm glad you have such good doings, by my troth, sir.

Pur. You'll fare ne'er a whit the better for your flattery,
I warrant you, sir.

Tai. I speak sincerely; 'tis pity such a proper-parted gentleman should want; nor shall you, as long as I have't about me. [PURSENET *rifles his pockets.*] Nay, search and spare not: there's a purse in my left pocket, as I take it, with fifteen pound in gold in't, and there's a fair chain of pearl in the other: nay, I'll deal truly with you; it grieves me i'faith, when I see such goodly men in distress; I'll rather want it myself than they should go without it.

Pur. And that shows a good nature, sir.

Tai. Nay, though I say it, I have been always accounted a man of a good nature; I might have hanged myself ere this time else. Pray, use me like a gentleman; take all, but injury[1] not my body.

[1] Injure. Cf. 1 *Tamburlaine*, i. 1 :—

"The lords would not be too exasperate
To *injury* or suppress your worthy title."

Pur. You must pardon me, sir;
I must a little play the usurer,
And bind you, for mine own security.

Tai. Alas! there's no conscience in that, sir! shall I enter into bond and pay money too?

Pur. Tut, I must not be betrayed.

Tai. Hear me but what I say, sir; I do protest I would not be he that should betray a man, to be prince of the world.

Pur. Mass, that's the devil,—I thank you heartily,—
For he's call'd prince a' th' world.

Tai. You take me still at worst.

Pur. Swear on this sword then,
To set spurs to your horse, not to look back,
To give no marks to any passenger.

Tai. Marks?[1] why, I think you have left me ne'er a penny, sir.

Pur. I mean, no marks of any.[2]

Tai. I understand you, sir.

Pur. Swear then.

Tai. I'faith, I do, sir.

Pur. Away!

Tai. I'm gone, sir.—By my troth, of a fierce thief he seems to be a very honest gentleman. [*Exit.*

Pur. Why, this was well adventur'd, trim a gallant!
Now, with a covetous[3] and long-thirsting eye,

---

[1] Coins worth 13*s.* 4*d.*

[2] Perhaps the word "any" was caught by the compositor's eye from l. 61. Qu. "no marks of *me*."

[3] So Dyce for "courteous" of the old ed.

Let me behold my purchase,
And try the soundness of my bones with laughter.
How? is not this the chain of pearl I gave
To that perjurèd harlot? 'tis, 'sfoot, 'tis,
The very chain!—O damnèd mistress!—Ha!
And this the purse which, not five days before,
I sent her fill'd with fair spur-royals? Heart,
The very gold! 'Slife, is this no robbery?
How many oaths flew toward heaven,
Which ne'er came half-way thither, but, like fire-drakes,[1]
Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell:
Feign'd oaths bound up to sink more deep to hell.
What folded paper's this? death, 'tis her hand!
[*Reads.*] *Master Tailby, you know with what affection I love you.* You do? *I count the world but as my prey to maintain you.* The more dissembling quean you, I must tell you. *I have sent you an embroidered purse here with fifty fair spur-royals in't.* A pox on you for your labour, wench! *And I desire you of all loves to keep that chain of pearl from master Pursenet's sight.* He cannot, strumpet; I behold it now, unto my[2] secret torture. *So fare thee well, but be constant and want nothing*—as long as I ha't, i'faith! methinks it should have gone so. Well, what a horrible age do we live in, that a man cannot have a quean to himself! let him but turn his back, the best of her is chipt away like a court loaf, that when a man comes himself, has nothing but bumbast;

[1] *Fire-drake* = fiery dragon: hence a sort of fireworks.
[2] Old ed. "thy."

and these are two simple chippings here. Does my boy pick and I steal to enrich myself, to keep her, to maintain him? why, this is right the sequence of the world. A lord maintains her, she maintains a knight, he maintains a whore, she maintains a captain. So in like manner the pocket keeps my boy, he keeps me, I keep her, she keeps him; it runs like quicksilver from one to another. 'Sfoot, I perceive I have been the chief upholder of this gallant all this while: it appears true, we that pay dearest for our pasture are ever likely worse used. 'Sfoot, he has a nag can run for nothing, has his choice, nay, and gets by the running of her.[1] O fine world, strange devils, and pretty damnable affections! 112

Boy [*within.*] Lela, ha, ho!

Pur. There, boy, again: what news there?

Re-enter Boy.

Boy. Master, pist, master!

Pur. How now, boy?

Boy. I have descried a prize.

Pur. Another, lad?

Boy. The gull, the scholar.

Pur. Master Bouser? 120

Boy. Ay; comes along this way.

Pur. Without company?

Boy. As sure as he is your own.

Pur. Back to thy place, boy. [*Exit* Boy.

---

[1] Old ed. "him."

I have the luck to-day to rob in safety;
Two precious cowards! Whist; I hear him.—

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Stand!

Fit. You lie; I came forth to go.

Pur. Deliver your purse.

Fit. 'Tis better in my pocket.

Pur. How now? at disputations, signior fool?

Fit. I've so much logic to confute a knave,
A thief, a rogue!

[*Attacks and strikes* PURSENET *down.*

Pur. Hold, hold, sir, and you be a gentleman hold! let me rise.

Fit. Heart!
'Tis the courtesy of his scarf unmask'd him to me
Above the lip by chance: I'll counterfeit.— [*Aside.*
Light! because I am a scholar, you think belike that scholars have no metal in 'em, but you shall find,—I have not done with you, cousin.

Pur. As you're a gentleman!

Fit. As you're a rogue!

Pur. Keep on upon your way, sir.

Fit. You bade me stand——

Pur. I have been once down for that.

Fit. And then deliver.

Pur. Deliver me from you, sir!—O, pax on't, has wounded me!—Ela, ha, ho: my horse, my horse, boy!

[*Exit.*

Fit. Have you your boy so ready? O thou world,

How art thou muffled in deceitful forms!
There's such a mist of these, and still hath been,
The brightness of true gentry is scarce seen.
This journey was most happily assign'd;
I've found him dross both in his means and mind.
What paper's this he dropt? I'll look on't as I go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Near Combe Park.

Enter PURSENET *and* Boy.

Pur. A gull call you him? let me always set upon wise men; they'll be afraid of their lives; they have a feeling of their iniquities, and knows what 'tis to die with fighting: 'sfoot, this gull lays on without fear or wit. How deep's it, sayst thou, boy?

Boy. By my faith, three inches, sir.

Pur. La, this was long of you, you rogue!

Boy. Of me, sir?

Pur. Forgive me, dear boy; my wound ached, and I grew angry: there's hope of life, boy, is there not?

Boy. Pooh, my life for yours!

Pur. A comfortable boy in man's extremes! I was ne'er so afraid in my life but the fool would have seen my face: he had me at such advantage, he might have commanded my scarf. I 'scaped well there; 't'ad choked me; my reputation had been past recovery: yet live I unsuspected, and still fit for gallant's choice societies. But

here I vow, if e'er I see this Bouser when he cannot see me, either in by-lane, privilege[d] place, court, alley, or come behind him when he's standing,
Or take him when he reels from a tavern late,
Pissing again a conduit, wall, or gate;
When he's in such a plight, and clear from me[n],
I'll do that I'm ashamed to speak till then. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter FITSGRAVE[1] *and* Gentleman.

Fit. Nay, read forward: I have found three of your gallants, like your bewitching shame, merely sophistical: there's your bawd-gallant, your pocket-gallant, and your whore-gallant.

Gen. [*reads.*] *Master Tailby.*

Fit. That's he.

Gen. [*reads.*] *I count the world but as my prey to maintain you.*

Fit. That's just the phrase and style of 'em all to him; they meet altogether in one effect, and it may well hold too, for they all jump upon one cause, *subaudi* lechery.

Gen. What shapes can flattery take! Let me entreat you,
Both in the virgin's right and our good hopes,
Since your hours are so fortunate, to proceed.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Enter two Gentlemen.*"

Fit. Why, he's base that faints[1] until he crown his deed. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in PRIMERO'S *House.*

Enter PURSENET (*his arm in a scarf*) *and* Boy, *meeting* First Courtesan.

Pur. See that dissembling devil, that perjur'd strumpet! [*Aside.*

First C. Welcome, my soul's best wish. O, out, alas!
Thy arm bound in a scarf? I shall swoon instantly.

Pur. Heart, and I'll fetch you again in the same tune. [*Aside.*

O my unmatch'd love, if any spark of life remain,
Look up, my comfort, my delight, my——

First C. O good, O good!

Pur. The organ of her voice is tun'd again;
There's hope in women when their speech returns;
See, like the moon after a black eclipse,
She by degrees recovers her pure light.
How cheers my love?

First C. As one new-wak'd out of a deadly trance,
The fit scarce quiet.

Pur. 'Twas terrible for the time;
I'd much ado to fetch you.

---

[1] So Dyce for "faires" of the old ed.

First C. 'Shrew your fingers! [*Aside.*
How came my comfort wounded? speak.
Pur. Faith, in a fray last night.
First C. In a fray? will you lose your blood so vainly?
Many a poor creature lacks it. Tell me how?
What was the quarrel?
Pur. Loath to tell you that.
First C. Loath to tell me?
Pur. Yet 'twas my cause of coming.
First C. Why, then, must not I know it?
Pur. Since you urge it, you shall,
You're a strumpet!
First C. O, news abroad, sir!
Pur. Say you so?
First C. Why, you knew that the first night you lay with me.
Pur. Nay, not to me only, but to the world.
First C. Speak within compass, man.
Pur. Faith, you know none,
You sail without.
First C. I have the better skill then.
Pur. At my first step into a tavern-room, to spy
That chain of pearl wound on a stranger's arm
You begg'd of me!
First C. How? you mistook it sure.
Pur. By heaven, the very self-same chain!
First C. O, cry you mercy, 'tis true, I'd forgot it: 'tis St. George's day to-morrow: I lent it to my cousin only to grace his arm before his mistress.
Pur. Notable cunning!

First C. And is this all now, i'faith?

Pur. Not; I durst go further.

First C. Why, let me never possess your love if you see not that again a' Thursday morning: I take't unkindly, i'faith, you should fall out with me for such a trifle.

Pur. Better and better!

First C. Come, a kiss, and friends!

Pur. Away!

First C. By this hand, I'll spoil your arm and you will not.

Pur. More for this than the devil——

Enter GOLDSTONE, TAILBY, FITSGRAVE, BUNGLER, *and* Courtesans.

Gol. Yea, at your book so hard?

Pur. Against my will.—Are you there, signior Logic? A pox of you, sir! [*Aside.*

Gol. Why, how now? what has fate sent us here, in the name of Venus, goddess of Cyprus?

Pur. A freebooter's pink,[1] sir, three or four inches deep.

Gol. No more? that's conscionable, i'faith.

Tai. Troth, I'm sorry for't: pray, how came it, sir?

Pur. Faith, by a paltry fray, in Coleman Street.

Fit. Combe Park he would say. [*Aside.*

---

[1] (1) Stab; (2) small boat.

Pur. No less than three at once, sir,
Made a triangle with their swords and daggers,
And all opposing me.

Fit. And amongst those three only one hurt you, sir?

Pur. Ex for ex.[1]

Tai. Troth, and I'll tell you what luck I had too, since I parted from you last.

Pur. What, I pray?

Tai. The day you offered to ride with me, I wish now I'd had your company: 'sfoot, I was set upon in Combe Park by three too.

Pur. Bah!

Tai. Robbed, by this light, of as much gold and jewels as I value at forty pound.

Pur. Sure Saturn is in the fifth house.

Tai. I know not that; he may be in the sixth and he will for me: I am sure they were in my pocket whereso-ever they are;[2] but I'll ne'er refuse a gentleman's company again when 'tis offered me, I warrant you.

Gol. I must remember you 'tis Mitre-night,[3] ladies.

Sec. C. Mass, 'tis indeed Friday to-day, I'd quite forgot: when a woman's busy, how the time runs away!

First C. O, you've betrayed us both!

Tai. I understand you not.

First C. You've let him see the chain of pearl I gave you.

---

[1] "Can this expression mean '*ecce*, for example?"—*Dyce.*
[2] Old ed. "were." [3] See note 2, p. 153.

Tai. Who? him? will you believe me, by this hand, He never saw it.

First C. Upon a stranger's arm he swore to me.

Tai. Mass, that may be; for the truth is, i'faith, I was robb'd on't at Combe Park.

First C. 'Twas that betrayed it.

Tai. I would [I] had stay'd him;
He was no stranger, he was a thief, i'faith,
For thieves will be no strangers.

First C. How shall I excuse it?

Bun. Nay, I have you fast enough, boy; you rogue!
[*Seizing the* Boy, *who had attempted to pick his pocket.*

Boy. Good sir, I beseech you, sir, let me go!

Bun. A pickpocket! nay, you shall to Newgate, look you.—Is this your boy, sir?

Pur. How now, boy? a monster? thy arm lined [limed?] fast in another's pocket? where learnt you that manners? what company have you kept a' late, that you are so transformed into a rogue? that shape I know not.—Believe me, sir, I much wonder at the alteration of this boy, where he should get this nature: as good a child to see to, and as virtuous; he has his creed by heart, reads me his chapter duly every night; he will not miss you one tittle in the nine commandments.

Bun. There's ten of 'em.

Pur. I fear he skips o'er one, Thou shalt not steal.

Bun. Mass, like enough.

Pur. Else grace and memory would quite abash the boy.—

Thou graceless imp! ah, thou prodigious child,
Begot at some eclipse, degenerate rogue,
Shame to thy friends, and to thy master eke!
How far digressing from the noble mind
Of thy brave ancestors, that lie in marble
With their coat-armours o'er 'em!

Bun. Had he such friends?

Fur. The boy is well descended, though he be a rogue, and has no feeling on't; yet for my sake, and for my reputation's, seek not the blood of the boy; he's near allied to many men of worship now yet living; a fine old man to his father; it would kill his heart, i'faith; he'd away like a chrisom.[1]

Bun. Alas, good gentleman!

Fur. Ah, shameless villain, complain'st thou? dost thou want?

Boy. No, no, no, no!

Fur. Art not well clad? thy hunger well resisted?

Boy. Yes, yes, yes, yes!

Fur. But thou shall straight to Bridewell——

Boy. Sweet master!

Fur. Live upon bread and water and chap-choke.

Boy. I beseech your worship!

Bun. Come, I'll be his surety for once.

Fur. You shall excuse me indeed, sir.

Bun. He will mend: 'a may prove an honest man for

[1] A child who died within one month after birth, and who was buried in the *chrisome* (a white cloth thrown over it at baptism). See notes of the commentators on *Henry V.*, ii. 3, l. 12.

all this. I know gallant gentlemen now that have done as much as this comes to in their youth.

Pur. Say you so, sir?

Bun. And as for Bridewell, that will but make him worse; 'a will learn more knavery there in one week than will furnish him and his heirs for a hundred year.

Pur. Deliver the boy!

Bun. Nay, I tell you true, sir; there's none goes in there a quean, but she comes out an arrant whore, I warrant you.

Pur. The boy comes not there for a million!

Bun. No, you had better forgive him by ten parts.

Pur. True; but 'a must not know it comes from me.—
Down a' your knees, you rogue,
And thank this gentleman has got your pardon.

Boy. O, I thank your worship!

Pur. A pox on you for a rogue;
You put me to my set speech once a quarter.
[*Aside to him.*

Gol. Nay, gentlemen, you quite forget your hour;
Lead, master Bouser.

[*Exeunt all but* GOLDSTONE *and* Second Courtesan.

Sec. C. Let me go: you're a dissembler.

Gol. How?

Sec. C. Did not you promise me a new gown?

Gol. Did I not? yes, faith, did I, and thou shalt have it.—Go, sirrah, [*calling to one off the stage*] run for a tailor presently. Let me see for the colour now: orange-tawney, peach colour—what sayst to a watchet satin?

Enter Tailor.

Sec. C. O, 'tis the only colour I affect!

Tai. A very orient colour, an't please your worships. I made a gown on't for a gentlewoman t'other day, and it does passing well upon her.

Gol. A watchet satin gown——

Tai. There your worship left, sir.

Gol. Laid about, tailor——

Tai. Very good, sir.

Gol. With four fair laces.

Tai. That will be costly, sir.

Gol. How, you rogue, costly? out a' th' house, you slipshod, sham-legged, brown-thread-penny-skeined rascal!

Sec. C. Nay, my sweet love—— [*Exit* Tailor.

Gol. Hang him, rogue! he's but a botcher neither: come, I'll send thee a fellow worth a hundred of this, if the slave were clean enough. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before TAILBY'S *Lodging.*

Enter a Servant *bringing in a suit of satin, who knocks at* TAILBY'S *door, from which enter* JACK.

Jack. Who knocks?

Ser. A Christian: pray, is not this master Tailby's lodging? I was directed hither.

Jack. Yes, this is my master's lodging.

Ser. Cry you mercy, sir: is he yet stirring?

Jack. He's awake, but not yet stirring, for he played away half his clothes last night.

Ser. My mistress commends her secrets unto him, and presents him by me with a new satin suit here.

Jack. Mass, that comes happily.

Ser. And she hopes the fashion will content him.

Jack. There's no doubt to be had of that, sir: your mistress' name I, pray? you're much preciously welcome.

Ser. I thank you uncommonly, sir.

Jack. The suit shall be accepted, I warrant you, sir.

Ser. That's all my mistress desires, sir.

Jack. Fare you well, sir.

Ser. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Jack. This will make my master leap out of the bed for joy, and dance *Wigmore's galliard*[1] in his shirt about the chamber![2] [*Exit into the house.* 21

SCENE II.

A Hall in TAILBY'S *Lodging.*

Enter TAILBY, *and* JACK *trussing him.*

Tai. Came this suit from mistress Cleveland?

Jack. She sent it secretly, sir.

Tai. A pretty requiteful squall![3] I like that woman that can remember a good turn three months after the date; it shows both a good memory and a very feeling spirit.

Jack. This came fortunately, sir, after all your ill luck last night.

Tai. I'd beastly casting, Jack.

Jack. O abominable, sir! you had the scurviest hand; the old serving-man swooped up all. 11

Tai. I am glad the fortune lighted upon the poor fellow, by my troth; it made his master mad.

Jack. Did you mark that, sir? I warrant he has the doggedest master of any poor fellow under the dog-sign:

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[1] Many ballads were sung to the tune of *Wigmore's Galliard:* see Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 242.

[2] Old ed. "*The musicke plaies on a while, then enter Tailbee his man after trussing him.*"

[3] See note, vol. i. p. 267.

I'd rather serve your worship, I'll say that behind your back, sir, for nothing, as indeed I have no standing wages at all, your worship knows.

Tai. O, but your vails, Jack, your vails considered, when you run to and fro between me and mistresses——

Jack. I must confess my vails are able to keep an honest man, go I where I list. 22

Tai. Go to then, Jack.

Jack. But those vails stand with the state of your body, sir, as long as you hold up your head: if that droop once, farewell you, farewell I, farewell all; and droop it will, though all the caudles in Europe should put to their helping hands to't: 'tis e'en as uncertain as playing, now up and now down;[1] for if the bill down rise to above thirty, here's no place for players; so if your years rise to above forty, there's no room for old lechers. 32

Tai. And that's[2] the reason all rooms are taken up for young templars.

Jack. You're in the right, sir.

Tai. Pize on't, I pawned a good beaver hat to master Frip last night, Jack: I feel the want of it now. Hark, who's that knocks? [*Knocking within.*

Enter a Servant, *bringing in a letter and a beaver hat.*

Ser. Is master Tailby stirring?

Jack. What's your pleasure with him? he walks here i' th' hall. 41

[1] Old ed. "nowne." There is an allusion to the closing of playhouses in time of plague. [2] Old ed. "whats."

Ser. Give your worship good morrow.

Tai. Welcome, honest lad.

Ser. A letter from my mistress.

Tai. Who's thy mistress?

Ser. Mistress Newblock.

Tai. Mistress Newblock, my sincere love; how does she?

Ser. Faith, only ill in the want of your sight.

Tai. Alas, dear sweet! I've had such business, I protest I ne'er stood still since I saw her.

Ser. She has sent your worship a beaver hat here, with a band best in fashion.

Tai. How shall I requite this dear soul?

Ser. 'Tis not a thing fit for me to tell you, sir, for I have three years to serve yet: your worship knows how, I warrant you.

Tai. I know the drift of her letter; and for the beaver, say I accept it highly.

Ser. O, she will be a proud woman of that, sir!

Tai. And hark thee; tell thy mistress, as I'm a gentleman, I'll despatch her out of hand the first thing I do, a' my credit: canst thou remember these words now?

Ser. Yes, sir; as you are a gentleman, you'll despatch her out of hand the first thing you do.

Tai. Ay, a' my credit.

Ser. O, of your credit; I thought not of that, sir.

Tai. Remember that, good boy.

Ser. Fear it not now, sir. [*Exit.*

Tai. I dreamt to-night, Jack, I should have a secret supply out a' th' city.

Jack. Your dream crawls out partly well, sir.—

Enter a Servant, *bringing in a purse.*

What news there now?

Ser. I have an errand to master Tailby.

Jack. Yonder walks my master.

Ser. Mistress Tiffany commends her to your worship, and has sent you your ten pound in gold back again, and says she cannot furnish you of the same lawn you desire till after All-holland-tide.[1]

Tai. Thank her she would let me understand so much. [*Exit* Servant.]—Ha, ha!
This wench will live: why, this was sent like a
Workwoman now; the rest are botchers to her.
Faith, I commend her cunning: she's a fool
That makes her servant fellow to her heart;
It robs her of respect, dams up all duty,
Keeps her in awe e'en of the slave she keeps:
This takes a wise course—I commend her more—
Sends back the gold I never saw before.
Well, women are my best friends [still], i'faith.
Take[2] lands: give me
Good legs, firm back, white hand, black eye, brown hair,
And add but to these five a comely stature;
Let others live by art, and I by nature. [*Exeunt.*

[1] See note 2, p. 71.

[2] Old ed. "Takes."

SCENE III.

A Room, with a door opening into FITSGRAVE'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter GOLDSTONE.

Gol. Master Bouser, master Bouser! ha, ha, ho! master Bouser!

Fit. [*within.*] Holla!

Gol. What, not out of thy kennel, master Bouser?

Fit. [*within.*] Master Goldstone? you're an early gallant, sir.

Gol. A fair cloak yonder, i'faith. [*Aside.*]—By my troth, 'a bed, master Bouser? you remember your promise well o'ernight!

Fit. [*within.*] Why, what's a' clock, sir? 10

Gol. Do you ask that now? why, the chimes are spent at Saint Bride's.

Fit. [*within.*] 'Tis a gentleman's hour: faith, master Goldstone, I'll be ready in a trice.

Gol. Away, there's no trust to you!

Fit. [*within.*] Faith, I'll come instantly.

Gol. Nay, choose whether you will or no,—by my troth, your cloak shall go before you.

[*Aside, and takes* FITSGRAVE'S *cloak.*

Fit. [*within.*] Nay, master Goldstone, I ha' sworn: do you hear, sir? 20

Gol. Away, away! faith, I'm angry with you: pox, a-bed now! I'm ashamed of it. [*Exit.*

As GOLDSTONE *goes out,* FITSGRAVE *enters in his shirt.*

Fit. Foot, my cloak, my cloak, master Goldstone! 'slife, what mean you by this, sir? you'll bring it back again, I hope. No? not yet? by my troth, I care very little for such kind of jesting: methinks this familiarity now extends a little too far, unless it be a new fashion come forth this morning secretly; yesterday 'twould have shown unmannerly and saucily. I scarce know yet what to think on't. Well, there's no great profit in standing in my shirt, I'll on with my clothes: has bound me to follow the suit: my cloak's a stranger; he was made but yesterday, and I do not love to trust him alone in company. [*Exit.* 34

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter FRIPPERY, *wearing* FITSGRAVE'S *cloak.*

Fri. What may I conjecture of this Goldstone? he has not only pawned to me this cloak, but the very diamond and sapphire which I bestowed upon my new love at master Primero's house: the cloak's new, and comes fitly to do me great grace at a wedding this morning, to which I was solemnly invited. I can continue change more than the proudest gallant of 'em all, yet never bestow penny of myself, my pawns do so kindly furnish me: but the sight of these jewels is able to cloy me, did I not preserve my stomach the better for the wedding-dinner.

A gift could never have come in a more patient hour,
nor to be better disgested.[1] Is she proved false?
But I'll not fret to-day nor chafe my blood.

Enter PURSENET.

Pur. Ha! yonder goes Bouser: the place is fit.
—[*Calling out to* Boy *within.*] Boy, stand with my horse at corner.—
I owe you for a pink three inches deep, sir.
[*Strikes down* FRIPPERY.

Fri. O—O—O!

Pur. Take that in part of payment for Combe Park.
[*Exit.*

Fri. O—O—O!

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Fit. How now, who's this? 'sfoot, one of our gallants knocked down like a calf! Is there such a plague of 'em here at London, they begin to knock 'em a' th' head already?

Fri. O master Bouser! pray, lend me your hand, sir; I am slain!

Fit. Slain and alive? O cruel execution!
What man so savage-spirited durst presume
To strike down satin on two taffetas cut,
Or lift his hand against a beaver hat?

Fri. Some rogue that owes me money, and had no other means. To a wedding-dinner! I must be dressed myself, methinks.

[1] See note 3, p. 174.

Fit. How? why, this [is] my cloak: life, how came my cloak hither?

Fri. Is it yours, sir? master Goldstone pawned it to me this morning fresh and fasting, and borrowed five pound upon't.

Fit. How, pawned it? pray, let me hear out this story: come, and I'll lead[1] you to the next barber-surgeon's.—Pawned my cloak? [*Exit, leading out* FRIPPERY. 41

SCENE V.

Another Street.

Enter BUNGLER, GOLDSTONE, *and* MARMADUKE.

Bun. How now, Marmaduke? what's the wager?

Mar. Nay, my care is at end, sir, now I am come to the sight of you. My mistress, your cousin, entreats you to take part of a dinner with her at home at her house, and bring what gentleman you please to accompany you.

Bun. Thank my sweet coz: I'll munch with her, say.

Mar. I'll tell her so.

Bun. Marmaduke——

Mar. Sir?

Bun. Will there be any stock-fish, thinkest thou? 10

Mar. How, sir?

Bun. Tell my coz I've a great appetite to stock-fish, i'faith. [*Exit* MARMADUKE.]—Master Goldstone, I'll entreat you to be the gentleman that shall accompany me.

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[1] Old ed. "lend."

Gol. Not me, sir?

Bun. You, sir.

Gol.[1] By my troth, concluded. What state bears thy coz, sirrah?

Bun. O, a fine merchant's wife.

Gol. Or rather, a merchant's fine wife.

Bun. Trust me, and that's the properer phrase here at London; and 'tis as absurd too to call him fine merchant, for, being at sea, a man knows not what pickle he is in.

Gol. Why, true.

Bun. Yet my coz will be served in plate, I can tell you; she has her silver jugs and her gilt tankards.

Gol. Fie!

Bun. Nay, you shall see a house dressed up, i'faith; you must not think to tread a' th' ground when you come there.

Gol. No? how then?

Bun. Why, upon paths made of fig-frails[2] and white blankets cut out in steaks.[3]

Gol. Away!—I have thought of a device. [*Aside.* —Where shall we meet an hour hence?

Bun. In Paul's.

Gol. Agreed. [*Exit* BUNGLER.

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Fit. The broker-gallant and the cheating-gallant: Now I have found 'em all, I so rejoice,

---

[1] Old ed. "*Bung.*"

[2] Fig-baskets.

[3] In *The Phœnix*, i. 5, we have the expression "steaks of velvet."

That the redeeming of my cloak I weigh not. I have spied him.

Gol. Pax, here's Bouser.

Fit. Master Goldstone, my cloak! come where's my cloak, sir?

Gol. O, you're a sure gentleman, especially if a man stand in need of you! he may be slain in a morning to breakfast ere you vouchsafe to peep out of your lodging.

Fit. How?

Gol. No less than four gallants, as I'm a gentleman, drew all upon me at once, and opposed me so spitefully, that I not only lost your cloak i' th' fray——

Fit. Comes it in there?

Gol. But my rich hangers,[1] sirrah,—I think thou hast seen 'em.

Fit. Never, i'faith, sir.

Gol. Those with the two unicorns, all wrought in pearl and gold: pox on't, it frets me ten times more than the loss of the paltry cloak: prithee, and thou lovest me, speak no more on't; it brings the unicorns into my mind, and thou wouldst not think how the conceit grieves me. I will not do thee that disgrace, i'faith, to offer thee any satisfaction, for in my soul I think thou scornest it; thou bearest that mind, in my conscience; I have always said so of thee. Fare thee well: when shall I see thee at my chamber, when?

Fit. Every day, shortly.

Gol. I have fine toys to show thee.

---

[1] See note 4, p. 138.

Fit. You win my heart then. [*Exit* GOLDSTONE.] The devil scarce knew what a portion he gave his children when he allowed 'em large impudence to live upon, and so turned 'em into th' world: surely he gave away the third part of the riches of his kingdom; revenues are but fools to't.

The filed tongue and the undaunted forehead
Are mighty patrimonies, wealthier than those
The city-sire or the court-father leaves:
In these behold it: riches oft, like slaves,
Revolt; they bear their foreheads to their graves.
What soonest grasps advancement, men[d]s great suits,
Trips down rich widows, gains repute and name,
Makes way where'er it comes, bewitches all?
Thou, Impudence! the minion of our days,
On whose pale cheeks favour and fortune plays.
Call you these your five gallants? trust me, they're rare fellows:
They live on nothing; many cannot live on something;
Here they may take example.—Suspectless virgin,
How easy had thy goodness been beguil'd!
Now only rests, that as to me they're known
So to the world their base arts may be shown. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

The Middle Aisle of St. Paul's.

Enter PURSENET *and* Boy.

Pur. Art sure thou sawest him receive't, boy?

Boy. Forty pound in gold, as I'm a gentleman born.

Pur. Thy father gave the ram's head,[1] boy?

Boy. No, you're deceiv'd; my mother gave that,[2] sir.

Pur. What's thy mother's is thy father's.

Enter PYAMONT.

Boy. I'm sorry it holds in the ram's head. See, here he walks; I was sure he came into Paul's: the gold had been yours, master, long ere this, but that he wears both his hands in his pockets.

Pur. How unfortunately is my purpose seated! what the devil should come in his mind to keep in his hands so long? the biting but of a paltry louse would do me great kindness now; I'd know[3] not how to requite it: will no rascal creature assist me? Stay, what if I did impudently salute 'em out? good. Boy, be ready, boy.

Boy. Upon the least advantage, sir.

Pur. You're most devoutly met in Paul's, sir.

Py. So are you, but I scarce remember you, sir. 18

Pur. O, I cry you mercy, sir; I pray, pardon me; I fear I have tendered an offence, sir: troth, I took you

[1] The crest of a ram's head.

[2] Dyce compares Dekker's *Owl's Almanac*, 1618:—"Men whose wives have light heels are called *Ram-headed cuckolds*," p. 10.

[3] Old ed. "I knew."

at the first for one master Dumpling, a Norfolk gentleman. [*While* PURSENET *speaks, the* Boy *watches in vain for an opportunity to pick* PYAMONT'S *pocket.*

Py. There's no harm done yet, sir.

Pur. I hope he is there by this time. [*Aside.*]—How now, boy, hast it?

Boy. No, by troth, have I not; this labour's lost: 'tis in the right pocket, and he kept that hand in sure enough.

Pur. Unpractised gallant! salute me but with one hand, like a counterfeit soldier? O times and manners! are we grown beasts? do we salute by halves? are not our limbs at leisure?

Where's comely nurture? the Italian kiss,
Or the French cringe, with the Polonian waist?
Are all forgot?
Then misery follows.—Surely fate forbade it:
Had he employ'd but his right hand, I'd had it.

Enter BUNGLER.

It must be an everlasting device, I think, that procures both his hands out at once. [*Aside and exit with* Boy.

Py. Do you walk, sir?[1]

Bun. No, I stay a little for a gentleman's coming too.

---

[1] "Is in the old ed. the conclusion of Pursenet's speech, whose exit with the Boy is not marked. As we subsequently learn that the sharper had succeeded in his design on Pyamont's gold, by falling into a pretended swoon, I cannot help suspecting that a portion of this scene has dropt out, and that the incident of the swoon took place here on the stage, after Pursenet had tried all other means of surprising Pyamont's caution."—*Dyce.*

Py. Farewell then, sir: I have forty pound in gold about me, which I must presently send down into the country.

Bun. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* PYAMONT.]—I wonder master Goldstone spares my company so long; 'tis now about the navel of the day, upon the belly of noon.

Enter GOLDSTONE *and* FULK, *both disguised.*

Gol. See where he walks: be sure you let off at a twinkling, now.

Fulk. When did I miss you?—Your worship has forgot you promised mistress Newcut, your cousin, to dine with her this day.

Gol. Mass, that was well remembered.

Bun. I am bold to salute you, sir.

Gol. Sir?

Bun. Is mistress Newcut your cousin, sir?

Gol. Yes, she's a cousin of mine, sir.

Bun. Then I am a cousin of yours, by the sister's side.

Gol. Let me salute you then; I shall be glad of your farther acquaintance.

Bun. I am a bidden guest there too.

Gol. Indeed, sir!

Bun. Faith, invited this morning.

Gol. Your good company shall be kindly embraced, sir.

Bun. I walk a turn or two here for a gentleman, but I think he'll either overtake me, or be before me.

Gol. 'Tis very likely, sir.—There, sirrah, go to dinner, and about two wait for me.

Bun. Nay, let him come between two and three, cousin, for we love to sit long at dinner i' th' city.

Gol. Come, sweet cousin.

Bun. Nay, cousin; keep your way, cousin; good cousin, I will not, i'faith, cousin. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in MISTRESS NEWCUT'S *House:* MARMADUKE *laying the cloth for dinner.*

Enter MISTRESS NEWCUT.

Mis. N. Why, how now, sirrah? upon twelve of the clock, and not the cloth laid yet? must we needs keep Exchange time still?

Mar. I am about it, forsooth.

Mis. N. You're about it, forsooth? you're still about many things, but you ne'er do one well. I am an ass to keep thee in th' house, now my husband's at sea; thou hast no audacity with thee; a foolish, dreaming lad, fitter to be in the garret than in any place else; no grace nor manly behaviour: when didst thou ever come to me but with thy head hanging down? O decheerful 'prentice, uncomfortable servant! [*Exit* MARMADUKE.]—Pray heaven the gull, my cousin, has so much wit left as to bring master Tailby along with him, my comfort, my delight! for that was the chiefest cause I did invite him. I bade him bring what gentleman he pleased to accompany him; as far as I durst go: why may he not then make choice of master Tailby? had he my wit or feeling he would do't.

Enter BUNGLER, *and* GOLDSTONE *disguised.*

Bun. Where's my sweet cousin here? does she lack any guess?[1]

Mis. N. Ever such guess as you: you're welcome, cousin.

Gol. I am rude, lady.

Mis. N. You're most welcome, sir.

Bun. There will be a gallant here anon, coz; he promised faithfully.

Mis. N. Who is't? master Tailby?

Bun. Master Tailby? no, master Goldstone.

Mis. N. Master Goldstone? I could think well of that Goldstone were't not for one vild trick he has.

Gol. What's that, lady?

Mis. N. In jest he will pawn his punks for suppers.

Gol. That's a vild part in him, i'faith, and he were my brother.

Mis. N. Pray, gentlemen, sit awhile; your dinner shall come presently. [*Exit.*

Gol. Yea, mistress Newcut? at first give me a trip? A close bite always asks a secret nip. [*Aside.*

Bun. My cousin here is a very kind-natured soul, i'faith, in her humour.

Gol. Pooh, you know her not so well as I, coz; I have observed her in all her humours; you ne'er saw her a little waspish, I think.

Bun. I have [not], i'faith.

Gol. Pooh, then ye ne'er saw pretty humour in your life; I can bring her into't when I list.

[1] Guests.

Bun. Would you could, i'faith!

Gol. Would I could? by my troth, and I were sure thou couldst keep thy countenance, coz, what a pretty jest have I thought upon already to entertain time before dinner!

Bun. Prithee, coz, what is't? I love a jest a' life, i'faith.

Gol. Ah, but I am jealous you will not keep your countenance, i'faith! Why, ye shall see a pretty story of a humour.[1] Faith, I'll try you for once: you know my cousin will wonder when she comes in to see the cloth laid, and ne'er a salt upon the board.

Bun. That's true, i'faith.

Gol. Now will I stand a while out of sight with it, and give her humour play a little.

Bun. Coz, dost thou love me? and thou wilt ever do anything for me, do't.

Gol. Marry, I build upon you[r] countenance.

Bun. Why, dost thou think I'm an ass, coz?

Gol. I would be loath to undertake it else; for if you should burst out presently, coz, the jest would be spoiled.

Bun. Why, do not I know that? Away, stand close: [*exit* GOLDSTONE *with the salt-cellar*] so, so; mum, cousin.—A merry companion, i'faith: here will be good sport anon,—whist, she comes.

Re-enter MISTRESS NEWCUT.

Mis. N. I make you stay[2] long for a bad dinner here, cousin; if master Goldstone were come, the meat's e'en ready.

[1] The words "Why . . . humour" are given to Bungler in the old ed.
[2] Old ed. "stray."

Bun. Some great business detains him, cousin, but he'll not be long now.

Mis. N. Why, how now? cuds my life!——

Bun. Why——

Mis. N. Was ever mistress so plagued with a shuttle-headed servant!—Why, Marmaduke!

Re-enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. I come, forsooth.

Mis. N. Able to shame me from generation to generation!

Mar. Did you call, forsooth?

Mis. N. Come hither, forsooth: did you lay this cloth?

Mar. Yes, forsooth.

Mis. N. Do you use to lay a cloth without a salt,[1] a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt!

Mar. How many salts would you have? I'm sure I set the best i' the house upon the board.

Bun. How, cousin? [*sings*] *Cousin, cousin, did call, coz?*

Mis. N. Did you see a salt upon the board when you came in?

Bun. Pooh!

Mis. N. Come, come, I thought as much; beshrew your fingers, where is't now?

Bun. Your cousin yonder——

Mis. N. Why, the man's mad!

Bun. Cousin, hist, cousin!

[1] Salt-cellar. Cf. our author's *Microcynicon*, Sat. iii.—"Garnish'd with *salts* of pure beaten gold."

Mis. N. What say you?

Bun. Pooh, I call not you, I call my cousin.—Come forth with the salt, cousin! Ha! how? nobody? Why, was not he that came in e'en now your cousin?

Mis. N. My cousin? O my bell-salt, O my great bell-salt!

Re-enter GOLDSTONE *in his own dress.*

Bun. The tenor bell-salt. O, here comes master Goldstone now, cousin; he may tell us some news on him.—Did you not meet a fellow about door with a great silver salt under his arm?

Gol. No, sure; I met none such.

Mis. N. Pardon me, sir, I forgot all this while to bid you welcome. I shall loath this room for ever. Take hence the cloth, you unlucky, maple-faced [1] rascal.—Come, you shall dine in my chamber, sir.

Gol. No better place, lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Street.

Enter PYAMONT.

Py. No less than forty pound in fair gold at one lift! the next shall swoon [2] and swoon again till the devil fetch him, ere I set hand to him. Heart, nothing vexes me so much, but that I paid the goldsmith [3] for the

[1] "Whether this epithet is to be explained rough-faced, or brown-faced, or broad-faced, seems doubtful. See Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, vol. vi. p. 156."—*Dyce.*

[2] See note, p. 210.

[3] Goldsmiths acted as bankers.

change too not an hour before: had I let it alone in the chain of silver as it was at first, it might have given me some notice at his departure: 'sfoot, I could fight with a windmill now. Sure 'twas some unlucky villain: why should he come and salute me wrongfully too, mistake me at noonday? Now I think on't in cold blood, it could not be but an induction to some villanous purpose: well, I shall meet him——

Enter PURSENET.

Pur. This forty pound came fortunately to redeem my chain of pearl from mortgage: I would not care how often I swooned to have such a good caudle to comfort me; gold [1] and pearl is very restorative.

Py. See, yonder's the rogue I suspect for foul play! I'll walk muffled by him, offer some offence or cause of a quarrel, only to try his temper; if he be a coward, he's the likelier to be a rogue, an infallible note.

[*Jostles* PURSENET.

Pur. What a pox ail you, sir? would I had been aware of you!

Py. Sir, speak you to me?

Pur. Not I, sir: pray, keep on your way; I have nothing to say to you.

Py. You're a rascal!

---

[1] Sir Thomas Browne in *Vulgar Errors* (book ii. chap. 5) discusses the question whether gold can be profitably employed in the composition of cordials. "Although the substance of gold," he says, "be not immuted, or its gravity sensibly decreased, yet that from thence some virtue may proceed either in substantial reception or infusion, we cannot safely deny."

Pur. You may say your pleasure, sir; but I hope I go not like a rascal.

Py. Are you fain to fly to your clothes because you're gallant? why, there's no rascal like your gallant rascal, believe that.

Pur. You have took me at such an hour, faith, you may call me e'en what you please; nothing will move me.

Py. No? I'll make somewhat move you. Draw! I suspected you were a rogue, and you have purst it up well with a coward!

Pur. Who, my patron?

Py. Keep out, you rascal!

Pur. The guest that did me the kindness in Paul's? Hold! as you are a gentleman; you'll give me breath, sir? [*Exit running; and as he goes out, drops the chain of pearl.*

Py. Are you there with me? a vengeance stop you! You have found breath enough to run away from me. I will never meet this slave hereafter in a morning but I will breathe myself upon him; since I can have no other satisfaction, he shall save me that forty pound in fence-school. [*Exit.*

Enter GOLDSTONE.

Gol. When things are cleanly carried, sign of judgment:
I was the welcom'st gallant to her alive
After the salt was stolen; then a good dinner,
A fine provoking meal, which drew on apace
The pleasure of a day-bed, and I had it;

This here one ring can witness: when I parted,
Who but *sweet master Goldstone?* I left her in that trance.
What cannot wit, so it be impudent,
Devise and compass? I'd fain know that fellow now
That would suspect me but for what I am;
He lives not:
'Tis all in the conveyance.[1] What! thou look'st not
Like a beggar: what mak'st thou on the ground?
I've a hand to help thee up: a fair chain of pearl!
[*Takes up the chain of pearl which* PURSENET *had dropt.*
Surely a merchant's wife gives lucky handsel:
They that find pearl may wear't at a cheap rate;
Marry, my lady dropt it from her arm
For a device to tole me to her bed:
I've seen as great a matter.—Who be these?
I'll be too crafty for you.—

Enter PRIMERO *and* FRIPPERY.

O monsieur Primero, signior Frip; is it you, gallants?
Fri. Sweet master Goldstone! [*They talk apart.*

Enter TAILBY *and two* Constables.

Tai. Every bawd exceeds me in fortune: master Primero was robbed of a carkanet[2] upon Monday last; laid[3] the goldsmiths, and found it. I ha' laid goldsmith,[4] jeweller, burnisher, broker, and the devil and all, I think, yet could never so much as hear of that chain of pearl:

[1] "*Convey* the wise it call," says Pistol.
[2] Necklace.
[3] See note 3, vol. ii. p. 257.
[4] Old ed. "goldsmits."

he was a notable thief; he works close. Peace, who be these? ha, let me see. By this light, there it is! Back, lest they see thee: a happy minute! Goldstone? What an age do we breathe in! who that saw him now would think he were maintained by purses? so, who that meets me would think I were maintained by wenches? As far as I can see, 'tis all one case, and holds both in one court; we are both maintained by the common roadway![1] Keep thou thine own heart, thou livest unsuspected. I leese[2] you again now.

Gol. But, I pray you, tell me,
Met you no gentlewomen by the way you came?

Fri. Not any: what should they be?

Gol. Nay, I do but ask,
Because a gentlewoman's glove was found
Near to the place I met you.

Pri. Faith, we saw none, sir.

Tai. Good officers, upon suspicion of felony.

S. Con. Very good, sir.

F. Con. What call you the thief's name you do suspect?

Tai. Master Justinian Goldstone.

F. Con. Remember, master Justice Goldstone; a terrible world the whilst, my masters!

Tai. Look you, that's he: upon him, officers!

F. Con. I see him not yet; which is he, sir?

Tai. Why, that.

---

[1] A *double entendre* is intended. "Road" = whore. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, ii. 2, "This Doll Tearsheet should be some *road.*"

[2] "*i.e.* lose (lose sight of Goldstone, I presume)."—*Dyce.* Probably Tailby is speaking ironically,—"I let you slip out of my hands! not I."

F. Con. He a thief, sir? who, that gentleman i' th' satin?

Tai. E'en he.

F. Con. Farewell, sir; you're a merry gentleman.

Tai. As you will answer it, officers! I'll bear you out, I'll be your warrant.

F. Con. Nay, and you say so—what's his name then?

Tai. Justinian Goldstone.

F. Con. Master Justinian Goldstone, we apprehend you, sir, upon suspicion of felony.

Gol. Me?

Tai. You, sir.

S. Con. I charge you, in the king's name, gentlemen, to assist us.

Gol. Master Tailby!

Tai. The same man, sir.

Gol. Life, what's the news?

Tai. Ha' you forgot Combe Park?

Gol. Combe Park? no, 'tis in Kingston way.

Tai. I believe you'll find it so.

Gol. I not deny it.

F. Con. Bear witness, has confessed.

Gol. What have I confessed? Pair of coxcombs indubitable!

Tai. I was robb'd finely of this chain of pearl there,
And forty fair spur-royals.[1]

Gol. Did I rob you?

Tai. There where I find my goods I may suspect, sir.

---

[1] Gold coins worth 15*s.*

Fri. I dreamt this would be his end. [*Aside.*

Gol. See how I am wrong'd, gentlemen:
As I've a soul, I found this chain of pearl
Not three yards from this place, just when I met you.

Tai. Ha, ha!

Fri. Yet the law's such, if he but swear 'tis you, You're gone.

Gol. Pox on't, that e'er I saw't!

Fri. Can you but swear 'tis he? do but that, and you tickle him, i'faith.

Tai. Nay, and it come once to swearing, let me alone.

Fri. Say, and hold; he called my jewels counterfeit, and so cheated the poor wench of 'em.

F. Con. Come, bring him away, come.

Gol. 'Twill call my state in question.

Re-enter PURSENET.

Pur. I think what's got by theft doth never prosper; Now lost my chain of pearl.—Come, master Goldstone, Let[1] go; 'tis mine, i'faith.

Gol. The chain of pearl?

Pur. By my troth, it's mine.

Gol. By my troth, much good do't you, sir.

Fri. I'm glad in my soul, sir.[2]

F. Con. Deliver your weapons.

Pur. How!

F. Con. You're apprehended upon suspicion of felony.

---

[1] Old ed. "lets go this."

[2] "In the old ed. this speech is followed by a word printed in italics, —'*Gnawes*,'—which I presume is a stage-direction."—*Dyce.*

Pur. Felony! what's that?

Tai. Was it you, i'faith, sir, all this while, that did me that kindness to ease both my pockets at Combe Park?

Pur. I, sir? Pray, gentlemen, draw near; let's talk among ourselves.—Stand apart, scoundrel.—Must every gentleman be upbraided in public that flies out now and then upon necessity, to be themes for pedlars and weavers? This should not be: 'twas never seen among the Romans, nor read we of it in the time of Brute: are we more brutish now? Did I list to blab, do not I know your course of life, master Tailby, to be as base as the basest, maintained by me, by him, by all of us, and 'a second-hand from mistresses? I've their letters here to show.

Why should you be so violent to strip naked
Another's reputation to the world,
Knowing your own so leprous?
Beside, this chain of pearl and those spur-royals
Came to you falsely; for she broke her faith,
And made her soul a strumpet with her body,
When she sent those; they were ever justly mine.—
Pray, what moves you, sir? why should you shake your head? you're clear; sure I should know you, sir: pray, are you not sometimes a pander, and oftener a bawd, sir? have I never sinned in your banqueting boxes, your bowers and towers? You slave, that keeps fornication upon the tops of trees! the very birds cannot engender in quiet for you: why, rogue, that goes in good clothes made out of wenches' cast gowns——

Pri. Nothing goes so near my heart as that.

Pur. Do you shake your slave's noddle?

Tai. And here's a rascal, look, a' 's way[1] too—saving the presence of master Goldstone—a filthy-slimy-lousy-nittical broker, pricked up in pawns from the hat-band to the shoe-string; a necessary hook to hang gentlemen's suits out 'i th' air, lest they should grow musty with long lying, which his pawns seldom are guilty of; a fellow of several scents and steams, French, Dutch, Italian, English, and therefore his lice must needs be mongrels: why, bill-money——

Gol. I am sorry to hear this among you: you've all deceived me; truly I took you for other spirits. You must pardon me henceforward; I have a reputation to look to; I must be no more seen in your companies.

Fri. Nay, nay, nay, nay, master Goldstone, you must not 'scape so, i'faith; one word before you go, sir.

Gol. Pray, despatch then; I would not for half my revenues, i'faith, now, that any gallants should pass by in the meantime, and find me in your companies; nay, as quick as you can, sir.

Fri. You did not take away master Bouser's cloak t'other morning, pawned it to me, and borrowed five pound upon't?

Gol. Ha!

Fri. 'Twas not you neither that finely cheated my little novice at master Primero's house of a diamond and sapphire, and swore they were counterfeit, both glass, mere glass, as you were a right gentleman?

[1] Old ed. "lookt asway."

Gol. 'Slife, why were we strangers all this while? 'Sfoot, I perceive we are all natural brothers! A pox on's all, are we found, i'faith?

Fri. A cheater!

Gol. A thief, a lecher, a bawd, and a broker!

F. Con. What mean they to be so merry? I'm afraid they laugh at us, and make fools on's.

Gol. Push,[1] leave it to me.—How now, who would you speak withal? 221

F. Con. Speak withal! Have we waited all this while for a suspected thief?

Gol. How? You're scarce awake yet, I think: look well, does any appear like a thief in this company? Away, you slaves! you stand loitering when you should look to the commonwealth: you catch knaves apace now, do you not? they may walk by your nose, you rascals! [*Exeunt* Constables.

All. Sweet master Goldstone! 230

Gol. You lacked spirit in your company till I came among you: here be five on's; let's but glue together, why now the world shall not come between us.

Pur. If we be true among ourselves.

Gol. Why, true; we cannot lack to be rich, for we cannot lack riches, nor can our wenches want, nor we want wenches.

Pri. Let me alone to furnish you with them.

Tai. And me.

---

[1] Pish.

Gol. There's one care past: and as for the knight's daughter,
Our chiefest business, and least thought upon——
Pur. That's true, i'faith.
Tai. How shall we agree for her?
Gol. With as much ease
As for the rest. To-morrow brings the night:
Let's all appear in the best shape we may;
Troth is, we have need on't:
And when amongst us five she makes election,
As one she shall choose——
Pur. True, she cannot [but] choose.
Gol. That one so fortunate amongst us five
Shall bear himself more portly, live regarded,
Keep house, and be a countenance to the rest.
All. Admirable![1]
Gol. For instance;
Put case yourself, after some robbery done,
We're pursu'd hardly, why there were your shelter,
You know your sanctuary; nay, say you were taken,
His letter to the justice will strike't dead:
'Tis policy to receive one for the head.
All. Let's hug thee, Goldstone.
Gol. What have I begot?
Pur. What, sir?
Gol. I must plot for you all; it likes me rarely.
Tai. Prithee, what is't, sir?

[1] Old ed. "Admirall."

Gol. 'Twould strike Fitsgrave pale,
And make the other suitors appear blanks.
Fri. For our united mysteries.
Gol. What if we five presented our full shapes
In a strange-gallant and conceited masque?
Pur. In a masque? your thoughts and mine were twins.
Tai. So the device were subtle, nothing like it.
Fri. Some poet must assist us.
Gol. Poet?
You'll take the direct line to have us stag'd.[1]
Are you too well, too safe? Why, what lacks Bouser?
An absolute scholar; easy to be wrought,
No danger in the operation.
Pur. But have you so much interest?
Gol. What, in Bouser?
Why, my least word commands him.
Tai. Then no man fitter.
Pur. And there's master Frip too
Can furnish us of masquing suits enow.
Fri. Upon sufficient pawn, I think I can, sir.
Pur. Pawn? Jew, here, take my chain: pawns among brothers?
We shall thrive!
But we must still expect one rogue in five,
And think us happy too.

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Gol. Last man we spoke on, master Bouser.

[1] Old ed. "stag'de? why what lacks Bowser, are you too well, too safe, an absolute scholler." I have followed Dyce's arrangement.

Fur. Little master Bouser.[1]

Tai. Sweet master Bouser——

Fri. Welcome, i'faith.

Fit. Are your fathers dead, gentlemen, you're so merry?

Gol. By my troth, a good jest! Did not I commend his wit to you, gentlemen? Hark, sirrah Ralph Bouser, cousin Bouser, i'faith, there's a kind of portion in town, a girl of fifteen hundred, whom we all powerfully affect, and determine to present our parts to her in a masque.

Fit. In a masque.

Gol. Right, sir: now, a little of thy brain for a device to present us firm, which we shall never be able to do ourselves, thou knowest that; and with a kind of speech wherein thou mayst express what gallants are, bravely.

Fit. Pooh, how can I express 'em otherwise but bravely? Now for a Mercury, and all were fitted.

Pur. Could not a boy supply it?

Fit. Why, none better.

Pur. I have a boy shall put down all the Mercuries i' th' town; 'a will play a Mercury naturally, at his fingers' end[s], i'faith.

Fit. Why then we are suited: for torch-bearers and shield-boys, those are always the writer's properties; you're not troubled with them.

Gol. Come, my little Bouser, do't finely now, to the life.

Fit. I warrant you, gentlemen.

---

[1] Old ed. "All. Little maister Bowser, sweete maister Bowser, welcome ifaith."

Fri. Hist; give me a little touch above the rest, and you can possible, for I mean to present this chain of pearl to her.

Fit. Now I know that, let me alone to fit you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter Courtesans *and* MISTRESS NEWCUT.

First C. Come forth, you wary, private-whispering strumpet! Have we found your close haunts, your private watch-towers, and your subtle means?

Mis. N. How then?

Sec. C. You can steal secretly hither, you mystical quean you, at twilight, twitter-lights![1]
You have a privilege from your hat,[2] forsooth,
To walk without a man, and no suspicion;
But we poor gentlewomen that go in tires
Have no such liberty, we cannot do thus:
Custom grants that to you that's shame in us.

---

[1] We have the word "twitter-light" (*i.e.* twilight) again in *More Dissemblers besides Women*, iii. 1. Dyce quotes from *Wily Beguiled*, "What mak'st thou here this *twatter-light*."

[2] "An allusion to some regulation about dress, which I cannot explain: the reader may turn to Strutt's *Dress and Habits*, &c., vol. ii. p. 316." —*Dyce.*

Mis. N. Have you done yet?

Sec. C. You broke the back of one husband already; and now th' other's dead with grief at sea, with your secret expenses, close stealths, cunning filches, and continued banquets in corners. Then, forsooth, you must have your milk-baths to white you, your rose-leaves to sweeten you, your bean-flour bags[1] to sleek you, and make you soft, smooth, and delicate, for lascivious entertainment!

Mis. N. So, and you think all this while you dance like a thief in a mist, you're safe, nobody can find you! Pray, were not you a feltmonger's daughter at first, that run away with a new courtier for the love of gentlewomen's clothes, and bought the fashion at a dear rate, with the loss of your name and credit? Why, what are all of you but rustical insides and city flesh, the blood of yeomen, and the bum of gentlewomen?

Sec. C. What, shall we suffer a changeable forepart to out-tongue us? Take that! [*Attacking her.*

Mis. N. Murder, murder!

Enter FITSGRAVE.

Fit. How now! Why, ladies, a retreat! come, you have shown your spirits sufficiently: you're all land-captains; and so they shall find that come in your quarters; but have you the law free now to fight and

[1] Cf. *The Old Law*, vol. ii. p. 157, and *Women beware Women*, act iii. sc. 1. l. 38.

scratch among yourselves, and let your gallants run away with others?[1]

First C. How!

Sec. C. Good——

First C. Sweet master Bouser!

Mis. N. Another? [*Aside.*

Fit. Why then, I perceive you know nothing: why, they are in the way of marriage; a knight's daughter here in town makes her election among 'em this night.

First C. This night?

Fit. This very night; and they all present themselves in a masque before her: know you not this?

Sec. C. O traitor master Goldstone!

Third C. Perjured master Tailby!

Mis. N. Without soul? [*Aside.*

First C. She will chase him!

Fit. You have more cause to join,
And play the grounds[2] of friendship 'mongst yourselves,
Than rashly run division: I could tell you
A means to pleasure you——

First C. Good master Bouser!

Fit. But that you're women, and are hardly secret——

Sec. C. We vow it seriously.

Fit. You should be all there in presence,
See all, hear all, and yet not they perceive you.

Third C. So that——

---

[1] Old ed. "us."

[2] "An old musical term for an air on which variations and *divisions* were to be made."—*Nares.*

Mis. N. Sweet master Bouser, I——
Fit. I can
Stand you in stead; for I frame the device——
All. If ever——
Fit. Will you do't—hark you—— [*Whispers.*
First C. Content.
Sec. C. And I'll make one.
Third C. And I another:
We'll mar the match.
Mis. N. When[1] that good news came of my husband's death,
Goldstone promis'd me marriage, and sware to me——
Sec. C. I'll bring his oaths in question.
First C. So will I.[2]
Fit. Agree among yourselves, for shame!
First C. Are we resolv'd?
Sec. C. In this who would not feign?
Third C. Friends all, for my part.
Mis. N.[3] Here's my lip for mine.
Third C. Round let it go.
Sec. C. All wrath thus quench'd.
First C. And I conclude it so.
[*Exeunt all except* FITSGRAVE.
Fit. How all events strike even with my wishes!
Their own invention damns them.—

---

[1] The old ed. gives this speech to the Third Courtesan.
[2] "Is given to '3' in old ed.; but the Third Courtesan had 'set her affections' on Tailby."—*Dyce.*
[3] Old ed. "4."

Enter two Gentlemen, *and* PYAMONT *and* BUNGLER.[1]

Now, gentlemen,
Stands your assistance firm?

First G. Why, 'tis our own case;
I'm sorry you should doubt.

Sec. G. We'll furnish you.

Bun.[2] Are these our gallants?

Fit. Are our gallants these?

Enter Painter *with Shields.*

Pai. Here be five shields, sir.

Fit. Finished already? that's well: I'll see thy master shortly.

Pai. I'm satisfied. [*Exit.*

Py. Prithee, let's see, master Fitsgrave.

Fit. I have blazed them.

First G. What's this?

[*Sec. G.*] Fooh, you should be a gallant too, for you're no university scholar.

Fit. Look, this is Pursenet; the device, a purse wide open, and the mouth downward: the word,[3] *Alienis ecce crumenis!*

First G. What's that?

Fit. One that lives out of other men's pockets.

---

[1] This part of the play is exceedingly corrupt. There is no stage-direction in old ed. I have reluctantly followed Dyce in identifying the *Third Gentleman* with Bungler. Hitherto Bungler has been represented as an arrant ass,—the last person that Fitsgrave would have taken into his confidence. Yet it is clear that he is the speaker in l. 189, where he alludes to having had his pocket picked (cf. p. 193).

[2] Old ed. "3."

[3] Motto.

Py. That's right!

Fit. Here's Goldstone's, three silver dice.

First G. They run high, two cinques and a quater!

Fit. They're high-men,[1] fit for his purpose; the word, *Fratremque patremque.*

Sec. G. Nay, he will cheat his own brother; nay, his own father, i'faith!

Fit. So much the word imports.—Master Primero—

Bun.[2] Pox, what says he now? 101

Fit. The device, an unvalued[3] pearl hid in a cave; the word, *Occul[t]os vendit honores.*

First G. What's that?

Fit. One that sells maidenheads by wholesale.

Sec. G. Excellently proper!

Fit. Master Frip——

Sec. G. That Pythagorical rascal![4] in a gentleman's suit to-day, in a knight's to-morrow.

Fit. The device for him, a cuckoo sitting on a tree; the word, *En avis ex avibus! one bird made of many;* for you know as the sparrow hatches the cuckoo, so the gentleman feathers the broker. 113

First G. Let me admire thee, master Fitsgrave!

Fit. They will scorn gentlemen; and to assist them the better, Pursenet's boy, that little precious pickpocket, has a compendious speech in Latin, and, like a Mercury, presents their dispositions more liberally.

First G. Never were poor gallants so abused.

---

[1] Loaded dice. [2] Old ed. "3." [3] Invaluable.

[4] We have had the expression "Pythagorical rascal" in *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, vol. ii. p. 337.

Fit. Hang 'em!
They're counterfeits; no honest spirit will pity 'em.
This is my crown;
So good men smile, I dread no rascal's frown.
Away, bestow yourselves secretly o'erhead;
This is the place appointed for the rehearsal,
To practise their behaviours.

First G. We are vanish'd.

[*Exeunt two* Gentlemen, PYAMONT *and* BUNGLER, *who presently station themselves above.*

Enter GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, PRIMERO, *and* Boy.

Gol. Master Bouser——

Pur. Well said, i'faith; off with your cloaks, gallants; let's fall roundly to our business.

Tai. Is the boy perfect?

Fit. That's my credit, sir, I warrant you.

Fri. If our little Mercury should be out, we should scarce be known what we are.

Fit. I have took a course for that, fear it not, sir. Look you, first, here be your shields.

Gol. Ay, where be our shields?

Pur. Which is mine?

Tai. Which is mine, Master Bouser? this?

Fit. I pray, be contained a little, gentlemen; they'll come all time enough to you, I warrant.

Pur. This Frip is grown so violent!

Fit. Yours to begin withal, sir.

Pur. Well said, master Bouser!

[*Fit.*] First the device, a fair purse wide open, the mouth downward; the word, *Alienis ecce crumenis!*

Pur. What's that, prithee?

Fit. Your bounty pours itself forth to all men.

Pur. And so it does, i'faith; that's all my fault, bountiful.

Fit. Master Goldstone, here's yours, sir; three silver dice; the word, *Fratremque patremque.*

Gol. And what's that?

Fit. Fortune of my side.

Gol. Well said, little Bouser, i'faith!

Tai. What say you to me, sir?

Fit. For the device, a candle in a corner; the word, *Consumptio victus.*

Tai. The meaning of that, sir?

Fit. My light is yet in darkness till I enjoy her.

[*Tai.*] Right, sir.

Pri. Now mine, sir?

Fit. The device, an unvalued pearl hid in a cave.

Pri. Aha, sirs!

Fit. The word, *Occultos vendit honores.*

Pri. Very good, I warrant.

Fit. A black man's a pearl in a fair lady's eye.

Pri. I said 'twas some such thing.

Fri. My turn must need come now: am I fitted, master Bouser?

Fit. Trust to me: your device here is a cuckoo sitting on a tree.

Fri. The welsh leiger;[1] good.

[1] See note 3, vol. ii. p. 341.

Fit. The word, *En avis ex avibus!*

Fri. Ay, marry, sir.

Fit. Why, do you know what 'tis, sir?

Fri. No, by my troth, not yet, sir.

Fit. O!—*I keep one tune, I recant not.*

Fri. I'm like the cuckoo in that indeed: where I love I hold.

Fit. Did I not promise you I would fit you?

Gol. They're all very well done, i'faith, and very scholarlike, though I say't before thy face, little Bouser; but I would not have thee proud on't now: come, if this be performed well——

Pur. Who, the boy? he has performed deeper matters than this.

Py. Ay, a pox on him! I think was in my pocket now, and truth were known. [*Aside.*

Bun. I caught him once in mine. [*Aside.*

Fit. Suppose the shields are presented, then you begin, boy.

Boy. I, representing Mercury, am a pickpocket, and have his part at my fingers' ends: *Page I am to that great and secret thief, magno illo et secreto latroni*——

Fit.[1] There you make your honour, sir.

Boy. At *latroni?*

Fit.[2] You have it, sir.

Pur.[3] *Latroni*, that's mine.

Fit. He confesses the thief's his.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Bungl.*" [2] Old ed. "*Purs.*"
[3] Old ed. "*Boy.*"

Pur. Remember, boy, you point *latroni* to me.

Boy. To you, master.

[*Fit.*] Proceed.

Boy.[1] *These four are his companions; the one a notable cheater, that will cozen his own father*——

Fit. Master Goldstone.

Gol. Let me alone, master Bouser; I can take mine own turn.

Fit. Why—

Gol. Peace.

Boy.[2] *The second a notorious lecher, maintained by harlots, cujus virtus consumptio corporis.*[3]

Tai. That's I, master Bouser.

Fit. There you remember your honour, sir.

Boy. Ille leno pretiosissimus, virgineos ob lucrum vendens honores.

Pur. It sounds very well, i'faith.

Boy. Postremus ille, quamvis apparatu splendidus, is no otherwise than a broker; these feathers are not his own, sed avis ex avibus: all which to be nothing but truth will appear by the event.

Fit. I'faith, here's all now, gentlemen.

Gol. Short and pithy.

Tai. A good boy, i'faith, and a pregnant!

Pur. I dare put trust in the boy, sir.—Forget not, sirrah, at any hand, to point that same *latroni* to me.

Boy. I warrant you, master.

---

[1] Old ed. "*Fits.*"

[2] Old ed. "*Fits.*"

[3] Old ed. "corpus."

Gol. Come, gentlemen, the time beckons us away.

Fit. Ay, furnish, gentlemen, furnish.

Pur. Hark, one word, master Bouser: what's the same *latroni?* I have a good mind to that word, i'faith.

Fit. *Latroni?* why, *shrieve*[1] *of the shire.*

Pur. I'faith, and I have shriven some shires in my days. [*Exeunt* GOLDSTONE, PURSENET, TAILBY, FRIPPERY, PRIMERO, *and* Boy.

Fit. Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied and pleas'd?

First G. Never more amply.

Fit. Amongst us now falls that desired lot,
For we shall blast five rivals with one plot.
[*Exit, and exeunt* Gentlemen, *&c., above.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in KATHERINE'S *House.*

Enter KATHERINE *between two ancient* Gentlemen.

Kat. Grave gentlemen, in whose approved bosoms
My deceas'd father did repose much faith,
You're dearly welcome: pray, sit, command music;
See nothing want to beautify this night,
That holds my election in her peaceful arms;
Feasts, music, hymns, those sweet celestial charms.[2]

First G. May you be blest in this election!

Sec. G. That content may meet perfection!

---

[1] Old ed. "Sheerse."

[2] So Dyce for old ed's. "swarmes."

HYMN.

Sound lute, bandora[1] *gittern,*
Viol, virginals, and cittern;
Voices spring, and lift aloud
Her name that makes the music proud!
This night perfection
Makes her election.
Follow, follow, follow, follow round,
Look you to that, nay, you to that, nay, you to that:
Anon you will be found, anon you will be found, anon you will be found.

[*Cornets sound: enter the Masque, thus ordered: a torch-bearer, a shield-boy, then a masquer, so throughout; then the shield-boys fall at one end, the torch-bearers at the other; the masquers i' th' middle: the torch-bearers are the five gentlemen, the shield-boys the whores in boys' apparel; the masquers the five gallants: they bow to her; she rises and shows the like: they dance, but first deliver the shields up; she reads. The speech: their action.*

Kat. [*reads.*] *Alienis ecce crumenis!*
[PURSENET *bows to her.*
[*Reads.*] *Fratremque patremque.* [GOLDSTONE *bows to her.*
[*Reads.*] *Consumptio victus.* [TAILBY *bows to her.*
[*Reads.*] *Occultos vendit honores.* [PRIMERO *bows to her.*
A cuckoo: [*reads.*] *En avis ex avibus!*
[FRIPPERY *bows to her.*
Are you all as the speech and shields display you? 23

[1] A sort of guitar.

Gol. We shall prove so.

[*They going to dance, each unhasps his weapon from his side, and gives it to the torch-bearers.* KATHERINE *seems distrustful, but then* FITSGRAVE *whispers to her and falls back. At the end of which, all making an honour,* FRIPPERY *presents her with the chain of pearl.*

Kat. The very chain of pearl was filch'd from me!

Fit. Hold! stop the boy there!

[Boy *seized:* PURSENET *stamps.*

Kat. Will none lay hands on him? [FRIPPERY *seized.*

Gol. How now?

Fri. Alas, I'm but a broker! 'twas pawned to me in my shop.

[FITSGRAVE, PYAMONT, *and the others discover themselves.*

Tai. Ha, Fitsgrave!

Pur. Pyamont, and the rest!

Gol. Where's Bouser?

Fit. Here.

Gol. We are all betrayed!

Fit. Betrayed? you're new forth [?] to betrayed, you have not so much worth: nay, struggle not with the net, you are caught for this world.

First C. Would we were out!

Fit. 'Twas I fram'd your device, do you see? 'twas I! The whole assembly has took notice of it.

That you are a gallant cheater,
So much the pawning of my cloak contains;

[*To* GOLDSTONE.

You a base thief, think of Combe Park [*to* PURSENET]; and tell [1] me
That you're a hirèd smockster [*to* TAILBY]; here's her letter,
In which we are certified that you're a bawd.
[*To* PRIMERO.

First G. The broker has confessed it.

Sec. G. So has the boy.

Tai. That boy will be hanged; he stole the chain at first, and has thus long maintained his master's gallantry.

Fit. All which we here present, like captive slaves,
Waiting that doom which their presumption craves.

Kat. How easily may our suspectless sex
With fair appearing shadows be deluded!
Dear sir, you have the work so well begun,
That took from you, small glory would be won.

Fit. Since 'tis your pleasure to refer to me
The doom of these, I have provided so,
They shall not altogether lose their cost:
See, I have brought wives for 'em.
[*The* Courtesans, *&c., discover themselves.*

Gol. Heart, the strumpets! out, out!

Tai. Having assum'd, out of their impudence,
The shape of shield-boys!

Fri. To heap full confusion!

First C. Rather confine us to strict chastity,
A mere impossible task, than to wed these,
Whom we [do] loathe worse than the foul'st disease.

---

[1] "*i.e.* acknowledge—if there be no corruption of the text."—*Dyce.*

Gol. O grant 'em their requests!

Fit. The doom is past; so, since your aim was marriage,
Either embrace it in these courtesans,
Or have your base acts and felonious lives
Proclaim'd to the indignation of the law,
Which will provide a public punishment.
As for the boy, and that infectious bawd,
We put forth those to whipping.

Pri. Whipping? you find not that in the statute to whip satin.

Fit. Away with him! [PRIMERO *and* Boy *led off.*

Gol. Since all our shifts are discovered, as far as I can see, 'tis our best course to marry 'em; we'll make them get our livings.

Pur. He says true.

Mis. N. You see how we are threatened: by my troth, wenches, be ruled by me; let's marry 'em, and it be but to plague 'em; for when we have husbands we are under covert-baron,[1] and may lie with whom we list! I have tried that in my t'other husband's days.

All the C. A match.

Fit. I'll be no more deferr'd: come, when do you join?

Gol. These forc'd marriages do never come to good.

Fit. How can they when the[y] come to such as you?

Pur. The[y] often prove the ruin of great houses.

[*Fit.*] Nor, virgin, do I in this seek to entice

[1] See note, vol. i. p. 168.

All glory to myself; these gentlemen,
Whom[1] I am bound to love for kind assistance,
Had great affinity in the plot with me.

Kat. To them I give my thanks; myself to thee,
Thrice-worthy Fitsgrave!

Fit. I have all my wishes.

Kat. And I presume there's none but those can frown,
Whose envies, like the rushes,[2] we tread down.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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[1] Old ed. "to whom."

[2] Before the introduction of carpets rooms were strewed with rushes.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

A Mad World, my Masters. As it hath bin lately in Action by the Children of Paules. Composed by T. M. London, Printed by H. B. for Walter Burre, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Crane. 1608. 4to. A second ed. appeared 1640, 4to.

This play was licensed (for printing) by Sir George Buc's deputy, 4th October 1608.

THE PRINTER AND STATIONER

TO THE

GENTLE READER.[1]

COURTEOUS reader, let not the title or name of this comedy be any forestalling or weakening of the worthy author's judgment, whose known abilities will survive to all posterities, though he be long since dead. I hope the reading thereof shall not prove distasteful unto any in particular, nor hurtful unto any in general; but I rather trust that the language and the plot which you shall find in each scene shall rather be commended and applauded than any way derided or scorned. In the action, which is the life of a comedy, and the glory of the author, it hath been sufficiently expressed to the liking of the spectators and commendations of the actors; who have set it forth in such lively colours, and to the meaning of the gentleman that true penned it, that I dare say few can excel them, though some may equal them. In the reading of one act you guess the con-

[1] Prefixed to ed. 1640.

sequence; for here is no bombasted or fustian stuff, but every line weighed as with balance, and every sentence placed with judgment and deliberation. All that you can find in the perusal I will give you notice of beforehand, to prevent a censure that may arise in thy reading of this comedy, as also for the excuse of the author; and that is this: here and there you shall find some lines that do answer in metre; which I hope will not prove so disdainful, whereby the book may be so much slighted as not to be read, or the author's judgment undervalued as of no worth. Consider, gentle reader, it is full twenty years since it was written, at which time metre was most in use, and showed well upon the conclusion of every act and scene. My prevalent hope desires thy charitable censure, and thereby draws me to be

Thy immutable friend,

J. S.[1]

[1] The bookseller for whom ed. 1640 was printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS, *an old rich knight.*
DICK FOLLYWIT, *his grandson.*
HAREBRAIN.
PENITENT BROTHEL.
LIEUTENANT MAWWORM, ANCIENT HOBOY, } *comrades to Follywit.*
INESSE, POSSIBILITY, } *two elder brothers.*
GUMWATER, *Sir Bounteous's chief man.*
JASPER, *Penitent's man.*
RALPH, *Harebrain's man.*
SEMUS, *one of Sir Bounteous's servants.*
Constable.
Watchmen.
Two Knights.
Companions of Follywit, Servants, &c.

MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.
FRANK GULLMAN, *a courtesan.*
Her Mother.
A Succubus.

Scene, partly LONDON, partly the COUNTRY.

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS.

—o—

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

Maw. Captain, regent, principal!

Hob. What shall I call thee? the noble spark of bounty, the life-blood of society!

Fol. Call me your forecast, you whoresons! when you come drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your plots into form still; 'tis I must manage the prank, or I'll not give a louse for the proceeding: I must let fly my civil fortunes, turn wild-brain, lay my wits upo' th' tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains, whom I love in my very soul and cônscience!

Maw. Aha, our little forecast!

Fol. Hang you, you have bewitched me among you! I was as well given[1] till I fell to be wicked! my grand-

[1] "Imitated from Shakespeare's *First Part of K. Henry IV.*, act iii. sc. 3, where Falstaff says, 'I was as virtuously given as a gentleman

sire had hope of me: I went all in black; swore but a' Sundays; never came home drunk but upon fasting-nights to cleanse my stomach. 'Slid, now I'm quite altered! blown into light colours; let out oaths by th' minute; sit up late till it be early; drink drunk[1] till I am sober; sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco-shop! here's a transformation! I was wont yet to pity the simple, and leave 'em some money! 'slid, now I gull 'em without conscience! I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.

Maw. I deny the last; for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.

Fol. How prove you that, sir?

Maw. Because the drawers never fill their pots.

Fol. Mass, that was well found out! all drunkards may lawfully say, they drink within measure by that trick. And, now I'm put i' th' mind of a trick, can you keep your countenance, villains? Yet I am a fool to ask that, for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits?

Hob. I warrant you for blushing, captain.

Fol. I easily believe that, ancient, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay, faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all; 'tis Lent in your

need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a-week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.'"—*Reed.*

[1] See note, vol. i. p. 224.

cheeks, the flag's down.[1] Well, your blushing face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing face, unless you had more money in your purses. Then thus compendiously now. You all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolic grandsire, Sir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me: I shall have all, when he has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing. I think one mind runs through a million of 'em; they love to keep us sober all the while they're alive, that when they're dead we may drink to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their fathers' funerals. I know my grandsire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself ere I should get it: there's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind. 57

Maw. You may build upon that, captain.

Fol. Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I'll do myself good before he dies; and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandsire, Sir Bounteous Progress, is a knight of thousands, and therefore no knight since one thousand six hundred;[2] next, that he keeps a

[1] "On the tops of our ancient theatres were flags, which we may suppose to have been taken down during the season of Lent, when plays were not suffered to be represented."—*Steevens.*

[2] See note, vol. i. p. 135.

house like his name, bounteous, open for all comers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon the glory of his complement,[1] variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttery, and fecundity of his larder; and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights to make light his dishes. These being well mixed together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate: to be short, and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandsire like a lord. 76

Maw. How, captain?

Fol. A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume will do't. I can hire blue coats[2] for you all by Westminster clock, and that colour will be soonest believed.

Maw. But prithee, captain——

Fol. Push,[3] I reach past your fathoms: you desire crowns?

Maw. From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot, bully.

Fol. Why, carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough with yourselves. 87

Enter PENITENT BROTHEL.

Hob. Why, there spoke a Roman captain!—Master Penitent Brothel!

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[1] "*i.e.* the number of his servants. We still say of a ship full manned, that she has her full *complement*."—*Steevens*. But perhaps *complement* = *compliment*, courteous bearing towards guests.

[2] The livery of serving-men. [3] Pish.

P. Bro. Sweet master Folly-wit! [*Exeunt* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, &c.] Here's a mad-brain a' th' first, whose pranks scorn to have precedents, to be second to any, or walk beneath any madcap's inventions; has played more tricks than the cards can allow a man, and of the last stamp too, hating imitation; a fellow whose only glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which, he maintains all the rest: he's the carrion, and they the kites that gorge upon him.

But why in others do I check wild passions,
And retain deadly follies in myself?
I tax his youth of common receiv'd riot,
Time's comic flashes, and the fruits of blood;
And in myself soothe up adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know damns me,
Yet willingly embrace it—love to Harebrain's wife,
Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
With a fantastic but deserv'd suspect,
Bestows his serious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'm constrain'd to use the means
Of one that knows no mean, a courtesan,
One poison for another, whom her husband,
Without suspicion innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,[1]
Before his face plotting his own abuse,

[1] Contented cuckold.

To which himself gives aim,[1]
Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head
Misses his brow but narrowly. See, here she comes,
The close courtesan, whose mother is her bawd.

Enter Courtesan.

Cour. Master Penitent Brothel!—

P. Bro. My little pretty lady Gullman, the news, the comfort?

Cour. You're the fortunate man, sir, knight a' th' holland shirt;[2] there wants but opportunity, and she's wax of your own fashioning. She had wrought herself into the form of your love before my art set finger to her.

P. Bro. Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time?

Cour. So it should seem by the music: the only jar is in the grumbling bass-viol her husband.

P. Bro. O, his waking suspicion!

Cour. Sigh not, master Penitent; trust the managing of the business with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finished: if I do you no good, sir, you shall give me no money, sir.

P. Bro. I am arrived at the court of conscience; a

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[1] The person who *gave aim* stood near the butt and showed how far the arrow fell from the mark. Cf. *The White Devil*:—

"I am at the mark, sir: I'll *give aim* to you
And tell you how near you shoot."
—Dyce's *Webster* (1 vol. ed., p. 20).

[2] Old ed. "skirt."

courtesan! O admirable times! honesty is removed to the common-place.[1] [*Aside.*] Farewell, lady. [*Exit.*

Enter Mother.

Mot. How now, daughter?

Cour. What news, mother?

Mot. A token from thy keeper.

Cour. O, from Sir Bounteous Progress: he's my keeper indeed; but there's many a piece of venison stolen that my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a park as a woman.

Mot. Hold thee there, girl.

Cour. Fear not me, mother.

Mot. Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtlety; the very spider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to entrap the fly.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now
'Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow;
Your base mechanic fellow can spy out
A weakness in a lord, and learns to flout.
How does't behove us then that live by slight,
To have our wits wound up to their stretch'd height!
Fifteen times
Thou knowest I have sold thy maidenhead

[1] "A pun, I presume,—common-pleas."—*Dyce.*

To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet
There's maidenhead enough for old Sir Bounteous still:
He'll be all his lifetime about it yet,
And be as far to seek when he has done.
The sums that I have told upon thy pillow!
I shall once see those golden days again:
Though fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone.
Th' Italian is not serv'd yet, nor the French:
The British men come for a dozen at once,
They engross all the market: tut, my girl,
'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,
A sincere carriage, a religious eyebrow,
That throws their charms over the worldling's senses;
And when thou spiest a fool that truly pities
The false springs of thine eyes,
And honourably doats upon thy love,
If he be rich, set him by for a husband.
Be wisely temper'd, and learn this, my wench,
Who gets th' opinion for a virtuous name
May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

Cour. Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
To learn my first rules now.

Mot. 'Twill be thy own;
I say no more: peace, hark! remove thyself.

[*Exit* Courtesan.

O, the two elder brothers!

Enter INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

Pos. A fair hour, sweet lady!

Mot. Good morrow, gentlemen, master Inesse and master Possibility.

In. Where's the little sweet lady your daughter?

Mot. Even at her book, sir.

Pos. So religious?

Mot. 'Tis no new motion, sir; sh'as took it from an infant.

Pos. May we deserve a sight of her, lady?

Mot. Upon that condition you will promise me, gentlemen, to avoid all profane talk, wanton compliments, undecent phrases, and lascivious courtings (which I know my daughter will sooner die than endure), I am contented your suits shall be granted.

Pos. Not a bawdy syllable, I protest.

In. Syllable was [well] placed there; for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words: prick that down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before HAREBRAIN'S *House.*

Enter HAREBRAIN.

Har. She may make night-work on't; 'twas well recover'd;[1]
He-cats and courtesans stroll most 'i th' night:
Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth nightly;
I'll be at charge

[1] *i.e.* discover'd (for which it is perhaps a misprint).

For watch and ward, for watch and ward, i'faith;
And here they come.

Enter Watchmen.

First W. Give your worship good even.

Har. Welcome, my friends; I must deserve your diligence
In an employment serious. The troth is,
There's a cunning plot laid, but happily discover'd,
To rob my house; the night uncertain when,
But fix'd within the circle of this month;
Nor does this villany consist in numbers,
Or many partners; only some one
Shall, in the form of my familiar friend,
Be receiv'd privately into my house
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Address'd fit for the practice.

First W. O abominable!

Har. If you be faithful watchmen, show your goodness,
And with these angels shore up your eyelids:
[*Giving money.*
Let me not be purloin'd—purloin'd indeed!
The merry Greeks [1] conceive me—there's a gem
I would not lose,
Kept by th' Italian [2] under lock and key:

---

[1] *Merry Greek* was a common term for a jovial companion. Cf. *Troilus and Cresseida*, i. 2, "Then she's a *merry Greek* indeed;" Ibid. iv. 4, "A woeful Cressid 'mongst the *merry Greeks*." The proverb "As merry as a *grig*" is a corruption of "As merry as a *Greek*."

[2] In the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. iii. sect. iii. memb. 1, subs. 2, Burton relates that the Italians "lock up their women, and will not suffer

We Englishmen are careless creatures: well,
I have said enough.

Sec. W. And we will do enough, sir.

Har. Why, well said; watch me a good turn now; so, so, so. [*Exeunt* Watchmen.

Rise villany with the lark, why, 'tis prevented;
Or steal't by with the leather-winged bat,[1]
The evening cannot save it—peace.— 29

Enter Courtesan.

O, lady Gullman, my wife's only company, welcome! and how does the virtuous matron, that good old gentlewoman, thy mother? I persuade myself, if modesty be in the world, she has part on't; a woman of an excellent carriage all her lifetime, in court, city, and country.

Cour. Sh'as always carried it well in those places, sir;—witness three bastards a-piece. [*Aside.*]—How does your sweet bed-fellow, sir? you see I'm her boldest visitant.

Har. And welcome, sweet virgin; the only companion my soul wishes for her. I left her within at her lute; prithee, give her good counsel. 41

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them to be near men so much as in the church, but with a partition between." He quotes the saying—"England is a paradise for women and hell for horses; Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women."

[1] "From Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. xii. st. 36:

'*The lether-winged batt*, dayes' enimy.'"—*Dyce.*

But *leather-winged* was an epithet that would naturally suggest itself. In Poole's *English Parnassus* (1677), under *Bat* we find the following couplet (of which I cannot remember the author):—

"The *leather-winged* mouse, that never flies
Till the rear evening curtain up the skies."

Cour. Alas, she needs none, sir!

Har. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not come amiss to her.

Cour. I'll bestow my labour, sir.

Har. Do, labour her, prithee. I have conveyed away all her wanton pamphlets; as *Hero and Leander*, *Venus and Adonis;* O, two luscious marrow-bone pies for a young married wife! Here, here, prithee, take the *Resolution*,[1] and read to her a little. [*Gives book.*

Cour. Sh'as set up her resolution already, sir.

Har. True, true, and this will confirm it the more: there's a chapter of hell; 'tis good to read this cold weather: terrify her, terrify her. Go, read to her the horrible punishments for itching wantonness, the pains allotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very dreams are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a courtesan, and show how loathsome 'tis.

Cour. The gentleman would persuade me in time to disgrace myself, and speak ill of mine own function. [*Aside and exit.*

Har. This is the course I take; I'll teach the married man
A new-selected strain. I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company:
Pooh, that's enough; I'll keep her to her stint,
I'll put her to her pension;

[1] A well-known book by Robert Parsons the Jesuit, entitled *A Book of Christian exercise apperteining to Resolution, that is, shewing how that wee shoulde resolue our selues to become Christians indeed. By R. P.*, &c., 1585, 12mo. *Second part*, 1591, 12mo.

She gets but her allowance, that's [a] bare one:
Few women but have that beside their own:
Ha, ha, ha! nay, I will put her hard to't.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN *and* Courtesan.

Mis. H. Fain would I meet the gentleman.
Cour. Push, fain would you meet him! why, you do not take the course.
Har. How earnestly she labours her,
Like a good wholesome sister of the Family![1]
She will prevail, I hope. [*Aside.*
Cour. Is that the means?
Mis. H. What is the means?
I would as gladly, to enjoy his sight,
Embrace it as the——
Cour. Shall I have hearing? listen.
Har. She's round with her, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Cour. When husbands in their rank'st suspicions dwell,
Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well:
Put but these notes in use that I'll direct you,
He'll curse himself that e'er he did suspect you.
Perhaps he will solicit you, as in trial,
To visit such and such; still give denial:
Let no persuasions sway you; they're but fetches
Set to betray you, jealousies, slights, and reaches.
Seem in his sight t' endure the sight of no man;

[1] The religious sect called Family of Love.

Put by all kisses, till you kiss in common :
Neglect all entertain ; if he bring in
Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen.
If he chance steal upon you, let him find
Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind,
And coted [1] Scriptures ; though for your own pleasure
You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
This is the course, my wench, t' enjoy thy wishes ;
Here you perform best when you most neglect :
The way to daunt is to outvie suspect.
Manage these principles but with art and life,
Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Har. She puts it home, i'faith, even to the quick :
From her elaborate action I reach that.
I must requite this maid ; faith, I'm forgetful. [*Aside.*

Mis. H. Here, lady,
Convey my heart unto him in this jewel.
Against you see me next, you shall perceive
I've profited ; in the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet a' th' Master's side,[2]
My husband's jealousy,
That masters him, as he doth master me ;
And as a keeper that locks prisoners up
Is himself prison'd under his own key,
Even so my husband, in restraining me,
With the same ward bars his own liberty.

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[1] Quoted.

[2] See note 3, vol. i. p. 192.

Cour. I'll tell him how you wish it, and I'll wear
My wits to the third pile[1] but all shall clear.

Mis. H. I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

Cour. Think you so, lady? he has small reason for't.

Har. What, done so soon? away, to't again, to't again, good wench, to't again; leave her not so: where left you? come.

Cour. Faith, I am weary, sir.
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion
With all the arguments that sense can frame.

Har. No? let me come.—Fie, wife, you must consent.—What opinion is't? let's hear.

Cour. Fondly and wilfully she retains that thought,
That every sin is damn'd.

Har. O, fie, fie, wife! pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost your time! for shame, be converted. There's a diabolical opinion indeed! then you may think that usury were damned; you're a fine merchant, i'faith! or bribery; you know the law well! or sloth; would some of the clergy heard you, i'faith! or pride; you come at court! or gluttony; you're not worthy to dine at an alderman's table!
Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villanous ringworm, woman's worst requittal;
'Tis only lechery that's damn'd to th' pit-hole:

[1] *Three-pile* velvet was the finest sort of velvet. "It seems to have been thought that there was a threefold accumulation of the outer substance or pile."—*Nares.*

Ah, that's an arch offence, believe it, squall![1]
All sins are venial but venereal.
Cour. I've said enough to her.
Har. And she will be rul'd by you.
Cour. Faugh!
Har. I'll pawn my credit on't. Come hither, lady,
I will not altogether rest ingrateful;
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and counsel.
Cour. It is not so much worth, sir; I am a very ill counsellor, truly.
Har. Go to, I say.
Cour. You're to blame, 'faith, sir; I shall ne'er deserve it.
Har. Thou hast done't already: farewell, sweet virgin; prithee, let's see thee oftener.
Cour. Such gifts will soon entreat me.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Har. Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices:
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end;
Thou'lt feel an alteration: prithee, think on't:
Mine eyes can scarce refrain.
Mis. H. Keep in your dew, sir,
Lest when you would, you want it.
Har. I've pawn'd my credit on't: ah, didst thou know
The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go!
Mis. H. 'Tis that I strive to get.
Har. And still do so. [*Exeunt.*

[1] A term of endearment.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS'S *Country House.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS *and two* Knights.

First K. You have been too much like your name, sir Bounteous.

Sir B. O, not so, good knights, not so; you know my humour: most welcome, good sir Andrew Pollcut;[1] sir Aquitain Colewort, most welcome.

Both. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

[*Exeunt at one door.*

At the other door, enter in haste one of FOLLYWIT'S *companions disguised as a* Footman.

Foot. O, cry your worship heartily mercy, sir!

Sir B. How now, linen stockings and threescore mile a-day? whose footman art thou?

Foot. Pray, can your worship tell me—ho, ho, ho!—if my lord be come in yet.

Sir B. Thy lord! what lord?

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[1] So ed. 1640; ed. 1608, "Pelcut."

Foot. My lord Owemuch, sir.

Sir B. My lord Owemuch? I have heard much speech of that lord; has great acquaintance i' th' city; that lord has been much followed.

Foot. And is still, sir; he wants no company when he's in London: he's free of the mercers, and there's none of 'em all dare cross him.

Sir B. And they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with 'em; he would make 'em all weary on't i' th' end. Much fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him: art sure he will alight here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.

Foot. Thinks your worship so, sir? by your leave, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. Pooh, passion of me, footman! why, pumps, I say, come back!

Foot. Does your worship call?

Sir B. Come hither, I say. I am but afraid on't; would it might happen so well! How dost know? did he name the house with the great turret a' th' top?

Foot. No, faith, did he not, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. Come hither, I say. Did he speak of a cloth-a'-gold chamber?

Foot. Not one word, by my troth, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. Come again, you lousy seven-mile-an-hour!

Foot. I beseech your worship, detain me not.

Sir B. Was there no talk of a fair pair of organs,[1] a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?

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[1] *Pair of organs* was the old term for an organ.

Foot. 'Twere sin to belie my lord; I heard no such words, sir. [*Going.*

Sir B. A pox confine thee! come again, pooh!

Foot. Your worship will undo me, sir.

Sir B. Was there no speech of a long dining-room, a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser-board?

Foot. I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.

Sir B. Whom did he name?

Foot. Why, one sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir B. Ah, a, a! I am that sir Bounteous, you progressive round-about rascal.

Foot. Pooh![1] [*Laughs.*

Sir B. I knew I should have him i' th' end: there's not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours; 'tis a fortune laid upon me; they can scent out their best entertainment. I have a kind of complimental gift given me above ordinary country knights; and how soon 'tis smelt out! I warrant ye, there's not one knight i' th' shire able to entertain a lord i' th' cue, or a lady i' th' nick, like me;—like me! there's a kind of grace belongs to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me; I know not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't —cuds me, I forget myself—where——

Enter Servants.

First S. Does your worship call?

Sir B. Run, sirrah! call in my chief gentleman i' th'

[1] Old eds. "Laughs, puh."

chain of gold;[1] expedite. [*Exit* First Servant.]—And how does my good lord? I never saw him before in my life.—A cup of bastard[2] for this footman!

Foot. My lord has travelled this five year, sir.

Sir B. Travelled this five year? how many children has he?—Some bastard, I say!

Foot. No bastard, an't please your worship.

Sir B. A cup of sack to strengthen his wit!

[*Exit* Second Servant, *and returns with the wine.*

The footman's a fool.

Enter GUMWATER.

O, come hither, master Gumwater, come hither: send presently to master Pheasant for one of his hens; there's partridge i' th' house?

Gum. And wild-duck, an't please your worship.

Sir B. And woodcock, an't please thy worship.

Gum. And woodcock, an't please your worship.—I had thought to have spoke before you.

Sir B. Remember the pheasant, down with some plover, clap down six woodcocks; my lord's[3] coming: now, sir.

Gum. An't please your worship, there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir B. Despatch, I say, despatch: why, where's my music? he's come indeed. [*Exit* GUMWATER.

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[1] Gold chains were worn by stewards.

[2] A sweet Spanish wine.

[3] Old eds. ‘ loue's.”

Enter FOLLYWIT *dressed as a lord, with* MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others in blue coats.*[1]

Fol. Footman!

Foot. My lord?

Fol. Run swiftly with my commendations to Sir Jasper Topaz: we'll ride and visit him i' th' morning, say.

Foot. Your lordship's charge shall be effected. [*Exit.*

Fol. That courtly, comely form should present to me Sir Bounteous Progress.

Sir B. You've found me out my lord; I cannot hide myself:
Your honour is most spaciously welcome.

Fol. In this forgive me, sir,
That being a stranger to your house[2] and you,
I make my way so bold[ly]; and presume
Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge;
Only your bounteous disposition
Fame hath divulg'd, and is to me well known.

Sir B. Nay, and your lordship know my disposition, you know me better than they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

Fol. Thanks, good sir Bounteous.

Sir B. Pray, pardon me; it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness,
To have wish'd your lordship where your lordship is,

[1] See note 2, p. 256.
[2] Old eds. "houses."

A noble guest in this unworthy seat:
Your lordship ne'er heard my organs?

Fol. Heard of 'em, sir Bounteous, but never heard 'em.

Sir B. They're but double-gilt, my lord; some hundred and fifty pound will fit your lordship with such another pair.

Fol. Indeed, sir Bounteous!

Sir B. O my lord, I have a present suit to you!

Fol. To me, sir Bounteous? and you could ne'er speak at fitter time, for I'm here present to grant you.

Sir B. Your lordship has been a traveller?

Fol. Some five year, sir.

Sir B. I have a grandchild, my lord; I love him; and when I die I'll do somewhat for him: I'll tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has been.

Fol. So we have been all, sir.

Sir B. So we have been all indeed, my lord; I thank your lordship's assistance. Some comic pranks he has been guilty of; but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest, trusty bosom.

Fol. And that's worth all, sir.

Sir B. And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for he's like to have all when I die; *imberbis juvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's; there' great hope of his wit, his hair's[1] so long a-coming. Shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this aforesaid Ganymede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup?

[1] An allusion to the proverb, *More hair than wit.*

Fol. You wrong both his worth and your bounty, and[1] you call that boldness. Sir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman.

Sir B. Nay, has a good wit, i'faith my lord.

Fol. Has carried himself always generously.

Sir B. Are you advised of that, my lord? has carried many things cleanly. I'll show your lordship my will; I keep it above in an outlandish box; the whoreson boy must have all; I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.

Fol. Well, sir, for your sake, and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.

Sir B. I understand your good lordship; you'll make him your secretary.—My music! give my lord a taste of his welcome. [*A strain played by the consort:*[2] SIR BOUNTEOUS *makes a courtly honour to* FOLLYWIT, *and seems to foot the tune.*] So.—How like you our airs, my lord? are they choice?

Fol. They're seldom matched, believe it.

Sir B. The consort of mine own household.

Fol. Yea, sir!

Sir B. The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary musicians. Your lordship shall hear my organs now.

Fol. O, I beseech you, sir Bounteous!

Sir B. My organist! [*The organs play, and servants with covered dishes pass over the stage.*]—Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ[s]?

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[1] If.

[2] Company of musicians.

Fol. A very proud air, i'faith, sir.

Sir B. O, how can't choose? a Walloon plays upon 'em, and a Welchman[1] blows wind in their breech.

[*Exeunt.*

[*A song to the organs.*

SCENE II.

A Gallery.

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS *with* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and his consorts*[2] *towards his lodging.*

Sir B. You must pardon us, my lord, hasty cates; your honour has had even a hunting-meal on't; and now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging; a hard down bed, i'faith, my lord, poor cambric sheets, and a cloth a' tissue canopy; the curtains, indeed, were wrought in Venice, with the story of the Prodigal Child[3] in silk and gold; only the swine are left out, my lord, for spoiling the curtains.

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[1] See note 1, p. 23. [2] Companions.

[3] A favourite subject for representation on tapestry and painted cloth. Cf. John Taylor's *Works*, 1630 (p. 119):—

"And there he spied
The pamper'd prodigal on cock-horse ride;
There was his fare, his fiddlers, and his whores,
His being poor and beaten out of doors,
His keeping hogs, his eating husks for meat,
His lamentation and his home retreat,
His welcome to his father and the feast,
The fat calf kill'd, all these things were expressed."

Another favourite subject was the story of Dives and Lazarus.

Fol. 'Twas well prevented, sir.

Sir B. Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venereal dreams to your lordship!

Fol. The like to kind Sir Bounteous!

Sir B. Fie, not to me, my lord; I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Fol. Old men should dream best.

Sir B. They're dreame[r]s indeed, my lord; you've gi'nt us. To-morrow your lordship shall see my cocks, my fish-ponds, my park, my champion[1] grounds: I keep champers[2] in my house can show your lordship some pleasure.

Fol. Sir Bounteous, you even whelm me with delights.

Sir B. Once again, a musical night to your honour! I'll trouble your lordship no more.

Fol. Good rest, sir Bounteous. [*Exit* SIR BOUNTEOUS.]—So, come, the vizards! where be the masking-suits?

Maw. In your lordship's portmantua.

Fol. Peace, lieutenant.

Maw. I had rather have war, captain.

Fol. Pooh, the plot's ripe! come to your business, lad;
Though guilt condemn, 'tis gilt[3] must make us glad.

---

[1] Old form of *champain*. As opposed to parks, *champion grounds* seems to mean open, unenclosed meadows.

[2] "*i.e.*, perhaps, horses (bridle-*champers*). Nares' conjecture (in *Gloss.*), that '*champers*' in this passage means *eaters*, seems very absurd."—*Dyce*. (My copy of Nares gives *caters*.) Halliwell suggests that the meaning is *hounds*.

[3] *i.e. gelt* (money).

Maw. Nay, and you be at your distinctions, captain, I'll follow behind no longer.

Fol. Get you before, then, and whelm your nose with your vizard; go. [*Exit* MAWWORM.

Now, grandsire, you that hold me at hard meat,
And keep me out at the dag's end,[1] I'll fit you:
Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine
He and his will confesses; what I take, then,
Is but a borrowing of so much beforehand;
I'll pay him again when he dies in so many blacks;[2] I'll have the church hung round with a noble[3] a yard, or requite him in scutcheons: let him trap me in gold, and I'll lap him in lead;[4] *quid pro quo.* I must look none of his angels[5] in the face, forsooth, until his face be not worth looking on: tut, lads,
Let sires and grandsires keep us low, we must
Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Courtesan's *House.*

Enter Courtesan *and* Servant.

Cour. Go, sirrah, run presently to master Penitent Brothel: you know his lodging; knock him up; I know he cannot sleep for sighing;

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[1] *i.e.* at the point of the pistol.
[2] "Blacks"=mourning.
[3] See note 2, p. 129.
[4] *Lap* [*i.e.* wrap] *in lead* is a not uncommon expression for *bury*.
[5] See note 2, vol. i. p. 32.

Tell him, I've happily bethought a mean
To make his purpose prosper in each limb,
Which only rests to be approv'd by him :
Make haste, I know he thirsts for't.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

A Gallery.

Enter FOLLYWIT *in a masking suit with a vizard in his hand.*

[*Within.*] Oh!

Fol. Hark! they're at their business.

[*Within.*] Thieves, thieves!

Fol. Gag that gaping rascal! though he be my grandsire's chief gentleman i' th' chain of gold,[1] I'll have no pity of him.

Enter MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, vizarded.*

How now, lads?

Maw. All's sure and safe; on with your vizard, sir; the servants are all bound.

Fol. There's one care past then: come, follow me, lads; I'll lead you now to the point and top of all your fortunes: yon lodging is my grandsire's. 12

[1] See note 1, p. 272.

Maw. So, so; lead on, on!

Hob. Here's a captain worth the following, and a wit worth a man's love and admiring! [*Exeunt.*[1]

SCENE V.

A Room opening into SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *Bed-chamber, from which enter* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, dragging in* SIR BOUNTEOUS *in his night-gown.*

Sir B. O gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what countrymen are you?

Fol. Lincolnshire men, sir.

Sir B. I am glad of that, i'faith.

Fol. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir B. O, the honestest thieves of all come out of Lincolnshire, the kindest-natured gentlemen; they'll rob a man with conscience; they have a feeling of what they go about and will steal with tears in their eyes: ah, pitiful gentlemen!

Fol. Push, money, money! we come for money.

Sir B. Is that all you come for? Ah, what a beast was I to put out my money t'other day! Alas, good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray, come again another time.

Fol. Tut, tut, sir, money!

Sir B. O not so loud, sir! you're too shrill a gentle-

[1] "Is not marked in the old eds., which, after Hoboy's speech, have a stage-direction, '*Enter with Sir Bounteous in his night gowne.*'"—*Dyce.*

man: I have a lord lies in my house; I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Fol. Who, my lord Owemuch? we have took order with him beforehand; he lies bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir B. Who, my lord? bound my lord? Alas, what did you mean to bind my lord? he could keep his bed well enough without binding. You've undone me in't already, you need rob me no farther.

Fol. Which is the key? come!

Sir B. Ah, I perceive now you're no true Lincolnshire spirits! you come rather out of Bedfordshire; we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you. So, take enough, my masters [*they rifle his cabinets*]: spur a free horse, my name's sir Bounteous; a merry world, i'faith; what knight but I keep open house at midnight? Well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

Fol. Away now; seize upon him, bind him.

Sir B. Is this your court of equity? why should I be bound for mine own money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have been too liberal to-night, keep in my hands [*they bind him*]: nay, as hard as you list; I am too good to bear my lord company. You have watched your time, my masters; I was knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me a knight of Windsor.[1] You've deserved so well, my

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[1] "*i.e.* one of the poor knights of Windsor."—*Reed.* Cf. Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*:—"A smudge piece of a handsome fellow it hath been in his days, but now he is old and past his best,

masters. I bid you all to dinner to-morrow: I would I might have your companies, i'faith; I desire no more.

Fol. O, ho, sir! 46

Sir B. Pray, meddle not with my organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Fol. O no, here's better music, sir.

Sir B. Ah, pox feast you!

Fol. Despatch with him, away! [*Exeunt* HOBOY *and others, carrying* SIR BOUNTEOUS *into the bed-chamber.*]—So, thank you, good grandsire! This was bounteously done of him, i'faith: it came somewhat hard from him at first; for, indeed, nothing comes stiff from an old man but money: and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon. Where's our portmantua?

Maw. Here, bully captain.

Fol. In with the purchase,[1] 'twill lie safe enough there under 's nose, I warrant you.— 60

Re-enter HOBOY *and others.*

What, is all sure?

Hob. All's sure, captain.

Fol. You know what follows now, one villain binds his fellows; go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals. There's no dallying upo' th' point;

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and fit for nothing but to be a nobleman's porter or a *Knight of Windsor*" (*Works*, ed. Grosart, iii. 139).;

[1] Stolen property.

you conceit me: there is a lord to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers; can you pick out that lord now?

Maw. O admirable spirit!

Fol. You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be satisfied.

Hob. But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound?

Fol. Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.

Foot. That's I; I thank you, sir.

Fol. The footman, of all other, will be supposed to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lies in 's clothes, to be first ready i' the morning; the horse and he lies in litter together, that's the right fashion of your bonny footman; and his freedom will make the better for our purpose, for we must have one i' the morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport within ourselves. We now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease, to be thieves, and lie by't: look to't, lads, it concerns every man's gullet; I'll not have the jest spoiled, that's certain, though it hazard a windpipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hanged like a thief as I am; and that's my resolution.

Maw. Troth, a match, captain, of all hands! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Courtesan's *House.*

Enter Courtesan *meeting* PENITENT BROTHEL.

Cour. O master Penitent Brothel!

Pen. B. What is't, sweet lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration?

Cour. A thought, a trick, to make you, sir, especially happy, and yet I myself a saver by it.

Pen. B. I would embrace that, lady, with such courage, I would not leave you on the losing hand.

Cour. I will give trust to you, sir. The cause, then, why I raised you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep, thus understand it :
You love that woman, master Harebrain's wife,
Which no invented means can crown with freedom
For your desires and her own wish but this,
Which in my slumbers did present itself.

Pen. B. I'm covetous, lady.

Cour. You know her husband, lingering in suspect,
Locks her from all society but mine.

Pen. B. Most true.

Cour. I only am admitted; yet hitherto that has done you no real happiness; by my admittance I cannot perform that deed that should please you, you know: wherefore thus I've conveyed it, I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.

Pen. B. Good.

Cour. Nay, 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do you good.

Pen. B. And in that sense I called it: but take me with you,[1] lady; would it be probable enough to have a sickness so suddenly violent? 29

Cour. Pooh, all the world knows women are soon down: we can be sick when we have a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfeit upon the rump of a lark, and bestow ten pound in physic upon't: we're likest ourselves when we're down; 'tis the easiest art and cunning for our sect[2] to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well; for since we were made for a weak, imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for. I thus translated, and yourself slipt into the form of a physician—— 39

Pen. B. I a physician, lady? talk not on't, I beseech you; I shall shame the whole college.

Cour. Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve for this purpose; for I am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfumed in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my palate and restoring of my health. Lay on load enough upon 'em, and spare 'em not, for they're good plump fleshly asses, and may well enough bear it; let gold,[3] amber, and dissolved pearl, be common ingrediences, and that you cannot compose a cullice without 'em. Put but this cunningly in practice, it shall

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[1] "Take me with you" = let me understand you; explain.

[2] *Sect* was a common form of sex.

[3] See note, p. 217.

be both a sufficient recompense for all my pains in your love, and the ready means to make mistress Harebrain way, by the visiting of me, to your mutual desired company.

Pen. B. I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will constantly embrace it. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VII.

A Bed-chamber: FOLLYWIT, *bound, in bed.*

Sir B. [*within.*] Ho, Gumwater!

Fol. Singlestone!

[*Within.*] Jenkin, wa, ha, ho!

[*Within.*] Ewen!

[*Within.*] Simcod!

Fol. Footman! whew!

Foot. [*within.*] O good your worship, let me help your good old worship!

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, *with a cord half unbound, and* Footman,[1] *assisting to loose him.*

Sir B. Ah, poor honest footman! how did'st thou 'scape this massacre?

Foot. E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, sir.

Sir B. I think so; I would I had lain in my clothes too, footman, so I had 'scaped 'em: I could have but

[1] One of Follywit's companions.

risse[1] like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces! So, so, 'tis well; I thank thee: run to thy fellows; undo 'em, undo 'em, undo 'em!

Foot. Alas, if my lord should miscarry, they're unbound already, sir; they have no occupation but sleep, feed, and fart. [*Exit.*

Sir B. If I be not ashamed to look my lord i' th' face, I'm a Saracen.—My lord!

Fol. Who's that?

Sir B. One may see he has been scared: a pox on 'em for their labours!

Fol. Singlestone!

Sir B. Singlestone? I'll ne'er answer to that, i'faith.

Fol. Suchman!

Sir B. Suchman? nor that neither, i'faith; I am not brought so low, though I be old.

Fol. Who's that i' th' chamber?

Sir B. Good morrow, my lord; 'tis I.

Fol. Sir Bounteous, good morrow; I would give you my hand, sir, but I cannot come at it. Is this the courtesy a' th' country, sir Bounteous?

Sir B. Your lordship grieves me more than all my loss;

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[1] Risen.

'Tis the unnatural'st sight that can be found,
To see a noble gentleman hard bound.

Fol. Trust me, I thought you had been better beloved, sir Bounteous; but I see you have enemies, sir, and your friends fare the worse for 'em. I like your talk better than your lodging; I ne'er lay harder in a bed of down; I have had a mad night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should be, sir Bounteous?

Sir B. Faith, Lincolnshire men, my lord.

Fol. How? fie, fie, believe it not, sir; these lie not far off, I warrant you.

Sir B. Think you so, my lord?

Fol. I'll be burnt and they do; some that use to your house, sir, and are familiar with all the conveyances.

Sir B. This is the commodity of keeping open house, my lord; that makes so many shut their doors about dinner-time.

Fol. They were resolute villains: I made myself known to 'em, told 'em what I was, gave 'em my honourable word not to disclose 'em——

Sir B. O saucy, unmannerly villains!

Fol. And think you the slaves would trust me upon my word?

Sir B. They would not?

Fol. Forsooth, no; I must pardon 'em: they told me lords' promises were mortal, and commonly die within half an hour after they are spoken; they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full growth or perfection; and therefore, though I were a lord, I must enter into bond.

Sir B. Insupportable rascals!

Fol. Troth, I'm of that mind. Sir Bounteous, you fared the worse for my coming hither.

Sir B. Ah, good my lord, but I'm sure your lordship fared the worse!

Fol. Pray, pity not me, sir.

Sir B. Is not your honour sore about the brawn of the arm? a murrain meet 'em, I feel it!

Fol. About this place, sir Bounteous?

Sir B. You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?

Fol. Ay, e'en a twinge, you say right.

Sir B. A pox discover 'em, that twinge I feel too!

Fol. But that which disturbs me most, sir Bounteous, lies here.

Sir B. True; about the wrist, a kind of tumid numbness.

Fol. You say true, sir.

Sir B. The reason of that, my lord, is, the pulses had no play.

Fol. Mass, so I guessed it.

Sir B. A mischief swell 'em, for I feel that too!

Enter MAWWORM.

Maw. 'Slid, here's a house haunted indeed!

Sir B. A word with you, sir.

Fol. How now, Singlestone?

Maw. I'm sorry, my lord, your worship has lost——

Sir B. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup!

Fol. What have I lost? speak.

Sir B. A good night's sleep, say.

Fol. Speak, what have I lost, I say?

Maw. A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.

Fol. That's true; my clothes, come.

Maw. My lord's clothes; his honour's rising.

[*Enter* HOBOY *and others with clothes: they retire to* FOLLYWIT, *behind the curtains, which are drawn.*

Sir B. Hist, well said: come hither; what has my lord lost? tell me, speak softly.

Maw. His lordship must know that, sir.

Sir B. Hush! prithee tell me.

Maw. 'Twill do you no pleasure to know't, sir.

Sir B. Yet again? I desire it, I say.

Maw. Since your worship will needs know't, they have stolen away a jewel in a blue silk ribband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in fair spur-royals.[2]

Sir B. That's some two hundred i' th' total.

Maw. Your worship's much about it, sir.

Sir B. Come, follow me; I'll make that whole again in so much money; let not my lord know on't.

Maw. O pardon me, sir Bounteous! that were a dishonour to my lord: should it come to his ear, I should hazard my undoing by it.

Sir B. How should it come to his ear? if you be my lord's chief man about him, I hope you do not use to speak unless you be paid for't; and I had rather give

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[1] So Dyce. The only stage-direction in old eds. is "*Curtains drawn.*"

[2] Coins worth about 15*s.*

you a councillor's double fee to hold your peace. Come, go to; follow me, I say.

Maw. There will be scarce time to tell it, sir; my lord will away instantly.

Sir B. His honour shall stay dinner, by his leave; I'll prevail with him so far: and now I remember a jest, I bade the whoreson thieves to dinner last night; I would I might have their companies; a pox poison em! [*Exit.*

Maw. Faith, and you are like to have no other guess,[1] sir Bounteous, if you have none but us; I'll give you that gift, i'faith. [*Exit.*[2]

[1] Guests.

[2] In ed. 1640 is the following stage-direction:—"*A Song, sung by the musicians, and after the song, a country dance by the actors in their visards to a new footing.*"

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Hall in HAREBRAIN'S *House.*

Enter HAREBRAIN, INESSE, *and* POSSIBILITY.

Pos. You see bold guests, master Harebrain.

Har. You're kindly welcome to my house, good master Inesse and master Possibility.

In. That's our presumption, sir.

Har. Ralph!

Enter RALPH.

Ral. Here, sir.

Har. Call down your mistress to welcome these two gentlemen, my friends.

Ral. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Har. I will observe her carriage, and watch
The slippery revolutions of her eye;
I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives,
And poise her words i' th' balance of suspect:
If she but swag,[1] she's gone; either on this hand

[1] Press down the scale.

Over familiar, or this too neglectful :
It does behove her carry herself even. [*Aside.*

Pos. But, master Harebrain——

Har. True, I hear you, sir; was't you said?

Pos. I have not spoke it yet, sir.

Har. Right, so I say.

Pos. Is it not strange, that in so short a time my little lady Gullman should be so violently handled?

Har. O, sickness has no mercy, sir.
It neither pities lady's lip nor eye;
It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,
And so deflowers her that was ne'er deflower'd.[1]
Fools, then, are maids to lock from men that treasure
Which death will pluck, and never yield 'em pleasure.
Ah, gentlemen, though I shadow it, that sweet virgin's sickness grieves me not lightly! she was my wife's only delight and company. Did you not hear her, gentlemen, i' th' midst of her extremest fit, still how she called upon my wife, remembered still my wife, sweet mistress Harebrain? When she sent for me, a' one side of her bed stood the physician, the scrivener on the other: two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course of their lives, for the scrivener binds folks, and the physician makes them loose.

Pos. But not loose of their bonds, sir.

[1] "The same play upon words we find in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 5:

——'See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, *deflowered* by him.
Death is my son-in-law,' &c."—*Reed.*

Har. No, by my faith, sir, I say not so: if the physician could make 'em loose of their bonds, there's many a one would take physic that dares not now for poisoning. But, as I was telling of you, her will was fashioning, wherein I found her best and richest jewel given as a legacy unto my wife: when I read that, I could not refrain weeping. Well, of all other my wife has most reason to visit her; if she have any good nature in her, she'll show it there.—

Re-enter RALPH.

Now, sir, where's your mistress? 49

Ral. She desires you, and the gentlemen your friends, to hold her excused; she's a fit of an ague now upon her, which begins to shake her.

Har. Where does it shake her most?

Ral. All over her body, sir.

Har. Shake all her body? 'tis a saucy fit, I'm jealous of that ague. [*Aside*]—Pray, walk in gentlemen; I'll see you instantly. [*Exeunt* INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

Ral. Now they are absent, sir, 'tis no such thing.

Har. What?

Ral. My mistress has her health, sir, 60
But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
From sight of all men but your own dear self, sir;
For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
Her only company, she delights in none.

Har. No? visit her again, commend me to her,
Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
Walk here t' exchange a word or two with her.

Ral. I'll tell her so, sir. [*Exit.*

Har. Fool that I am, and madman, beast! what worse?
Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
The best opinion and the purest thought;
Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself;
To doubt her ways that looks too narrowly
Into her own defects: I, foolish-fearful,
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
Barr'd her those objects which she shuns herself.
Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper:
Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
I find her circled in with divine writs
Of heavenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaves tuck'd up, which when I see,
They either tax pride or adultery.
Ah, let me curse myself, that could be jealous
Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious!
And here the unmatch'd comes.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

Now wife, i'faith, they're gone;
Push, see how fearful 'tis! will you not credit me?
They're gone, i'faith; why, think you I'll betray you?
Come, come; thy delight and mine,
Thy only virtuous friend, thy sweet instructress,
Is violently taken grievous sick,
And which is worse, she mends not.

Mis. H. Her friends are sorry for that, sir.

Har. She calls [illegible] thee, poor soul, remembers
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] says [illegible]

Mis. H. Alas, good soul.

Har. She made we weep thrice:
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Mis. H. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Har. Take my man, go visit her.

Mis. H. Pray pardon me, sir:
Alas, my visitation cannot help her!

Har. O, yet the kindness of a thing, wife!—Still she holds the same rare temper. [*Aside.*]—Take my man, I say.

Mis. H. I would not take your man, sir.
Though I did purpose going.

Har. No? thy reason.

Mis. H. The world's condition is itself so vild,[1] sir,
'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not;
'Tis an ill-thinking age and does apply
All to the form of its own luxury;[2]
This censure flies from one, that from another;
That man's her squire, says he; her pimp the tother;
She's of the stamp, a third; fourth, I ha' known her:
I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
Then our attires are tax'd; our very gait
Is called in question; where[3] a husband's presence
Scatters such thoughts, or makes 'em sink for fear

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[1] Vile. [2] Lewdness.
[3] Whereas.

Into the hearts that breed 'em : nay, surely,
If I went, sir, I would entreat your company.

Har. Mine? prithee, wife;—I have been there already.

Mis. H. That's all one; although you bring me but to th' door, sir, I would entreat no farther.

Har. Thou'rt such a wife! why, I will bring thee thither then, but not go up, I swear.

Mis. H. I'faith, you shall not; I do not desire it, sir.

Har. Why, then, content.

Mis. H. Give me your hand, you will do so, sir?

Har. Why, there's my lip I will.

Mis. H. Why, then I go, sir.

Har. With me, or no man! incomparable such a woman! [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Courtesan's *Bed-chamber. The* Courtesan *in bed for her counterfeit fit; phials, gallipots, plates, and an hour-glass by her.*

Enter PENITENT BROTHEL, *disguised as a doctor of physic.*

Pen. B. Lady!

Cour. Ha, what news?

Pen. B. There's one sir Bounteous Progress newly alighted from his foot-cloth,[1] and his mare waits at door, as the fashion is.

[1] The housings of a horse.

Cour. 'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains me; a little, short, old, spiny[1] gentleman in a great doublet?

Pen. B. The same; I know 'm.

Cour. He's my sole revenue, meat, drink, and raiment. My good physician, work upon him; I'm weak.

Pen. B. Enough.

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS.

Sir B. Why, where be these ladies? these plump, soft, delicate creatures? ha?

Pen. B. Who would you visit, sir?

Sir B. Visit, who? what are you, with the plague in your mouth?

Pen. B. A physician, sir.

Sir B. Then you are a looser-liver, sir; I have put you to your purgation.

Pen. B. But you need none, you're purged in a worse fashion.

Cour. Ah, sir Bounteous!

Sir B. How now? what art thou?

Cour. Sweet, sir Bounteous!

Sir B. Passion of me, what an alteration's here! Rosamond sick, old Harry? here's a sight able to make an old man shrink! I was lusty when I came in, but I am down now i'faith: mortality! yea, this puts me in mind of a hole seven foot deep; my grave, my grave, my grave. Hist, master doctor, a word, sir; hark, 'tis not the plague, is't?

[1] Slender.

Pen. B. The plague, sir? no.

Sir B. Good.

Pen. B. He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no; and of the twain that had been more likely. [*Aside.*

Sir B. How now, my wench? how dost?

Cour. Huh,—weak, knight,—huh.

Pen. B. She says true, he's a weak knight indeed. [*Aside.*

Sir B. Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Cour. All parts alike, sir.

Pen. B. She says true still, for it holds her in none. [*Aside.*

Sir B. Hark in thine ear, thou'rt breeding of young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child, i'faith.

Cour. I fear that much, sir.

Sir B. O, O, if it should! a young Progress when all's done!

Cour. You have done your good will, sir.

Sir B. I see by her 'tis nothing but a surfeit of Venus, i'faith; and though I be old, I have gi'n't her;—but since I had the power to make thee sick, I'll have the purse to make thee whole, that's certain.—Master doctor.

Pen. B. Sir?

Sir B. Let's hear, I pray, what is't you minister to her.

Pen. B. Marry, sir, some precious cordial, some costly refocillation,[1] a composure comfortable and restorative.

Sir B. Ay, ay, that, that, that.

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[1] Restorative, refreshing cordial.

Pen. B. No poorer ingrediences than the liquor of coral, clear amber, or *succinum;* unicorn's horn,[1] six grains; *magisterium perlarum,* one scruple——

Sir B. Ah, hah![2]

Pen. B. Ossis de corde cervi, half a scruple; *aurum potabile,* or his tincture——

Sir B. Very precious, sir.

Pen. B. All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glass mortar with the spirit of diamber——

Sir B. Nay, pray, be patient, sir.

Pen. B. That's impossible; I cannot be patient and a physician too, sir.

Sir B. O, cry you mercy, that's true, sir.

Pen. B. All which aforesaid——

Sir B. Ay, there you left, sir.

Pen. B. When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I add thereto *olei succini, olei masi, et cinnamomi.*

Sir B. So, sir, *olei masi,* that same oil of mace is a great comfort to both the counters.[3]

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[1] Sir Thomas Browne in the third book of *Vulgar Errors* has a chapter on the unicorn's horn and its medicinal properties. He tells us that the "long horns preserved as precious rarities in many places are but the teeth of narwhals, to be found about Iceland, Greenland, and other northern regions, of many feet long, commonly wreathed.... These before the northern discoveries, as unknown rarities, were carried by merchants into all parts of Europe, and though found on the sea-shore, were sold at very high rates, but are now become more common, and probably in time will prove of little esteem, and the bargain of Julius the Third be accounted a very hard one, who stuck not to give many thousand crowns for one."

[2] Ed. 2 "Ah, hah!"—Ed. 1 "Ah."

[3] "A pun, alluding to the maces which were carried by the serjeants or varlets when they arrested people."—*Reed.*

Pen. B. And has been of a long time, sir.

Sir B. Well, be of good cheer, wench; there's gold for thee, hush.—Let her want for nothing, master doctor; a poor kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her.—There I gulled you, master doctor. [*Aside.*] —Gather up a good spirit, wench! the fit will away; 'tis but a surfeit of gristles:—ha, ha, I have fitted her: an old knight and a cock a' th' game[1] still: I have not spurs for nothing, I see.

Pen. B. No, by my faith, they're hatched; they cost you an angel, sir.

Sir B. Look to her, good master doctor; let her want nothing: I've given her enough already, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Cour. So, is he gone?

Pen. B. He's like himself, gone.

Cour. Here's somewhat to set up with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own flattery, soothing his own defects! He only fears he has done that deed which I ne'er feared to come from him in my life. This purchase[2] came unlooked for.

Pen. B. Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.

Cour. O, they're welcome! they bring money.

Enter INESSE *and* POSSIBILITY.

Pos. Master doctor.

Pen. B. I come to you, gentlemen.

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[1] "Cock a' th' game" = game-cock.

[2] Plunder.

Pos. How does she now?

Pen. B. Faith, much after one fashion, sir.

In. There's hope of life, sir.

Pen. B. I see no signs of death in[1] her.

Pos. That's some comfort; will she take anything yet?

Pen. B. Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still; sh'as a kind of facility in taking. How comes your band[2] bloody, sir?

In. You may see I met with a scab, sir.

Pen. B. Diversa genera scabierum, as Pliny reports, there are divers kind of scabs.

In. Pray, let's hear 'em, sir.

Pen. B. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your usurer; a running scab,[3] your promoter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald[4] knave and a pander: but, to speak truth, the only scabs we are now-a-days troubled withal are new officers and projectors.[5]

In. Why, now you come to mine, sir; for I'll be sworn one of them was very busy about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that; for they are ambitious, and covet the head.

Pen. B. Why, you saw I derived him, sir.

In. You physicians are mad gentlemen.

Pen. B. We physicians see the most sights of any men

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[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "of."
[2] Ed. 2 "hand."
[3] So ed. 2.—Omitted in ed. 1.
[4] A common term of contempt.
[5] The words "and projectors" are not in ed. 1.

living. Your astronomers look upward into th' air, we look downward into th' body; and, indeed, we have power upward and downward.

In. That you have, i'faith, sir.

Pos. Lady, how cheer you now;

Cour. The same woman still,—huh!

Pos. That's not good.

Cour. Little alteration. Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.

In. Puh, talk not of that, lady; thy health's worth a million.—Here, master doctor, spare for no cost.

[*Giving money.*

Pos. Look what you find there, sir.

Cour. What do you mean, gentlemen? put up, put up.

You see I'm down, and cannot strive with you,
I'd rule you else; you have me at advantage;
But if e'er I live, I will requite it deeply.

In. Tut, an't come to that once, we'll requite ourselves well enough.

Pos. Mistress Harebrain, lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Cour. Ha?—huh!

Pen. B. There struck the minute[1] that brings forth the birth
Of all my joys and wishes; but see the jar now!
How shall I rid these from her? [*Aside.*

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[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "munit."

Cour. Pray, gentlemen,
Stay not above an hour from my sight.
In. 'Sfoot, we are not going, lady!
Pen. B. Subtilely brought about! yet t'will not do; they'll stick by't.— [*Aside.*
A word with you, gentlemen.
Both. What says master doctor?
Pen. B. She wants but settling of her sense with rest;
One hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune.
Pos. He says true, i'faith.
In. Get her to sleep, master doctor; we'll both sit here and watch by her.
Pen. B. Hell's angels watch you! no art can prevail with 'em.
What with the thought of joys, and sight of crosses,[1]
My wits are at Hercules' Pillars; *non plus ultra.* [*Aside.*
Cour. Master doctor, master doctor!
Pen. B. Here, lady.
Cour. Your physic works; lend me your hand.
Pos. Farewell, sweet lady.
In. Adieu, master doctor.
[*Exeunt* POSSIBILITY *and* INESSE.
Cour. So.
Pen. B. Let me admire thee?
The wit of man wanes and decreases soon,
But women's wit is ever at full moon.

[1] See note 1, vol. i. p. 28.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

There shot a star from heaven!
I dare not yet behold my happiness,
The splendour is so glorious and so piercing.

Cour. Mistress Harebrain, give my wit thanks hereafter; your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

Mis. H. Will you but hear a word from me?

Cour. Whooh!

Mis. H. My husband himself brought me to th' door, walks below for my return; jealousy is prick-eared, and will hear the wagging of a hair. 182

Cour. Pish, you're a faint liver; trust yourself with your pleasure, and me with your security; go.

Pen. B. The fulness of my wish!

Mis. H. Of my desire!

Pen. B. Beyond this sphere I never will aspire!

[*Exeunt* PENITENT BROTHEL *and* MISTRESS HAREBRAIN. HAREBRAIN *opens the door and listens; the* Courtesan *perceiving him.*

Har. I'll listen: now the flesh draws nigh her end,
At such a time women exchange their secrets
And ransack the close corners of their hearts:
What many years hath whelm'd, this hour imparts. 190

[*Aside.*

Cour. Pray, sit down, there's a low stool. Good, mistress Harebrain, this was kindly done,—huh,—give me your hand,—huh,—alas, how cold you are! even so is your husband, that worthy, wise gentleman; as com-

fortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—huh —shoe-leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him: he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman; and, to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

Har. And so I do, i'faith; 'tis right my humour. [*Aside.*

Cour. You live a lady's life with him; go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

Har. Not so, not so, neither; she's better looked to. [*Aside.*

Cour. I know you do, you need not tell me that: 'twere e'en pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, Mrs. Harebrain, what do you mean? come you to discomfort me? nothing but weeping with you?

Har. She's weeping! t'as made her weep: my wife shows her good nature already. [*Aside.*

Cour. Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff; why, how now, woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame, leave; suh, suh, she cannot answer me for snobbing.[1]

Har. All this does her good; beshrew my heart, and[2] I pity her; let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't, by my good will; I'll not be her hindrance. [*Aside.*

Cour. O no! lay your hand here, mistress Harebrain; ay, there: O there, there lies my pain, good gentlewoman! Sore? O ay, I can scarce endure your hand upon't!

[1] Violent sobbing. Vid. Halliwell, *s. v.*

[2] If.

Har. Poor soul, how she's tormented! [*Aside.*

Cour. Yes, yes; I eat a cullis an hour since.

Har. There's some comfort in that yet, she may 'scape it. [*Aside.*

Cour. O, it lies about my heart much!

Har. I'm sorry for that, i'faith; she'll hardly 'scape it. [*Aside.*

Cour. Bound? no, no; I'd a very comfortable stool this morning.

Har. I'm glad of that, i'faith; that's a good sign; I smell she'll 'scape it now. [*Aside.*

Cour. Will you be going then? 231

Har. Fall back, she's coming. [*Aside.*

Cour. Thanks, good mistress Harebrain; welcome, sweet mistress Harebrain; pray, commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

Har. I could do that myself now. [*Aside.*

Cour. And to my uncle Winchcomb, and to my aunt Lipsalve, and to my cousin Falsetop, and to my cousin Lickit, and to my cousin Horseman, and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and St. John's. 240

Re-enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN *and* PENITENT BROTHEL.

Mis. H. At three days' end my husband takes a journey.

Pen. B. O thence I derive a second meeting!

Mis. H. May it prosper still!

Till then I rest a captive to his will.—

Once again, health, rest, and strength to thee, sweet

lady: farewell, you witty squall.[1]—Good master doctor, have a care to her body; if you stand her friend, I know you can do her good.

Cour. Take pity of your waiter; go: farewell, sweet mistress Harebrain.

Har. [*coming forward.*] Welcome, sweet wife, alight upon my lip!
Never was hour spent better.

Mis. H. Why, were you
Within the hearing, sir?

Har. Ay, that I was, i'faith,
To my great comfort; I deceiv'd you there, wife;
Ha, ha!
I do entreat thee, nay, conjure thee, wife,
Upon my love, or what can more be said,
Oftener to visit this sick virtuous maid.

Mis. H. Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd.

Har. Why, then, I see thou lov'st me.

[*Exit with* MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

Pen. B. Art of ladies!
When plots are e'en past hope, and hang their head,
Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread.

[*Exit.*

[1] See note, vol. i. p. 267.

SCENE III.

A Room.

Enter FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

Fol. Was't not well managed, you necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or art?

Maw. 'Twas so well, captain, I would you could make such another muss [1] at all adventures.

Fol. Dost call't a muss? I am sure my grandsire ne'er got his money worse in his life than I got it from him. If ever he did cozen the simple, why, I was born to revenge their quarrel; if ever oppress the widow, I, a fatherless child, have done as much for him. And so 'tis through the world, either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look for't; for craft recoils in the end, like an overcharged musket, and maims the very hand that puts fire to't. There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike him from hence to hell; 'twill set him forward with a vengeance. But here lay the jest, whoresons; my grandsire, thinking in his conscience that we had not robbed him enough o'ernight, must needs pity me i' th' morning, and give me the rest. 18

Maw. Two hundred pounds in fair rose-nobles,[2] I protest.

Fol. Push, I knew he could not sleep quietly till he

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[1] "A scramble. There was a scrambling game amongst children so called. 'Striving as children play at musse.'—*Florio*, p. 38."—*Halliwell.*

[2] Gold coins (stamped with a rose) worth 16s.

had paid me for robbing of him too: 'tis his humour, and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives; for, you know, they always feast those mouths that are least needy, and give them more that have too much already; and what call you that but robbing of themselves a courtlier way?—O!——

Maw. Cuds me, how now, captain?

Fol. A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shrewd pull at my fortunes.

Maw. What's that, sir?

Fol. Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandsire keeps an uncertain creature, a quean?

Maw. Ay, that's too true, sir.

Fol. So much the more preposterous for me; I shall hop shorter by that trick; she carries away the thirds at least: 'twill prove entailed land, I am afraid, when all's done, i'faith. Nay,

I've known a vicious old thought-acting father
Damn'd only in his dreams, thirsting for game
(When his best parts hung down their heads for shame),
For his blanch'd [1] harlot dispossess his son,
And make the pox his heir; 'twas gravely done!
How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant?

Maw. Faith, from discourse; yet all the policy
That I could use, I could not get her name.

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[1] "*i.e.* his harlot, whose skin is *made white* by the use of cosmetics."—*Steevens.* But perhaps the allusion is to the blanching of the teeth. Cf. *The Malcontent*, ii. 3:—"Do you know Doctor Plasterface? by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of skins, surphling of breasts, *bleaching and blanching of teeth*, that ever made an old woman gracious by torch-light."

Fol. Dull slave, that ne'er could'st spy it!

Maw. But the manner of her coming was described to me.

Fol. How is the manner, prithee?

Maw. Marry, sir, she comes most commonly coached.

Fol. Most commonly coached, indeed; for coaches are as common now-a-days as some that ride in 'em. She comes most commonly coached?

Maw. True, there I left, sir; guarded with some leash of pimps.

Fol. Beside the coachman?

Maw. Right, sir; then alighting, she's privately received by master Gumwater.

Fol. That's my grandsire's chief gentleman i' th' chain of gold:[1] that he should live to be a pander, and yet look upon his chain and his velvet jacket!

Maw. Then is your grandsire rounded[2] i' th' ear; the key given after the Italian fashion, backward; she closely conveyed into his closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send down some hot caudle to take order in his performance.

Fol. Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith; I ha't!

Maw. How now, sir?

Fol. Thanks, thanks to any spirit
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions!

Hob. Why, master Follywit——

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[1] See note 1, p. 272.

[2] "To round one in the eare. *S'acouter à l'oreille, s'acouter.*"—*Cotgrave.*

The rest.[1] Captain——

Fol. Give me scope, and hear me.
I've begot that means, which will both furnish me,
And make that quean walk under his conceit.

Maw. That were double happiness; to put thyself into money, and her out of favour.

Fol. And all at one dealing.

Hob. 'S foot, I long to see that hand played! 80

Fol. And thou shalt see't quickly, i'faith: nay, 'tis in grain; I warrant it hold colour. Lieutenant, step behind yon hanging: if I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewoman's gown, with a mask and a chinclout:[2] bring all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly, now; 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so; there's a taste for you. [*Exit* MAWWORM.

Hob. But, prithee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?

Fol. Why, use it. 90

Hob. You've answered me, indeed, in that; I can demand no farther.

Fol. Well said.—Lieutenant——

Re-enter MAWWORM *with gown, &c.*

Maw. What will you do now, sir?

Fol. Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

Maw. But that's against kind, captain; for they are always long a-making ready.[3] 98

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[1] Old eds. "All." [2] A muffler.
[3] "A-making ready" = dressing.

Fol. And is not most they do against kind, I prithee? To lie with their horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to wear half moons[1] made of another's hair, is not that against kind? to drink down a man, she that should set him up, pray is not that monstrously against kind now? Nay, over with it, lieutenant, over with it; ever while you live put a woman's clothes over her head: Cupid plays best at blindman buff.

Maw. You shall have your will, maintenance; I love mad tricks as well as you for your heart, sir: but what shift will you make for upper-bodies, captain?

Fol. I see now thou'rt an ass; why, I'm ready.

Maw. Ready?

Fol. Why, the doublet[2] serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion; we're all male to th' middle; mankind from the beaver to th' bum. 'Tis an Amazonian time; you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind; prithee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband: nay, you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair, and become all with probability: the most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

[1] "The edition of 1640 has '*periwigs*,' as if it was not then understood why they were called *half moons*."—*Collier.*

[2] Cf. Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sins*:—"If men get up French standing collars, women will have the French standing collar too: if *doublets* with little thick skirts (so short that none are able to sit upon them), women's foreparts are thick-skirted too." Averell in his *Merualous Combat of Contrarieties*, 1588 (quoted in the notes to Furnivall's *Stubbes*), tells of women who "are so disguised, that though they be in sex women, yet in attire they appear to be men, and are like Androgyni, who, counterfeiting the shape of either kind, are indeed neither."

Maw. Nay, I'll give thee thy due behind thy back; thou'rt as mad a piece of clay——

Fol. Clay! dost call thy captain clay? Indeed, clay was made to stop holes; he says true. Did not I tell you, rascals, you should see a woman quickly made up?

Hob. I'll swear for't, captain.

Fol. Come, come, my mask and my chinclout—come into th' court.

Maw. Nay, they were both i' th' court long ago, sir.

Fol. Let me see; where shall I choose two or three for pimps, now? but I cannot choose amiss amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me, and guard me sure. I give you warning beforehand; 'tis a monkey-tailed age. Life, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blithe fellows surprise me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney! 137

Maw. We should laugh at that, i'faith.

Fol. Or shoot in upo' th' coast of Cue.[1]

Maw. Two notable fit landing-places for lechers, P and C, Putney and Cue.

Fol. Well, say you have fair warning on't; the hair about the hat is as good as a flag[2] upo' th' pole at a common play-house, to waft company; and a chinclout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linen to't.

Maw. Fear not us, captain; there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Inns-a'-court-man.

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[1] Kew. [2] See note 1, p. 255.

Fol. Why, then set forward; and as you scorn two-shilling brothel,
Twelvepenny panderism, and such base bribes,
Guard me from bonny scribs[1] and bony scribes.

Maw. Hang 'em, pensions and allowances! fourpence halfpenny a meal, hang 'em! [*Exeunt.*

[1] Scrubs, skinflints. The text is not satisfactory. Ed. 2 gives "bony scribes and bony rags."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in PENITENT BROTHEL'S *House.*

Enter out of his study PENITENT BROTHEL,[1] *a book in his hand.*

Pen. B. Ha? read that place again—*Adultery*
Draws the divorce 'twixt heaven and the soul.
Accursed man, that stand'st divorc'd from heaven!
Thou wretched unthrift, that hast play'd away
Thy eternal portion at a minute's game;
To please the flesh hast blotted out thy name!
Where were thy nobler meditations busied,
That they durst trust this body with itself;
This natural drunkard, that undoes us all,
And makes our shame apparent in our fall?
Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil!
My soul, I know, would never grieve to th' death
Th' eternal spirit, that feeds her with his breath:
Nay, I that knew the price of life and sin,

[1] "Old eds. Once-Ill—which was, no doubt, the name originally given by Middleton to this character, and which, through an oversight, had remained unaltered in some parts of the MS. used for the press."—*Dyce.*

What crown is kept for continence, what for lust,
The end of man, and glory of that end,
As endless as the giver,
To doat on weakness, slime, corruption, woman!
What is she, took asunder from her clothes?
Being ready,[1] she consists of an hundred pieces,
Much like your German clock,[2] and near ally'd;
Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride:
Besides a greater fault, but too well known,
They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.
Within these three days the next meeting's fix'd;
If I meet then, hell and my soul be mix'd!
My lodging I know constantly, she not knows:
Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows:
I'll ne'er embrace her more; never, bear witness, never.

Enter Succubus in the shape of MISTRESS HAREBRAIN,[3] *and claps him on the shoulder.*

Suc. What, at a stand? the fitter for my company.
Pen. B. Celestial soldiers guard me!

[1] Dressed.

[2] Cf. Ben Jonson's *Epicœne*, iv. 2:—"She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed into some twenty boxes; and about next day at noon is put together again, like a great *German clock;* and so comes forth and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters." The reader will remember Biron's comparison of a woman to "a German clock, still a-repairing ever out of frame" (*Love's Labour Lost*, iii. 1). German clocks were complicated pieces of machinery.

[3] "*Enter the Diuell in her shape*" is the stage-direction in the old eds.; but the prefix *Succubus* is given to the *Diuell's* speeches. Concerning *Incubi* and *Succubi* see Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. iii. sect. ii. memb. 1. subs. 1.; Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book iv.

Suc. How now, man?
'Las, did the quickness of my presence fright thee?
Pen. B. Shield me,[1] you ministers of faith and grace!
Suc. Leave, leave; are you not ashamed to use such words to a woman?
Pen. B. Thou'rt a devil!
Suc. A devil? feel, feel, man; has a devil flesh and bone?
Pen. B. I do conjure thee, by that dreadful power——
Suc. The man has a delight to make me tremble—
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous love?
Was I enticed for this? so[2] soon rejected!
Come, what has chang'd thee so, delight?
Pen. B. Away!
Suc. Remember——
Pen. B. Leave my sight!
Suc. Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which, when I come, I find thee shunning?
Rouse thy amorous thoughts, and twine me;
All my interest I resign thee:
Shall we let slip this mutual hour,
Comes so seldom in our[3] power?
Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fadom?[4]
Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?
Art a man? or dost abuse one?

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[1] One is reminded of Hamlet's "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"
[2] Old eds. "to be soone reiected."
[3] Old eds. "her."
[4] Old form of "fathom."

A love, and know'st not how to use one!
Come, I'll teach thee.
Pen. B. Do not follow——
Suc. Once so firm, and now so hollow!
When was place and season sweeter?
Thy bliss in sight, and dar'st not meet her?
Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour?
Love's best pleas'd when't 's seiz'd[1] with rigour:
Seize me, then, with veins most cheerful;
Women love no flesh that's fearful:
'Tis but a fit; come, drink't away,
And dance and sing, and kiss and play!
Fa le la, le la, fa le la, le la la;
Fa le la, fa la le, la le la!
[*Singing and dancing round him.*
Pen. B. Torment me not?
Suc. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la lo!
Pen. B. Fury!
Suc. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la lo!
Pen. B. Devil, I do conjure thee once again,
By that soul-quaking thunder, to depart,
And leave this chamber freed from thy damn'd art!
[*Succubus stamps, and exit.*
It has prevail'd—O my sin-shaking sinews!
What should I think?—Jasper, why, Jasper!

Enter JASPER.

Jas. Sir? how now? what has disturb'd you, sir?

[1] "Both the quartos read *seard;* and again, *seare* [first ed. '*ceare*'] in the next line. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley."—*Reed.*

Pen. B. A fit, a qualm. Is mistress Harebrain [1] gone?
Jas. Who, sir? mistress Harebrain?
Pen. B. Is she gone, I say?
Jas. Gone? why, she was never here yet.
Pen. B. No?
Jas. Why, no, sir.
Pen. B. Art sure on't?
Jas. Sure on't?
If I be sure I breathe, and am myself.
Pen. B. I like it not. [*Aside*]—Where kep'st thou?
Jas. I' the next room, sir.
Pen. B. Why, she struck by thee, man.
Jas. You'd make one mad, sir; that a gentlewoman should steal by me, and I not hear her! 's foot, one may hear the ruffling of their bums [2] almost an hour before we see 'em.
Pen. B. I will be satisfied, although to hazard.
What though her husband meet me? I am honest:
When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em;
But when they're just, they're arm'd, and nothing daunts 'em; [*Aside, and exit.*
Jas. What strange humour call you this? he dreams of women, and both his eyes broad open! [*Exit.*

[1] Old eds. "Hargraue."
[2] See note 2, vol. i. p, 233.

SCENE II.

A Room in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter at one door SIR BOUNTEOUS, *at another* GUMWATER.

Sir B. Why, how now, master Gumwater? what's the news with your haste?

Gum. I have a thing to tell your worship——

Sir B. Why, prithee, tell me; speak, man.

Gum. Your worship shall pardon me, I have better bringing-up than so.

Sir B. How, sir?

Gum. 'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, sir——

Sir B. O, O, O, cry you mercy; now I begin to taste you. Is she come?

Gum. She's come, sir.

Sir B. Recover'd? well and sound again?

Gum. That's to be feared, sir.

Sir B. Why, sir?

Gum. She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.[1]

Sir B. Ha, ha, haw! why, that's the fashion,
You whoreson Gumwater.

Gum. The fashion, sir?
Live I so long time to see that a fashion,
Which rather was an emblem of dispraise?
It was suspected much in Monsieur's days.[2]

[1] See p. 312.

[2] *i.e.* 1581, when the Duke of Anjou (known as *Monsieur*), brother of Charles IX., was residing in England to pay his addresses to Queen Elizabeth. Cf. Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*:—"A third great-

Sir B. Ay, ay, in those days; that was a queasy time: our age is better hardened now, and put oftener in the fire; we are tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as natural now as an ague in the springtime; we seldom take physic without it. Here, take this key; you know[1] what duties belong to't. Go, give order for a cullis: let there be a good fire made i' th' matted chamber: do you hear, sir?

Gum. I know my office, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir B. An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't. [*Exit.* 31

SCENE III.

Another Chamber in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter GUMWATER, *with* FOLLYWIT *disguised as the* Courtesan *and masked.*

Gum. Come, lady: you know where you are now?

Fol. Yes, good master Gumwater.

Gum. This is the old closet, you know.

Fol. I remember it well, sir.

Gum. There stands a casket: I would my yearly revenue were but worth the wealth that's locked in't, lady! yet I have fifty pound a-year, wench.

Fol. Beside your apparel, sir?

Gum. Yes, faith, have I.

---

bellied juggler talks of twenty years since and when *Monsieur* was here, and would enforce all wits to be of that fashion, because his doublet is still so." In Middleton's *Black Book* we have an allusion to "the days of Monsieur."

[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "knew."

Fol. But then you reckon your chain,[1] sir.

Gum. No, by my troth, do I not, neither; faith, and you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit a choice gentleman into your service.

Fol. O pray away, sir!

Gum. Pusha,[2] come, come; you do but hinder your fortunes, i'faith: I have the command of all the house, I can tell you: nothing comes into th' kitchen but comes through my hands.

Fol. Pray, do not handle me, sir.

Gum. Faith, you're too nice, lady; and as for my secrecy, you know I have vowed it often to you.

Fol. Vowed it? no, no, you men are fickle.

Gum. Fickle? 'sfoot! bind me, lady——

Fol. Why, I bind you by virtue of this chain to meet me to-morrow at the Flower-de-luce yonder, between nine and ten.

Gum. And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love, and my best fortunes!

Fol. Why, now I'll try you; go to.

Gum. Farewell, sweet lady!

[*Kisses* FOLLYWIT *and exit.*

Fol. Welcome, sweet coxcomb: by my faith, a good induction: I perceive by his overworn phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has been some saucy nibbling motion; and no doubt the cunning quean waited but for her prey: and I think 'tis better bestowed upon me, for his soul's health and his body's too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to

[1] See note 1, p. 272. [2] Pish.

offer to vault into his master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket, by your leave;
I've seen your outside oft, but that's no proof:
Some have fair outsides that are nothing worth.
[*Rifles the casket.*
Ha! now, by my faith, a gentlewoman of very good parts; diamond, ruby, sapphire; *Onyx cum prole silexque!*[1] if I do not wonder how the quean 'scaped tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite! sure she could lack nothing but the devil to point to't; and I wonder that he should be missing: well, 'tis better as it is. This is the fruit of old grunting venery; grandsire, you may thank your drab for this. O fie, in your crinkling days, grandsire, keep a courtesan, to hinder your grandchild! 'tis against nature, i'faith, and I hope you'll be weary on't. Now to my villains that lurk close below:
Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs nor thief, disease, nor enemy. [*Exit.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS.

Sir B. Ah, sirrah, methink I feel myself well toasted, bombasted, rubbed, and refreshed! but, i'faith, I cannot forget to think how soon sickness has altered her to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom o' th' stairs, and, by th' mass, methought her breath had much ado to be sweet; like a thing compounded, methought, of wine, beer, and tobacco; I smelt much pudding[2] in't.

[1] "From *Propria quæ maribus.*"—*Steevens.*

[2] A sort of tobacco (compressed into a solid shape, I suppose, like our pig-tail and caked cavendish). We have it mentioned again in a *Fair Quarrel*, iv. 1.

It may be but my fancy, or her physic:
For this I know, her health gave such content,
The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent.—
How dost thou now, sweet girl? what! well recover'd?
Sickness quite gone, ha? speak—ha? wench? Frank Gullman!—
Why, body of me, what's here? my casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen!—Why, Gumwater!

Re-enter GUMWATER.

Gum. Anon, anon, sir.

Sir B. Come hither, Gumwater.

Gum. That were small manners, sir, i'faith: I'll find a time anon: your worship's busy yet.

Sir B. Why, Gumwater!

Gum. Foh, nay then you'll make me blush, i'faith, sir——

Sir B. Where's this creature?

Gum. What creature is't you'd have, sir?

Sir B. The worst that ever breathes.

Gum. That's a wild boar, sir.

Sir B. That's a vild[1] whore, sir;—where did'st thou leave her, rascal?

Gum. Who, your recreation, sir?

Sir B. My execration, sir!

Gum. Where I was wont; in your worship's closet.

Sir B. A pox engross her! it appears too true. See you this casket, sir?

[1] Vile.

Gum. My chain, my chain, my chain! my one and only chain! [*Exit.*

Sir B. Thou runnest to much purpose now, Gum-water, yea! Is not a quean enough to answer for, but she must join a thief to't? a thieving quean! nay, I have done with her, i'faith. 'Tis a sign sh'as been sick a' late; for she's a great deal worse than she was: by my troth I would have pawned my life upon't.
Did she want anything? was she not supplied?
Nay, and liberally; for that's an old man's sin:
We'll feast our lechery, though we starve our kin.
Is not my name Sir Bounteous? am I not express'd there?
Ah, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie! but I perceive,
Though she have never so complete a friend,
A strumpet's love will have a waft[1] i' th' end,
And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this;
But say, I should complain; perhaps she has pawn'd 'em—
'Sfoot, the judges will but laugh at it and bid her borrow more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for's lechery; that's all the mends I get. I have seen the same case tried at Newbury the last 'sizes.
Well, things must slip and sleep; I will dissemble it,
Because my credit shall not lose her lustre:
But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her,
I ha' done, I ha' done, I ha' done with her, i'faith!
[*Exit.*

[1] Unsavoury whiff,—I suppose.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in HAREBRAIN'S *House.*

Knocking within;[1] *enter a* Servant.

Ser. Who's that knocks?

Pen. B. [*within.*] A friend. [Servant *opens the door.*

Enter PENITENT BROTHEL.

Ser. What's your will, sir?

Pen. B. Is master Harebrain[2] at home?

Ser. No, newly gone from it, sir.

Pen. B. Where's the gentlewoman his wife?

Ser. My mistress is within, sir.

Pen. B. When came she in, I pray?

Ser. Who, my mistress? she was not out these two days, to my knowledge.

Pen. B. No? trust me, I'd thought I'd seen her. I would request a word with her.

Ser. I'll tell her, sir.

Pen. B. I thank you. [*Exit* Servant.] It likes me worse and worse.

Enter MISTRESS HAREBRAIN.

Mis. H. Why, how now, sir? 'twas desperately adventured;
I little looked for you until the morrow.

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[1] Old eds. "Master Penitent Once-Ill *knocking within:*" see note, p. 316.

[2] Throughout this scene the name is "Hargraue" in the old eds.

Pen. B. No?
Why what made you at my chamber then even now?
Mis. H. I at your chamber?
Pen. B. Pooh, dissemble not;
Come, come, you were there.
Mis. H. By my life, you wrong me, sir!
Pen. B. What?
Mis. H. First, you're not ignorant what watch keeps o'er me;
And for your chamber, as I live, I know't not.
Pen. B. Burst into sorrow then, and grief's extremes,
Whilst I beat on this flesh!
Mis. H. What is't disturbs you, sir?
Pen. B. Then was the devil in your likeness there.
Mis. H. Ha!
Pen. B. The very devil assum'd thee formally;
That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire,
E'en as it sits on thee, not a plait alter'd;
That beaver band, the colour of that periwig,
The farthingale above the navel; all
As if the fashion were his own invention.
Mis. H. Mercy, defend me!
Pen. B. To beguile me more,
The cunning Succubus told me that meeting
Was wrought 'a purpose by much wit and art;
Wept to me; laid my vows before me; urg'd me;
Gave me the private marks of all our love;
Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rhymes,
And sung and danc'd about me like a fairy:

And had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy form, and his enchantments, had possess'd me.

Mis. H. What shall become of me? my own thoughts doom me.

Pen. B. Be honest, then the devil will ne'er assume thee:

He has no pleasure in that shape t' abide
Where these two sisters reign not, lust or pride;
He as much trembles at a constant mind
As looser flesh at him: be not dismayed;
Spring, souls, for joy! his policies are betray'd!
Forgive me, mistress Harebrain, on whose soul
The guilt hangs double,
My lust, and thy enticement! both I challenge;
And therefore of due vengeance it appear'd
To none but me, to whom both sins inher'd.
What knows the lecher, when he clips his whore,
Whether it be the devil his parts adore?
They're both so like, that, in our natural sense,
I could discern no change nor difference.
No marvel, then, times should so stretch and turn;
None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
Hot zeal into hot lust is now transformed;
Grace into painting, charity into clothes;
Faith into false hair, and put off as often.
There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean:
He that kept open house now keeps a quean.
He will keep open still, that he commends;
And there he keeps a table for his friends:

And she consumes more than his[1] sire could hoard,
Being more common than his house or board.

Enter HAREBRAIN *behind.*

Live honest, and live happy, keep thy vows;
She's part a virgin whom but one man knows:
Embrace thy husband, and beside him none;
Having but one heart, give it but to one.

Mis. H. I vow it on my knees, with tears true bred,
No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed!

Pen. B. Rise; I'm thy friend for ever.

Har. [*coming forward.*] And I thine
For ever and ever!—Let me embrace thee, sir,
Whom I will love even next unto my soul,
And that's my wife.
Two dear rare gems this hour presents me with,
A wife that's modest and a friend that's right:
Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight!

Pen. B. A happy inward peace crown both your joys!

Har. Thanks above utterance to you!—

Enter Servant.

Now, the news?

Ser. Sir Bounteous Progress, sir,
Invites you and my mistress to a feast
On Tuesday next; his man attends without.

[1] Old eds. "her."

Har. Return both with our willingness and thanks.—
[*Exit* Servant.
I will entreat you, sir, to be my guest.
Pen. B. Who, I, sir?
Har. Faith, you shall.
Pen. B. Well, I'll break strife.
Har. A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from life.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Courtesan's *House.*

Enter FOLLYWIT, *and the* Courtesan *striving from him.*

Fol. What, so coy, so strict? come, come!
Cour. Pray, change your opinion, sir; I am not for that use.
Fol. Will you but hear me?
Cour. I shall hear that I would not. [*Exit.*
Fol. 'Sfoot, this is strange! I've seldom seen a wench
Stand upon stricter points: life, she will not
Endure to be courted! does she e'er think to prosper?
I'll ne'er believe that tree can bring forth fruit
That never bears a blossom; courtship's a blossom,
And often brings forth fruit in forty weeks.
'Twere a mad part in me now to turn over:
If e'er there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant.
Shall I be madder now than e'er I've been?
I'm in the way, i'faith.

Man's never at high height of madness full
Until he love, and prove a woman's gull.
I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew
At which end to begin t'affect a woman
Till this bewitching minute; I ne'er saw
Face worth my object till mine eye met hers;
I should laugh and I were caught, i'faith: I'll see her again, that's certain, whate'er comes on't, by your favour, ladies.[1]

Enter Mother.

Mot. You're welcome, sir.

Fol. Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

Mot. I have best cause to know her; I'm her mother, sir.

Fol. O, in good time. I like the gentlewoman well; a pretty contrived beauty.

Mot. Ay, nature has done her part, sir.

Fol. But she has one uncomely quality.

Mot. What's that, sir?

Fol. 'Sfoot, she's afraid of a man.

Mot. Alas! impute that to her bashful spirit,
She's fearful of her honour.

Fol. Of her honour? 'slid, I'm sure I cannot get

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[1] "The players of James the First's time seem to have been as censurable for addressing the audience as any of their successors since. This speech is evidently not intended for the bawd, who now enters *alone*. In the same manner Sir Bounteous speaks to the auditors when he says, 'An old man's venery is very chargeable, my masters; there's much cookery belongs to't.' [p. 322]."—*Reed.*

Her maidenhead with breathing upon her,
Nor can she lose her honour in her tongue.

Mot. True; and I have often told her so; but what would you have a foolish virgin, sir, a wilful virgin? I tell you, sir, I need not have been in that solitary estate that I am, had she had grace and boldness to have put herself forward; always timorsome, always backward! Ah, that same peevish honour of hers has undone her and me both, good gentleman! the suitors, the jewels, the jointures, that has been offered her! we had been made women for ever: but what was her fashion? she could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but run and hole herself presently. So choice of her honour, I am persuaded, whene'er she has husband,
She'll e'en be a precedent for all married wives
How to direct their actions and their lives.

Fol. Have you not so much power with her to command her presence?

Mot. You shall see straight what I can do, sir. [*Exit.*

Fol. Would I might be hanged, if my love do not stretch to her deeper and deeper! Those bashful maiden humours take me prisoner. When there comes a restraint upon[1] flesh we are almost greedy upon't: and that makes your merchant's wife oftentimes pay so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was made at first; simple of herself, without sophistication, like this wench: I cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and artful entertainments.

[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "restraint on't, upon."

Then shall have some so impudently aspected,
They will mercy the forehead of a man.
Make him blush first, and talk him into silence;
And this is counted manly in a woman:
It may hold so: sure, womanly it is not.
No;
Never I love, or anything move me,
'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Re-enter Mother, *bringing in strikingly the* Courtesan.

Cour. Pray let me go; why, mother, what do you mean?
I beseech you, mother! is this your conquest now?
Great glory 'tis to overcome a poor
And silly virgin.
Fol. The wonder of our time sits in that brow:
I ne'er beheld a perfect maid[1] till now.
Mot. Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wise,
Why dost thou turn aside, and drown thine eyes?
Look, fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee;
Art not asham'd that any flesh should fear[2] thee?
Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman
Means no other but honest and pure love to thee.—
How say you, sir?
Fol. By my faith, not I, lady.
Mot. Hark you there? what think
You now, forsooth? what grieves your honour now?

[1] Old eds. "man." [2] Frighten.

Or what lascivious breath intends to rear
Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
Are you resolv'd now better of men's hearts,
Their faiths, and their affections? With you none,
Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past;
Men love as purely as you can be chaste.—
To her yourself, sir; the way's broke before you;
You have the easier passage.
Fol. Fear not. Come,
Erect thy happy graces in thy look;
I am no curious[1] wooer, but, in faith,
I love thee honourably.
Cour. How mean you that, sir?
Fol. 'Sfoot, as one loves a woman for a wife.
Mot. Has the gentleman answered you, trow?[2]
Fol. I do confess it truly to you both,
My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a grandsire
Will make me lord of thousands at his death.
Mot. I know your grandsire well; she knows him better.
Fol. Why, then, you know no fiction: my state then
Will be a long day's journey 'bove the waste, wench.
Mot. Nay, daughter, he says true.
Fol. And thou shalt often measure it in thy coach,
And with the wheel's track make a girdle for't.

[1] Dodsley printed "furious," but of course no change was necessary. The meaning is "I am a blunt wooer; cannot pay elaborate compliments."

[2] "Trow"=think you?

Mot. Ah, 'twill be a merry journey!

Fol. What, is't a match? if't be, clap hands and lips. [*Kisses* Courtesan.

Mot. 'Tis done; there's witness on't.

Fol. Why then, mother, I salute you. [*Kisses* Mother.

Mot. Thanks, sweet son.
Son Follywit, come hither; if I might counsel thee,
We'll take[1] her e'en while the good mood's upon her;
Send for a priest, and clap't up within this hour.

Fol. By my troth, agreed, mother.

Mot. Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh,
Though beauty be enough wealth for a woman;
She brings a dowry of three hundred[2] with her.

Fol. 'Sfoot, that will serve [un]til my grandsire dies:
I warrant you he'll drop away at fall a' th' leaf;
If e'er he reach to All Hollantide,[3] I'll be hang'd.

Mot. O yes, son, he's a lusty old gentleman.

Fol. Ah, pox, he's given to women! he keeps a quean at this present.

Mot. Fie!

Fol. Do not tell my wife on't.

Mot. That were needless, i'faith.

Fol. He makes a great feast upon the eleventh of this month, Tuesday next, and you shall see players there—I have one trick more to put upon him. [*Aside.*]—My wife and yourself shall go thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainment: I'll meet you there at

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[1] Old eds. "eene take her."
[2] So ed. 1.—Ed. 2 "hundred pound."
[3] See note 2, p. 71.

night. The jest will be here; that feast which he makes will unknown to him serve fitly for our wedding-dinner; we shall be royally furnished, and get some charges by't.

Mot. An excellent course, i'faith, and a thrifty! why, son,
Methinks you begin to thrive before you're married.

Fol. We shall thrive one day, wench, and clip enough:
Between our hopes there's but a grandsire's puff. [*Exit.*

Mot. So, girl, here was a bird well caught. 142

Cour. If ever, here:
But what for 's grandsire, 'twill scarce please him well.

Mot. Who covets fruit, ne'er cares from whence it fell:
Thou'st wedded youth and strength; and wealth will fall!
Last, thou'rt made honest.

Cour. And that's worth 'em all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS:[1] GUMWATER *and* Servants *pass over the stage.*

Sir B. Have a care, blue coats.[2] Bestir yourself, master Gumwater; cast an eye into th' kitchen; o'erlook the knaves a little. Every Jack has his friend to-day; this cousin, and that cousin, puts in for a dish of meat: a man knows not, till he make a feast, how many varlets he feeds; acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at Bartholomew-tide, that come up with drovers; 'sfoot I think they smell my kitchen seven mile about.—

Enter HAREBRAIN, MISTRESS HAREBRAIN, *and* PENITENT BROTHEL.

Master Harebrain,[3] and his sweet bedfellow! you're very copiously welcome.

Har. Sir, here's an especial dear friend of ours: we were bold to make his way to your table.

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[1] Old eds. "*Enter busilie Sir Bounteous Progresse for the feast.*"
[2] See note 2, vol. ii. p. 273.
[3] Old eds. "Shortrod."

Sir B. Thanks for that boldness ever, good master Harebrain:[1] is this your friend, sir?

Har. Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

Sir B. Why, then, compendiously, sir, you're welcome.

Pen. B. In octavo I thank you, sir.

Sir B. Excellently retorted, i'faith! he's welcome for's wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place 'em courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in; there's a good fire i' th' hall; you shall have my sweet company instantly. 22

Har. Ay, good Sir Bounteous.

Sir B. You shall indeed, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* HAREBRAIN, MISTRESS HAREBRAIN, *and* PENITENT BROTHEL.

Enter SEMUS.

—How now? what news brings thee in stumbling now?

Sem. There are certain players come to town, sir, and desire to interlude before your worship. 27

Sir B. Players? by the mass, they are welcome; they'll grace my entertainment well. But for certain players, there thou liest, boy; they were never more uncertain in their lives; now up, and now down; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play: not when to play, for fearful[2] fools; where to play, for puritan fools; nor what to play, for critical fools. Go,

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[1] Old eds. "Shortrod."

[2] An allusion to the closing of theatres in time of plague.

call 'em in. [*Exit* SEMUS.]—How fitly the whoresons come upo' th' feast! troth, I was e'en wishing for 'em.

Re-enter SEMUS *with* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, disguised as players.*

O welcome, welcome, my friends!

Fol. The month of May delights not in her flowers
More than we joy in that sweet sight of yours. 39

Sir B. Well acted, a' my credit! I perceive he's your best actor.

Sem. He has greatest share,[1] sir, and may live of himself, sir.

Sir B. What, what?—Put on your hat, sir, pray, put on; go to, wealth must be respected: let those that have least feathers stand bare. And whose men are you, I pray?—nay, keep on your hat still.

Fol. We serve my lord Owemuch, sir. 48

Sir B. My lord Owemuch? by my troth, the welcomest men alive! give me all your hands at once! That honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and took all quietly, went away cheerfully: I made a very good feast for him: I never saw a man of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my lord Owemuch? welcome, i'faith!—Some bastard[2] for my lord's players! [*Exit* SEMUS, *and returns with wine.*]—Where be your[3] boys?

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[1] Concerning actors' shares in the profits of performances, see Collier's *Hist. of Engl. Dram. Lit.* (ed. 1), iii. 427.

[2] See note 2, p. 272. [3] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "you."

Fol. They come along with the waggon, sir.

Sir B. Good, good; and which is your politician amongst you? now, i'faith, he that works out restraints, makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose for the company's business; which is he? come, be not afraid of him.

Fol. I am he, sir.

Sir B. Art thou he? give me thy hand. Hark in thine ear: thou rollest too fast to gather so much moss as thy fellow there; champ upon that.
Ah, and what play shall we have, my masters?

Fol. A pleasant, witty comedy, sir.

Sir B. Ay, ay, ay; a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little: what's the name on't?

Fol. 'Tis called *The Slip.*

Sir B. *The Slip!* by my troth a pretty name, and a glib one: go all and slip into't, as fast as you can. Cover a table for the players! First take heed of a lurcher; he cuts deep, he will eat up all from you.—Some sherry for my lord's players there! Sirrah, why this will be a true feast, a right Mitre[1] supper, a play and all. [*Exeunt* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others, with* SEMUS.] More lights!

Enter Mother *and* Courtesan.

I called for light; here come in two are light enough for a whole house, i'faith. Dare the thief look me i' th' face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it!

[1] See note 2, p. 153. Ed. 1 "Niter."

Mot. Bless you, Sir Bounteous!

Sir B. O welcome, welcome thief, quean, and bawd! welcome all three!

Mot. Nay, here's but two on's, sir.

Sir B. 'A my troth, I took her for a couple; I'd have sworn there had been two faces there.

Mot. Not all under one hood, sir.

Sir B. Yes, faith, would I, to see mine eyes bear double.

Mot. I'll make it hold, sir; my daughter is a couple,
She was married yesterday.

Sir B. Buz![1]

Mot. Nay, to no buzzard neither; a right hawk,
Whene'er you know him.

Sir B. Away! he cannot be but a rascal.
Walk in, walk in, bold guests, that come unsent for!
[*Exit* Mother.
Pox,[2] I perceive how my jewels went now,
To grace her marriage. [*Aside.*

Cour. Would you with me, sir?

Sir B. Ay;
How hapt it, wench, you put the slip upon me,
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you;
I term it neither pilfer,[3] cheat, nor shark.

Cour. You're past my reach.

Sir B. I'm old, and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this, I trust.

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[1] So. ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "Buzy."
[2] Old eds. "post."
[3] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "Gilfer."

Cour. With a safe conscience, sir.

Sir B. Yea? give me thy hand; fare thee[1] well.—I have done with her.

Cour. Give me your hand, sir; you ne'er yet begun with me. [*Exit.*

Sir B. When, when![2] O audacious age!
She denies me, and all, when on her fingers
I spied the ruby sit, that does betray her,
And blushes for her fact! Well, there's a time for't,
For all's too little now for entertainment,
Feast, mirth, ay, harmony, and the play to boot;
A jovial season.—

Re-enter FOLLYWIT.

How now, are you ready?

Fol. Even upon readiness, sir.

Sir B. Keep you your hat on.

Fol. I have a suit to your worship.

Sir B. O, cry you mercy; then you must stand bare.

Fol. We could do all to the life of action, sir, both for the credit of your worship's house, and the grace of our comedy——

Sir B. Cuds me, what else, sir?

Fol. And for some defects, as the custom is, we would be bold to require your worship's assistance.

Sir B. Why, with all my heart; what is't you want? speak.

[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "him."

[2] A common exclamation of impatience.—Ed. 2 "Whew, whew!" (which is perhaps the right reading.)

Fol. There's a chain for a justice's hat, sir.

Sir B. Why, here, here, here, here, whoreson; will this serve your turn? [*Giving chain.*

Fol. Excellent well, sir.

Sir B. What else lack you?

Fol. We should use a ring with a stone in't.

Sir B. Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings already: make no more of rings, I pray you: here, here, here, make this jewel serve for once. [*Giving jewel.*

Fol. O this will serve, sir. 141

Sir B. What have you all now?

Fol. All now, sir; only Time is brought i' th' middle of the play, and I would desire your worship's watch-time.

Sir B. My watch? with all my heart; only give Time a charge that he be not fiddling with it.

[*Giving watch.*

Fol. You shall ne'er see that, sir.

Sir B. Well, now you are furnish'd, sir, make haste; away.

Fol. E'en as fast as I can, sir: I'll set my fellows going first; 150

They must have time and leisure, or they're dull else.

[*Exit* SIR BOUNTEOUS.

I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'ertake 'em:
I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go away,

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[1] Follywit's answer is omitted in ed. 1.

And ne'er[1] a word to 'em. My grandsire has given me Three shares[2] here; sure I'll do somewhat for 'em.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in SIR BOUNTEOUS'S *House.*

Enter SIR BOUNTEOUS, HAREBRAIN, MISTRESS HAREBRAIN, PENITENT BROTHEL, *and other guests;* Courtesan *and* Mother; GUMWATER *and* Servants.

Sir B. More lights, more stools! sit, sit: the play begins.

Har.[3] Have you players here, Sir Bounteous?

Sir B. We have 'em for you, sir; fine nimble comedians, proper actors most of them.

Pen. B. Whose men, I pray you, sir?

Sir B. O, there's their credit, sir! they serve an honourable popular gentleman, ycleped my lord Owemuch.

Har. My lord Owemuch? he was in Ireland lately.

Sir B. O, you ne'er knew any of the name but were great travellers.

Har. How is the comedy called, Sir Bounteous?

Sir B. Marry, sir, *The Slip.*

Har. The Slip?

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[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "and *speake* nere."

[2] See note 1, p. 340.

[3] In the old eds. the prefixes to Harebrain's speeches throughout the scene are "*Shortrod.*"

Enter, for Prologue, FOLLYWIT.

Sir B. Ay, and here the prologue begins to slip in upon's.

Har. 'Tis so indeed, Sir Bounteous.

Fol. We sing of wandering knights, what them betide,
Who nor in one place nor one shape abide;
They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,
Being every man well hors'd like a bold Beacham.[1]
The play which we present no fault shall meet
But one: you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet:
'Tis given much to dumb shows, which some praise;
And, like the term, delights much in delays.
So to conclude, and give the name her due,
The play being called THE SLIP, *I vanish too.* [*Exit.*

Sir B. Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit!

Har. The prologue's pretty, i'faith.

Pen. B. And went off well.

Sir B. Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go away well, ah, hah![2]

Cour. A' my troth, and I were not married, I could find in my heart to fall in love with that player now, and send for him to a supper.[3] I know some i' th' town that

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[1] "As bold as Beauchamp" is an old proverb founded on the exploits of Thomas, first Earl of Warwick. There may be an allusion in the text to the lost play (ascribed to Heywood) *The Bold Beauchamps*, which is mentioned in the Induction to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

[2] "Hah" is omitted in ed. 1.

[3] "The custom for the prostitutes at a theatre afterwards to sup with the players, though not to invite them home to supper, is alluded to in Field's *Amends for Ladies*, 1639 [act iii. sc. 4—first ed. in 1618]: a

have done as much, and there took such a good conceit of their parts into th' two-penny room,[1] that the actors have been found i' th' morning in a less compass than their stage, though 'twere ne'er so full of gentlemen.[2]

Sir B. But, passion of me, where be these knaves? will they not come away? methinks they stay very long.

Pen. B. O, you must bear a little, sir; they have many shifts to run into.

Sir B. Shifts call you 'em? they're horrible long things.

Re-enter FOLLYWIT *in a fury.*

Fol. A pox of such fortune, the plot's betrayed! all will come out: yonder they come, taken upon suspicion, and brought back by a constable. I was accursed to hold society with such coxcombs! what's to be done? I shall be shamed for ever! My wife here, and all! ah, pox—by light, happily thought upon! the chain. Invention stick to me this once, and fail me ever hereafter! so, so—— [*Aside.*

Drawer says, 'I have been at Bess Turnup's, and she swears all the gentlewomen went to see a play at the Fortune, and are not come in yet; and she believes they *sup with the players.*'"—*Collier.*

[1] In the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater* we have an allusion to *two-penny gallery men*:—"If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all *two-penny gallery men*, you shall have no bawdy in't." Dekker's last words in *Satiromastix* are "Good night my *two-penny tenants*, good night." We hear of "penny rows" at the Hope and Rose.

[2] It was a common practice (especially at the private theatres) for gallants to sit on the stage. See particularly the Induction to the *Malcontent.*

Sir B. Life, I say, where be these players?—O, are you come? troth, it's time; I was e'en sending for you.

Har. How moodily he walks! what plays he, trow?[1]

Sir B. A[2] justice, upon my credit; I know by the chain there.

Fol. Unfortunate justice!

Sir B. Ah—a—a—

Fol. In thy kin unfortunate!
Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion,
Brought by a constable before thee; his vild[3]
Associates with him;
But so disguis'd, none knows him but myself.
Twice have I set him free from officer's fangs,
And for his sake his fellows: let him look to't;
My conscience will permit but one wink more.

Sir B. Yea, shall we take justice winking?

Fol. For this time
I have bethought a means to work thy freedom,
Though hazarding myself. Should the law seize him,
Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name:
No; I'd rather lean to danger than to shame.

Sir B. A very explete justice!

Con. [*within.*] Thank you, good neighbours; let me alone with 'em now.

Enter Constable *with* MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and the rest of* FOLLYWIT'S *companions.*

Maw. 'Sfoot, who's yonder?

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[1] "Trow" = do you think?
[2] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "Ha."
[3] Vile.

Hob. Dare he sit there?

Third C. Follywit!

Fourth C. Captain! pooh!

Fol. How now, constable! what news with thee?

Con. May it please your worship, sir, here are a company of suspicious fellows.

Sir B. To me? pooh, turn to th' justice, you whoreson hobby-horse!—This is some new player now; they put all their fools to the constable's part still.

Fol. What's the matter, constable? what's the matter?

Con. I have nothing to say to your worship.—They were all riding a' horseback, an't please your worship.

Sir B. Yet again? a pox of all asses still! they could not ride a' foot, unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.

Con. The ostler told me they were all unstable fellows, sir.

Fol. Why, sure the fellow's drunk.

Maw. We spied that weakness in him long ago, sir;
Your worship must bear with him, the man's much o'erseen;
Only in respect of his office we obey'd him.
Both to appear conformable to law,
And clear of all offence; for I protest, sir,
He found us but a' horseback.

Fol. What, he did?

Maw. As I have a soul, that's all, and all he can lay to us.

Con. I'faith, you were not riding away then?

Maw. 'Sfoot, being a' horseback, sir, that must needs follow.

Fol. Why, true, sir.

Sir B. Well said, justice! he helps his kinsman well.

Fol. Why, sirrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away? What, will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like Smug upo' th' white horse yonder? are your wits steeped? I'll make you an example for all ditch[1] *constables, how they abuse justice.—Here, bind him to this chair.*

Con. Ha, bind him? ho!

Fol. If you want cords, use garters.

[MAWWORM, HOBOY, &c., *bind the* Constable.

Con. Help, help, gentlemen!

Maw. As fast as we can, sir.

Con. Thieves, thieves!

Fol. A gag will help all this: keep less noise, you knave.

Con. O help! rescue the constable; O, O!

[*They gag him.*

Sir B. Ho, ho, ho, ho!

Fol. Why, la, you who lets[2] *you now?*
You may ride quietly; I'll see you to
Take horse myself, I have nothing else to do.

[*Exeunt* FOLLYWIT, MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

Con. O, O, O!

Sir B. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, the maddest piece of justice, gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Har. I'll be sworn for the madness on't, sir.

Sir B. I am deceived, if this prove not a merry comedy and a witty.

[1] "*i.e.* worthless, vile. Ed. 1640 has '*an* excellent *example for all* dizzy *constables.*'"—*Dyce.*

[2] Hinders.

Pen. B. Alas, poor constable! his mouth's open, and ne'er a wise word.

Sir B. Faith, he speaks now e'en as many as he has done; he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha! he turns and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whoreson coxcomb, thou! nay, thou art well enough served, i'faith.

Pen. B. But what follows all this while, sir? methinks some should pass by before this time, and pity the constable.

Sir B. By th' mass, and you say true, sir.—Go, sirrah, step in; I think they have forgot themselves; call the knaves away; they're in a wood, I believe.

[*Exit* Servant.

Con. Ay, ay, ay!

Sir B. Hark, the constable says ay, they're in a wood: ha, ha!

Gum.[1] He thinks long of the time, Sir Bounteous.

Re-enter Servant.

Sir B. How now? when come they?

Ser. Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, sir!

Sir B. How?

Har. What says the fellow?

Ser. Neither horse nor man, sir.

Sir B. Body of me! thou liest.

[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "*Nub.*"

Ser. Not a hair of either, sir.

Har. How now, Sir Bounteous?

Sir B. Cheated and defeated! Ungag that rascal; I'll hang him for 's fellows; I'll make him bring 'em out.

[*They ungag* Constable.

Con. Did not I tell your worship this before? Brought 'em before you for suspected persons? Stay'd 'em at town's end upon warning given? Made signs that my very jaw-bone aches? Your worship would not hear me; called me ass, Saving your worship's presence, laugh'd at me.

Sir B. Ha!

Har. I begin to taste it.

Sir B. Give me leave, give me leave. Why, art not thou the constable i' th' comedy?

Con. I' th' comedy? why, I am the constable i' th' commonwealth, sir.

Sir B. I'm gull'd, i'faith, I'm gull'd! When wast thou chose?

Con. On Thursday last, sir.

Sir B. A pox go with't! there't goes.

Pen. B. I seldom heard jest match it.

Har. Nor I, i'faith?

Sir B. Gentlemen, shall I entreat a courtesy?

Har. What is't, sir?

Sir B. Do not laugh at me seven year hence.

Pen. B. We should betray and laugh at our own folly then,
For, of my troth, none here but was deceiv'd in't.

Sir B. Faith, that's some comfort yet; ha, ha! it was

featly carried; troth, I commend their wits; before our faces make us asses, while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves!

Pen. B. Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, sir.

Sir B. Why, they confess so much themselves; they said they'd play *The Slip*;[1] they should be men of their words. I hope the justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark of that fashion.

Har. What, sir?

Sir B. Ay, by my troth, sir;
Besides a jewel and a jewel's fellow,
A good fair watch that hung about my neck, sir.

Har. 'Sfoot, what did you mean, sir?

Sir B. Methinks my lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so, i'faith; they will come, and bring all again, I know; push,[2] they will, i'faith; but a jest, certainly.

Re-enter FOLLYWIT *in his own dress, with* MAWWORM, HOBOY, *and others.*

Fol. Pray, grandsire, give me your blessing. [*Kneeling.*

Sir B. Who? son Follywit?

Fol. This shows like kneeling after the play;[3] I pray-

[1] *Slip* was a counterfeit coin, brass worked over with silver.

[2] Pish.

[3] At the close of a play it was the custom for the players to kneel down on the stage and pray for the patron of the company; but the practice (which was a survival from the Moralities) fell into neglect early in the seventeenth century.

ing for my lord Owemuch and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress. [*Aside.*

Sir B. Rise richer by a blessing; thou art welcome.

Fol. Thanks, good grandsire; I was bold to bring Those gentlemen, my friends.

Sir B. They're all welcome!
Salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side.—
Sir, to begin with you.

Har. Master Follywit!

Fol. I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, sir.

Sir B. Nay, then, you know me not, sir.

Fol. Sweet mistress Harebrain!

Sir B. You cannot be too bold, sir.

Fol. Our marriage known?

Cour. Not a word yet.

Fol. The better.

Sir B. Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen!

Fol. Why, grandsire?

Sir B. We had a play here.

Fol. A play, sir? no?

Sir B. Yes, faith! a pox a' th' author!

Fol. Bless us all! why, were they such vild [1] ones, sir?

Sir B. I am sure villainous ones, sir.

Fol. Some raw simple fools!

Sir B. Nay, by th' mass, these were enough for thievish knaves.

Fol. What, sir?

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[1] Vile.

Sir B. Which way came you, gentlemen? you could not choose but meet 'em.

Fol. We met a company with hampers after 'em.

Sir B. O, those were they, those were they! A pox hamper 'em!

Fol. Bless us all again!

Sir B. They have hampered me finely, sirrah.

Fol. How,[1] sir?

Sir B. How, sir? I lent the rascals properties[2] to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch; and they watched their time, and rid quite away with 'em.

Fol. Are they such creatures?

Sir B. Hark, hark, gentlemen! by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket! there's my watch come again, or the very cousin-german to't: whose is't, whose is't? by th' mass, 'tis he! Hast thou one, son? prithee, bestow it upon thy grandsire; I now look for mine again, i'faith: nay, come with a good will, or not at all; I'll give thee a better thing.—A prize, a prize,[3] gentlemen!

[*Draws chain, &c., out of* FOLLYWIT'S *pocket.*

Har. Great or small?

Sir B. At once I've drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all.

Pen. B. By my faith, you have a fortunate hand, sir!

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[1] So ed. 2.—Ed. 1 "Home."

[2] The word "properties" is of course used in its theatrical sense.

[3] So Dyce.—Old eds. "a peece, a peece."

Har. Nay, all to come at once!

Maw. A vengeance of this foolery!

Fol. Have I 'scaped the constable to be brought in by the watch?

Cour. O destiny! have I married a thief, mother?

Mot. Comfort thyself; thou art beforehand with him, daughter.

Sir B. Why, son, why, gentlemen, how long have you been my lord Owemuch his servants, i'faith?

Fol. Faith, grandsire, shall I be true[1] to you?

Sir B. I think 'tis time; thou'st been a thief already.

Fol. I, knowing the day of your feast, and the natural inclination you have to pleasure and pastime, presumed upon your patience for a jest, as well to prolong your days as——

Sir B. Whoop! why, then, you took my chain along with you to prolong my days, did you?

Fol. Not so neither, sir;
And that you may be seriously assur'd
Of my hereafter stableness of life,
I have took another course.

Sir B. What?

Fol. Took a wife.

Sir B. A wife! 'sfoot, what is she for a fool[2] would

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[1] A *true man* is an honest man, as opposed to a thief.

[2] "What is she for a fool?" = what manner of fool is she? The form of expression is common. In *The Widow*, ii. 2, we have, "And what, I pray, *are you, sir, for a coxcomb?*"

marry thee, a madman? when was the wedding kept? in bedlam?

Fol. She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir. B. Stop there, stop there: would I might see her!

Fol. You have your wish; she's here.

Sir B. Ah, ha, ha, ha! this makes amends for all.

Fol. How now?

Maw. Captain, do you hear? is she your wife in earnest?

Fol. How then?

Maw. Nothing, but pity you, sir.

Sir B. Speak, son; is't true?
Can you gull us, and let a quean gull you?

Fol. Ha!

Cour. What I have been is past; be that forgiven,
And have a soul true both to thee and heaven!

Fol. Is't come about? tricks are repaid, I see.

Sir B. The best is, sirrah, you pledge none but me;
And since I drink the top, take her—and, hark,
I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.

Fol. By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar as any bachelor needs to sip at.
Tut, give me gold, it makes amends for vice;
Maids without coin are caudles without spice.

Sir. B. Come, gentlemen, to th' feast; let not time waste;
We've pleas'd our ear, now let us please our taste.

Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast;
When he has gull'd all, then is himself the last.
[*Exeunt omnes.*[1]

The catch[2] *for the Fifth Act, sung by* SIR BOUNTEOUS PROGRESS *to his guests.*

O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Aristippus,[3] sparkling sherry!
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench! I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things:
Tickled am I with her embraces;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings!

O for a plump, fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and cony!
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

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[1] In ed. 2 the stage-direction is "*Exeunt.*
"*The end of the fifth and last Act: marching over the stage hand in hand.*"

[2] Dyce oddly neglected to note that this catch, which is not found in ed. 1, is printed in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, i. 2,—in Blount's edition of 1632, not in earlier eds. Perhaps neither Middleton nor Lyly wrote it.

[3] "Rich Palermo" is the reading in Lyly's play. *Aristippus* was the name of a wine. See the comical dialogue between Simplicius and the drawer in Randolph's *Aristippus* (Works, ed. Hazlitt, i. 7).

Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood:
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
Jove would come[1] down to surfeit here.

[1] In Lyly the reading is "leap."

END OF VOL. III.

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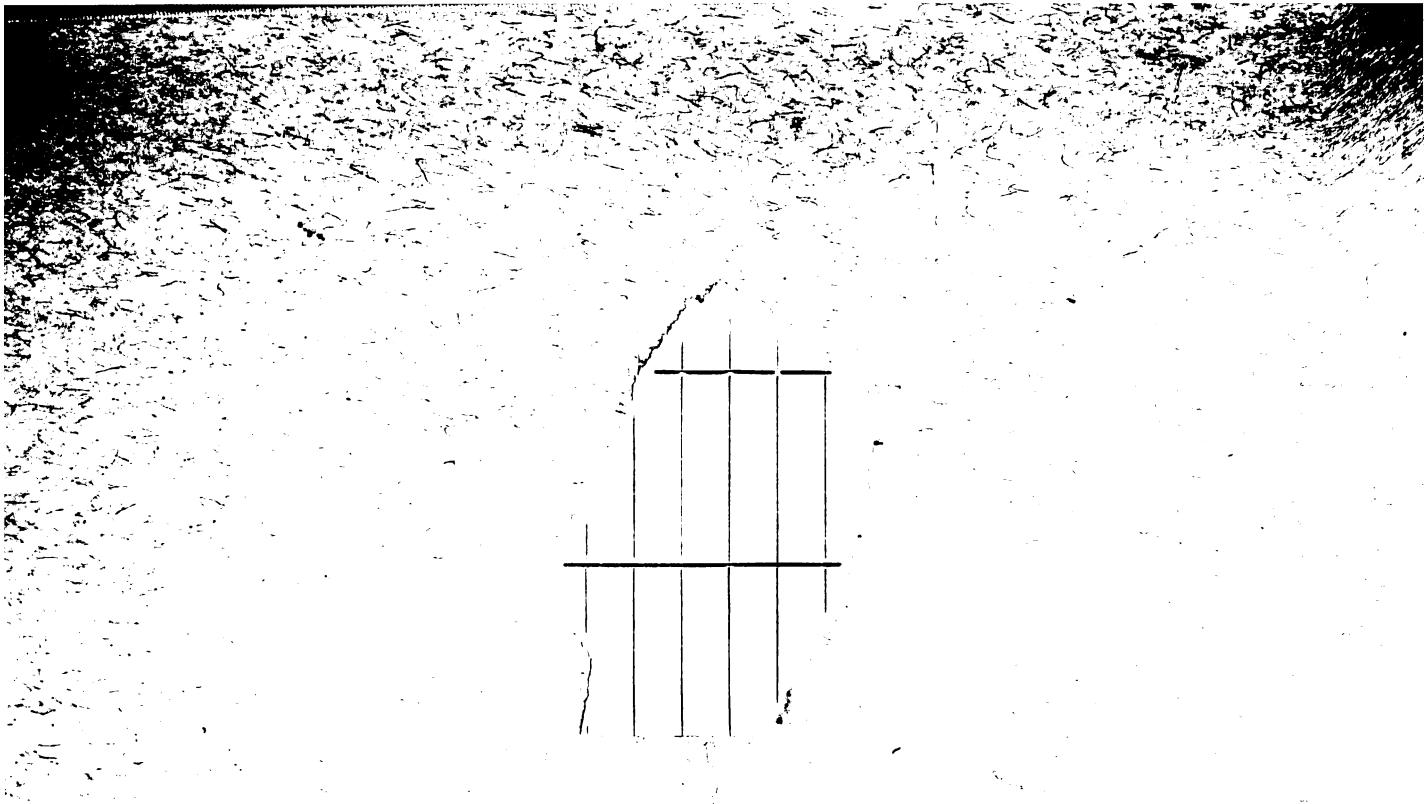

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